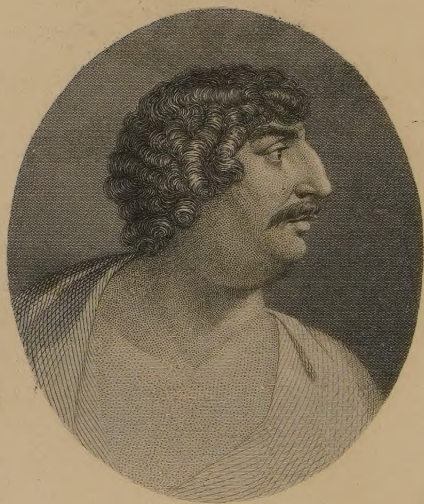


F. M. Heath
1892



Robert Hearick

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HESPERIDES:

OR THE

WORKS BOTH HUMANE AND DIVINE

OF

ROBERT HERRICK, Esq.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE



BOSTON
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IN this reprint of Herrick's Poems we have followed, in most respects, the Edition published by Pickering in 1846, which is a nearly exact copy of the First Edition of the *Hesperides*, issued in 1648. We have, however, endeavoured to render these volumes easier reading by rectifying the absurd punctuation ; and by modernizing the print in respect to capital and italic letters—preserving, of course, in all cases the original spelling. A very few unusual words have been explained in foot-notes. In cases where the text seemed suspicious, we have referred to the First Edition, and have thus been enabled to correct a few trifling mistakes ; but that edition was very carelessly printed, (as the Poet himself complains,) and some passages are probably still corrupt.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

OF the *Hesperides* of Herrick it has been said with truth, that “there is no collection of poetry in our language, which, in some respects, more nearly resembles the *Carmina* of Catullus,” both in beauties and defects; but our countryman has the advantage of the poet of Verona, that in addition to his festive and amatory spirit, we are often charmed with pictures of country life and manners, notices of old customs and popular superstitions, and with playful incursions into Fairyland. Indeed, the versatility of Herrick in catching the spirit of Anacreon, of Horace, or the pathos of Tibullus, as the occasion required, gives a varied charm to his volume which it is to be regretted should ever be disturbed by pollutions which were the common vice of his age.

Our poet was descended in the male line from an ancient and honourable family in Leicestershire, Robert Eyrick, of Haughton, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century, being his immediate ancestor, many of whose descendants of mark are recorded in the ample account of the family collected by the diligence of the worthy

John Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire Thomas Eyrick settled in Leicester, and became a member of the Corporation in 1511. John Eyrick was admitted a freeman of the town in 1535, and afterwards held the office of Mayor; of whom Nicholas Heryck, the poet's father, was the second son. Nicholas, it appears, was articled about the year 1556, to a goldsmith in Cheapside, in which place and trade he afterwards himself settled, marrying, in 1582, Julian, daughter of William Stone, of Seghenoe, in Bedfordshire. The poet was one of the fruits of this union; he was born in Cheapside, and baptized at the church of St. Nicholas Vedast, August 24, 1591. His father did not survive his birth much more than a year, for he died November 9th, 1592, of the injuries received in a fall from an upper window of his house into the street, and the circumstance of his will having been made but two days before this event, makes it more than probable that the fall was not accidental. Though not extremely wealthy, he appears to have been in very good circumstances, if we consider the difference in the value of money at that time. He estimated his property at 3000*l.*, but it realized upwards of 5000*l.* The poet's mother was then left a widow, and at the time of her husband's death was *enceinte*, giving birth to a posthumous son, William, in 1593.*

* He appears to have had two elder brothers, Thomas, who was placed with Mr. Massam, a merchant in London,

By his father's will the children were left to the guardianship of their uncle, afterwards Sir William Heyrick, of Beaumanor, and there is therefore no reason to presume that the poet's "education as a boy was neglected." His youth appears to have been passed in London, and from more than one allusion to his "beloved Westminster" in the following poems, we may fairly presume that this venerable seminary of education may add him to her list of worthies.*

So uncertain were the few circumstances recorded of Herrick's life, that Anthony a Wood

but in 1610 appears to have retired into the country, and to have been afterwards settled in a small farm. To him the poem of *A Country Life* is addressed. This Thomas, it is believed, was the father of Thomas, who in 1688 resided at Market Harborough, and grandfather of Thomas, curate of that town, who published in 1691 a volume of poems; he was of Peter House, Cambridge, and dedicated his poems to Katharine, third wife of Lord Roos, afterwards Duke of Rutland. The principal poem in the volume, *The Submarine Voyage*, is inscribed to the young Lord Roos.

Another brother, Nicholas, was a Levant merchant, and married Susanna, daughter of Dr. William Salter.

The verses "To his dying Brother" were addressed to this posthumous child, William.

* In his *Tears to Thamysis*, he thus expresses his regret at leaving the scenes of his youth:

Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from or draw unto the faithful shore;
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster;
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julian Herrick gave to me my birth.

lays claim to him as an Oxford worthy, though he could find no entry of his name upon the registers. Mr. Nichols has shown that he was entered as a fellow commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1615, and from several letters to his uncle,* chiefly for pecuniary assistance in the purchase of books, it appears that he remained at St. John's about three years, and then removed to Trinity Hall, with the intention of studying for the law, but where, as he says, "by reason of the privacie of the house, the quantitie of expence will be shortened." It does not appear that his legal studies were long persevered in, as before he quitted the University he took his degree not in law but in arts.

He subsequently entered into holy orders, and having obtained the patronage of the Earl of Exeter, it appears that by his recommendation he was presented by the King to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, in 1629, which became vacant by the promotion of Dr. Barnaby Potter to the see of Carlisle. Here he passed the next nineteen years of his life, and Wood tells us, that "he here exercised his muse as well in poetry as in other learning, and became much beloved by the gentry in those parts for his florid and witty discourses."

* Four letters by the poet, which were selected from a great number addressed to his uncle, mostly for a remittance of money, have been printed by Mr. Nichols, in his *History of Leicestershire*, and are subjoined to this preface.

Whether he had acquired habits which made the tranquil life of a country clergyman irksome to him, or from whatever cause, if we may judge from passages in his poems, it would appear that he was not quite reconciled to the dulness and obscurity of his retirement. The river of Dean-bourn, near which he resided, he describes as *rockie* and *rude*, and the inhabitants of its vicinity are characterized as

A people currish; churlish as the seas;
And rude, almost, as rudest salvages.

And in another place he says:

More discontents I never had,
Since I was born, than here;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.

Yet it was during this period of his life that, thrown upon the resources of his imagination, the beauties of surrounding nature seem to have awakened in his mind the love of song, and, as it has been happily said, "he acquired that love of flowers and of fragrance, which imparted to his verse the beauty of the one, and the sweetness of the other." He himself seems to be sensible of this, for he adds,

Yet justly, too, I must confess
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press
Than where I loath'd so much.

The greater part of the poems contained in his *Hesperides* bear evidence of having been composed during his first residence at Dean Prior; many of the most beautiful are upon rural subjects, and others are addressed to natives of Devonshire, and we may fairly conjecture, that many of the impurities which sully the brightness of his wreath, were added during his residence in London,* in compliance with the taste and in emulation of the fashion of the wits about town, and, from some misgivings of his own mind, let us hope contrary to its better dictates.

In 1648, he was ejected from his vicarage by the predominant puritan party, to whom it is obvious that his loyal spirit must have rendered him obnoxious, but it appears that his departure from Dean Prior was accompanied by the regrets of all his flock.

If we may give credit to his own effusions upon this occasion, he rather hailed his expulsion as a deliverance than viewed it as a misfortune: he had probably long sighed for the intercourse of

* Yet we may also gather that some of them are to be attributed to the period previous to his taking orders, for he himself says:

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathed West,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best

more congenial spirits, and the excitement attendant upon the wit-combats at the Mermaid; and for the converse of such men as Ben Jonson, Selden, Charles Cotton, Denham, and others, with whom he appears to have lived in habits of intimacy; and he thus exults in the prospect of exchanging what he considered as his banishment for more congenial scenes:

From the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day-spring from the pregnant east.
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
To thee blest place of my nativity;
London my home is: though by hard fate sent
Into a long and dreary banishment.

With little expectation of being restored to his living, and perhaps with no wish to return, on his arrival in London he took up his residence in St. Anne's, Westminster, and assumed the lay habit. The payment of fifths of the revenues of his vicarage, which was customary upon ejection, was soon cruelly discontinued, and Walker, in his sufferings of the clergy, states that he was subsisted by charity. The idea of collecting and publishing his poems at this period, therefore, may have originated in an honest desire to contribute to his own necessities. It is obvious that a volume by Robert Herrick, Esquire, would be received by those for whom it was intended with more favour than if he had styled himself the Reverend; and

as he wrote for bread, we may charitably hope that it was rather from necessity than choice, that, to suit it to the depraved taste of the times, some things were now written and introduced, which under other circumstances his better feelings would have prompted him to omit.

There is a tradition at Dean Prior, that Herrick was the originator of Poor Robin's Almanack, and Nichols remarks, that his poverty during his residence in London renders this not improbable; but it appears that this almanack was first published in 1661 or 1662, so that if Herrick was the author, it can scarcely be attributed to his poverty, as he was then restored to his vicarage. That he may have engaged in other literary pursuits during his sojourn in London is highly probable, but none of the fruits of his labour are upon record. From an entry on the Stationers' Books in 1639 of "His Mistress' Shade, by Robert Herrick," it appears that an earlier publication must have been intended. The entry, which probably relates to the *Hesperides*, was made in 1640, under the title of 'The several Poems written by Robert Herrick,' but the volume itself was not published before 1648, though the "Noble Numbers" included in it are dated 1647.

Herrick's name is yet known to the older inhabitants of Dean Prior, and Mr. Nichols found that the "Farewell to Dean Bourn" was still traditionally remembered, though imperfectly, as it

had never been committed to writing, but conveyed from father to son by oral instruction.

On the publication of Dr. Nott's selection from Herrick's *Hesperides* in 1810, an article appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for August of that year, which, upon internal evidence, we may with some degree of certainty attribute to the pen of Southey, and as the account of a visit he made to Dean Prior in quest of traditional information about our poet is brief and interesting, it may with propriety find a place here.

"Being in Devonshire during the last summer, we took an opportunity of visiting Dean Prior, for the purpose of making some inquiries concerning Herrick, who, from the circumstance of having been vicar of that parish (where he is still talked of as a poet, a wit, and a hater of the country,) for twenty years, might be supposed to have left some unrecorded memorials of his existence behind him.

"We found many persons in the village who could repeat some of his lines, and none who were not acquainted with his 'Farewell to Dean Bourn,' which they said he uttered as he crossed the brook, upon being ejected by Cromwell from the vicarage to which he had been presented by Charles the First. But they added, with an air of innocent triumph, 'he did see it again;' as was the fact after the Restoration. And, indeed, though he calls Devonshire 'dull,' yet as he admits at the

same time, that he never invented such ennobled numbers for the press, as in that 'loathed spot, the good people of Dean Prior have not much reason to be dissatisfied.

"The person, however, who knows more of Herrick than all the rest of the neighbourhood, we found to be a poor woman in the 99th year of her age, named Dorothy King. She repeated to us, with great exactness, five of his "noble numbers," among which was the beautiful litany. These she had learned from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's successor in the vicarage. She called them her prayers, which, she said, she was in the habit of putting up in bed, whenever she could not sleep; and she therefore began the Litany at the second stanza:

When I lie within my bed, &c.

Another of her midnight orisons was the poem beginning

Every night thou dost me fright,
And keep mine eyes from sleeping, &c.

She had no idea that these poems had been printed, and could not have read them if she had seen them. She is in possession of few traditions as to the person, manners, and habits of life of the poet; but in return, she has a whole budget of anecdotes respecting his ghost; and these she details with a careless but serene gravity, which one would not willingly discompose by any hints

at a remote possibility of their not being exactly true. Herrick, she says, was a bachelor, and kept a maidservant,* as his poems indeed discover, but she adds, which they do not discover, that he also kept a pet-pig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard. And this important circumstance, together with a tradition that he one day threw his sermon at the congregation, with a curse for their inattention, forms almost the sum total of what we could collect of the poet's life. After his death, indeed, he furnished more ample materials for biography, and we could fill a volume with the fearful achievements of his wandering spirit ;

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

These traditionary tales of two centuries old, serve to show the respect in which a literary man is held even by the vulgar and uneducated."

Herrick was succeeded in the Vicarage of Dean Prior by John Sym, who held the incumbency from 1648 to 1660, soon after which it was restored to the author of the *Hesperides*, who died there, but we have no record of these his later years. It has been conjectured that his death took place in 1674, that being the year in which his successor was inducted into the living of Dean Prior.†

* Prudence Baldwin, whose memory is enshrined in his verses, and who we may presume from her faithful services was deserving of the poet's esteem.

† [" Robert Herrick Vicker was buried y^e. 15th day Octo-

As a loyalist and sufferer in the cause, there can be no doubt that Herrick was popular with the Cavalier party, and that his poems were received with the favour they deserved by his contemporaries, for that they were popular must be inferred from the number of them which were set to music by Henry Lawes, Lanieri, Wilson, and Ramsay; it is somewhat difficult to account for the seeming neglect which they experienced in after times. He is very briefly noticed by the earlier writers on English poetry; the short notices of Phillips, Winstanley and Anthony a Wood, manifest that they were very slightly acquainted with his works, and the first of these unjustly represents him as inspired by no goddess but his maid Prue, but he quaintly adds, "A pretty flowry and pastoral gale of fancy, a vernal prospect of some hill, cave, rock, or fountain, but for the interruption of other trivial passages, might have made up none of the worst poetic landscapes."

Wood speaks more favourably of his poetry; but Granger, in his Biographical History, after reëchoing Phillips, says flippantly enough, that "Prue was but indifferently qualified to be a tenth muse."

About the year 1796, Mr. Nichols, in his diligent researches after the worthies of Leicester-

ber," "1674," Note on Herrick, communicated to *NOTES & QUERIES* by Mr. J. MILNER BARRY. Vol. 1, p. 291.] C.

shire, was naturally led to the examination of Herrick's poetry, and gave some notices in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1796 and 1797, which were the first attempts to awaken attention to its merits in recent times. The first edition of Mr. George Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets* omits any notice of him ; but in the second edition, four extracts are given, not all of them the best that might have been adduced.

At length, in 1798, Dr. Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, published three papers on the Life, Writings, and Genius of Robert Herrick, in which numerous specimens of his poetry were given with such particulars of his life as he could collect, and an accurate and dispassionate critique upon his merits.

In the year 1810, Dr. Nott, a physician of Bristol, published a small volume containing *Selections from the Hesperides*, but as he had been anticipated by Dr. Drake in his notices of the poet, his preface is very brief; he however added a few notes to the poems, which are principally illustrative, with an occasional critical remark, briefly calling the attention of the reader to their merits, and pointing out the classical imitations.

This publication was noticed in the article in the *Quarterly Review* for August, 1810, which has been attributed to Southey, and which must no doubt have tended to make the poet's merits and defects more generally known.

It was not until 1823, that an entire reprint of the *Hesperides* was given, to which was prefixed a judicious preface, wherein the editor justly observes, that "Selections from the writings of an author are not popular. Readers, and above all, readers of poetry, are fond of exercising their own judgment in selecting, upon which they naturally place greater reliance than upon that of any editor whatever. In this view, it has been thought advisable to republish the whole of the *Hesperides*, although the work certainly contains much that might have been omitted without injury to the fame of the author, and probably without diminishing the pleasure of the generality of his readers. At the same time, it has never been considered necessary with a view to publication to exclude the *Miller*, the *Reve*, or the *Wife of Bath*, with her facetious prologue, from the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*; or to prune the exuberance of *Shakespeare*, *Beaumont and Fletcher*, or *Dryden*,—in all of whose writings as much of impurity is to be found as in the *Hesperides*. There is no good reason why *Herrick* should be differently dealt with, more especially as his poetry is generally illustrative of the taste and manners of the times. These must ever be subjects of interest, and the *Hesperides* is therefore now given precisely as it was presented by the author to the public in 1648."

"It appears to us," says a writer already cited, "that *Herrick* trifled in this way solely in compli-

ment to the taste of the age; and that whenever he wrote to please himself he wrote from the heart to the heart."

His Night-piece, his Corinna going a May-ing, his Gather ye rose buds while ye may, and his Mad Maid's Song, are not greater proofs of his taste and feeling than of his genius. Such real poetry as is to be found in his When he would have his Verses read, No Bashfulness in Begging, Upon his Departure hence, His Wish to Privacy, His Alms, His Winding Sheet, and the Epitaph on a Child,

But born and like a short delight,

His Thanksgiving to God for his House, and His Litany, are "Noble Numbers" indeed.

Herrick possessed a vigour of fancy, a warmth of feeling, a soundness of sense, and an ease of versification, sufficient to rank him very high in the scale of English minor poets; and we are quite convinced that when the list of these is made out in future his name will not be forgotten.

"Herrick," says Mr. Campbell, "were we to fix our eyes on a small portion of his works, might be pronounced a writer of delightful Anacreontic spirit. He has passages where the thought seems to dance into numbers from his very heart, and where he frolics like a being made up of melody and pleasure, as where he sings,

Gather ye rose buds while ye may, &c.

In the same spirit are his verses 'To Anthea,' concluding,

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

But his beauties are deeply involved in surrounding coarseness and extravagance. What is divine has much of poetry, that which is human has the frailty of flesh."

But his most enthusiastic admirer and warmest panegyrist, is a writer in the *Retrospective Review*, published in August 1823,* and who gave, in that Miscellany, selections from the *Hesperides* which abundantly justify the following eulogium:

"While the phlegmatic grace and pedantry of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Carew, have been the subjects of general observation, the varied modulation and exquisite harmony of Herrick's muse have been totally neglected. He who excels both, not only in structure of his verse, but in the more essential requisites of poetry, is less known than either. But forgetting the impurities of our author, and estimating the chaster effusions of his felicitous genius, we do not hesitate to pronounce him **THE VERY BEST OF ENGLISH LYRIC POETS**. He is the most joyous and gladsome of bards, singing like the grasshopper, as if he would

* Vol. v. p. 156.

never grow old. He is as fresh as the spring, as blithe as the summer, and as ripe as the autumn. We know of no English poet who is so *abandonné*, as the French term it, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings, who is so much heart and soul in what he writes, and this not on one subject only, but on all subjects alike. The spirit of song dances in his veins, and flutters around his lips—now bursting into the joyful and hearty voice of the epicurean; sometimes breathing forth strains soft as the sigh of ‘buried love, and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness. It is that delicate pathos, which is at the same time natural and almost playful, which most charms us in the writings of Herrick. As for his versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of rhythmical harmony in the language, flowing with an almost wonderful grace and flexibility.”

The same writer observes, that “Herrick had so very high a notion of the value of his compositions, that he conceived it necessary only to mention his friends in this volume, in order to confer immortality upon them. He constituted himself high priest of the temple of fame, and assumed the power of apotheosizing such writers as he conceived deserving of that honour, never once dreaming of the possibility of both himself and his works being neglected or forgotten. Many addresses to his friends and relations, avowing his potency in

this high vocation, are scattered through his works. Some of them, however, have juster titles to immortality than the lay of the poet can confer—such as Selden and Ben Jonson, &c.”

Having indicated to the reader, and in some cases adduced the testimony to the claim our poet has to his attention, he can well dispense with any further observations on our part, and we cannot do better than to take our leave of him and the poet in the words of his most ardent admirer.

“And now farewell, young Herrick ! for young is the spirit of thy poetry, as the wisdom is old : mayest thou flourish in immortal youth, thou boon companion and most jocund songster ! May thy purest poems be piped from hill to hill, throughout England ; and thy spirit, tinged with superstitious lore, be gladdened by the music ! May the flowers breathe incense to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them unsung ! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises as thou hast warbled theirs ! And may those who live well, sing, and those who love well, sigh sweet panegyrics to thy memory ! Ours shall not be wanting, for we have read thee much, and like thee much.”

Thou shalt not all die ; for, while Love's fire shines
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines.

S. W. S.

MICKLEHAM, FEB. 1846.

The following Letters of the Poet to Sir William Herrick, were selected by Mr. Nichols, and published in his History of Leicestershire, from a great number, most of them requesting a remittance of cash.

1. "Sir, my dutie remembred to yourself and Lady; the cause essentiall is this: That I would entreat you to paye to this bringer to Mr. Adrian Marius, bookseller, in the Black Friers, the some of XL. the which my tutor hath receaved, to be payde at London. I have business that drawes me from prolixitie; and I crave pardon for this rudeness, still expecting the sun-shine of youre favoure and the daye of happiness. I end with my prayers for your preservation and health, the best terrestriall good. Long lyf and the aspections of Heaven fall upon you. Your ever obsequious, R. Hearick. Cambridge, 11th of October."

2. "Sir, I presume again to present another ambassador, who, in the best eloquence that was taught him, aboundly thanks you for the larg extent of your favour and kindness; which, though present time denies to mak any ostentation of desert, yet future . . . crownes the expectation of the hopefull; and because the urgent extreamite and unexpected occasion of chamber-roome instigate me to such importunate demands, I am bold to entreat you that the mony might this week be sent me, for necessitie fervently requires it; and I am sorrie to be the subject of so great a molestation to your Worship; but, trusting on your patience, I am bold to saye that generous minds still have the best contentment, and willingly healep where there is an evidencie of want. Thus hoping to triumph in the victorie of my wishes, by being not frustrated in my expectation, I take my leave and eternally thank you; living to be commanded by you and yours to the end of mortalitie, ever most obsequious. R. Hearick.

"Be it known to all, that I, Robert Hearick, fellow-com-moner of St. John's Colledg in Cambridg, acknowledg myself to stand indebted unto my uncle, Sir William Hearick, Knight in the some of tenn pounds, for so much receaved of him; to be repayed unto him at all times, I saye, receaved tenn pounds. Robert Hearick."

3. From St. John's in Cambridge.—"*Qui timide rogat, negare docet.*—Are the minds of men immutable? and will they rest in one opinion without the least perspicuous shewe of chaing! O, no, they cannot; for, *tempora mutantur & nos mutamur in illis*: it is an old, but yet yong, saying in our age, as times chaing, so men's minds are altered.' Oh! would weere seene, for then some pittying planet would with a drop of deaw refreash my withered hopes, and give a lyfe to that which is about to die. The bodie is preserved by foode, and lyfe, by hope; which, but wanting either of these conservers, faint, feare, fall, frease, and die. 'Tis in your power to cure all, to infuse by a profusion a duble lyf into a single body. *Homo homini Deus*; man should be soe, and he is commanded so; but fraile and glassik man proves brittle in many things. How kind Arcesilaus the philosopher was unto Apelles the painter, Plutarch in his Morals will tell you; which should I here depaint, the length of my letter would hide the light of my labour; which that it may not, I bridle-in my quill, and mildly, and yet I fear too rashe-ly and too boldly, make knowne and discover, which modestie would conceale, and this is all: my studie craves but your assistance to furnish hir with books, wherein she is most desirous to laboure. Blame not her modest boldnes; but suffer the asperitions of your love to distill upon hir; and next to Heaven, she will consecrate hir laboures unto you; and because that time hath devoured some yeers, I am the more importunate in the craving. Suffer not the distance to hinder that which I know your disposition will not denie; and now is the time (that *florida aetas*,) which promises fruitfulness for hir former barrenness, and wisheth all to hope. As every thing will have in time an end; so this, which though it would extend itself and overflow its bounds

I forcesibly withstand it; wishing this world's happines to follow and attend you in this lyf; and that with a triumphant crown of glorie you maye bee crowned in the best world to come. Robert Hearick."

4. "After my abundant thanks for your last great love (worthie Sir,) proud of your favoure and kindness shewne by my Ladie to my unworthie selfe, thus I laye open myself; that, for as much as my continuance will not long consist in the spheare where I now move, I make known my thoughts, and modestly crave your counsell, whether it were better for me to direct my study towards the Lawe or not; which if I should (as it will not be impertinent,) I can with facilitie laboure myself into another Colledg appointed for the like end and studye, where I assure myself the charge will not be so great as where I now exist; I make bold freely to acquaint you with my thoughts; and I entreat you answeare me: this being most which checks me, that my time (I trust) beeing short, it may be to a lesser end and smaller purpose; but that shall be as you shall lend direction. Nothing now remaines but my perfect thankfullness and remembrance of your hopeful promises; which when Heaven, working with you, shall bring them to performance, I shall triumph in the victorie of my wishes; till when, my prayers shall invoke Heaven to powre upon you and your posteritie the utmost of all essentiall happiness. Yours, ever-serviceable, R. Hearick."

5. "Sir, the confidence I have of your both virtuous and generous disposition makes me (though with some honest reluctance) the seldomer to sollicite you; for, I have so incorporated beleef into me, that I cannot chuse but perswade myself and (though absent) I stand imprinted in your memorie; and the remembrance of my last being at London servd for an earnest motive (which I trust lives yet unperisht) to the effectuating of my desire, which is not but in modesty ambitious, and consequently virtuous; but where freeness is evident, there needs no feere for forwardness; and I doubt not (because fayth gives boldness) but that Heaven, together with yourself, will bring my ebbing estate to an indifferent

tyde; meanwhile I hope I have as I presume you know; changed my Colledg for one where the quantitie of expence will be shortned, by reason of the privacie of the house, where I propose to live recluse till time contract me to some other calling, striving now with myself (retayning upright thoughts) both sparingly to live, thereby to shun the current of expence. This is my desire (which I entreat may be performd,) that Mr. Adrian Marius, bookseller, of the Black-fryers, maye be paid ten pounds as heretofore, and to take his acquittance. Trusting whereto, Ile terminate your sight, and end; hoping to see your dayes many and good; and prosperitie to crown yourself and issue. Ever serviceable to your virtues,

R. Hearick. Trinitie Hall, Cam."

"Sir, that which makes my letter to be abortive and borne before maturitie, is and hath been my Commencement, which I have now overgrown, though I confess with many a throe and pinches of the purse; but it was necessarie, and the prize was worthie the hazarde: which makes me less sensible of the expence, by reason of a titular prerogative—*q̄ bonum est prodire in bono*. The essence of my writing is (as heretofore) to entreat you to paye for my use to Mr. Arthour Johnson, bookseller, in Paule's Churchyard, the ordinarie sume of tenn pounds, and that with as much sceleritie you maye, though I could wish chardges had leaden wings and tortice feet to come upon me; *sed votis puerilibus opto*. Sir, I fix my hopes on time and you; still gazing for an happie flight of biroles, and the refreshing blast of a second winde, doubtfull as yet of either fortunes: I live, hoarding up provision against the assault of either. Thus I salute your vertues.

"Hopefull R. Hearick, Cambr. April 1617."

Prefixed to the original edition of the *Hesperides* is an engraved portrait of Herrick by Marshall, surrounded by emblematic devices ; under which is inscribed the following complimentary lines :—

Tempora cinxisset foliorum densior umbra:

Debetur genio laurea sylva tuo.

Tempora et illa tibi mollis redimisset oliva;

Scilicet excludis versibus arma tuis.

Admisces antiqua novis, jucunda severis:

Hinc juvenis discat, foemina, virgo, senex.

Ut solo minores Phœbo, sic majores unus

Omnibus, ingenio, mente, lepore, stylo.

Scriptit I. H. C. W. M.

HESPERIDES:
OR THE
WORKS BOTH HUMANE AND DIVINE
OF
ROBERT HERRICK, ESQ.

Effugient avidos Carmina nostra rogos.

TO THE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST HOPEFULL PRINCE,

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES.

WELL may my book come forth like publique day,
When such a light as you are leads the way,
Who are my works creator, and alone
The flame of it and the expansion.
And look how all those heavenly lamps acquire
Light from the sun, that inexhausted fire :
So all my morne and evening stars from you
Have their existence, and their influence too.
Full is my book of glories ; but all these
By you become immortall substances.

HESPERIDES.

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

I SING of brooks, of blossomes, birds, and bowers;
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes;
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridall-cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have accesse
By these to sing of cleanly wantonnesse.
I sing of dewes, of raines, and, piece by piece,
Of balme, of oyle, of spice, and ambergreece.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lillies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairie-king.
I write of hell; I sing, and ever shall,
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

TO HIS MUSE.

WHITHER, mad maiden, wilt thou roame?
Farre safer 'twere to stay at home,
Where thou mayst sit and piping please
The poore and private cottages.

Since coats and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner minstralsie.
There with the reed, thou mayst expresse
The shepherds' fleecie happinesse:
And with thy eclogues intermixe
Some smooth and harmlesse beucolicks.
There on a hillock thou mayst sing
Unto a handsome shephardling;
Or to a girle, that keeps the neat,
With breath more sweet then violet.
There, there, perhaps, such lines as these
May take the simple villages.
But for the court, the country wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home, and doe not goe
Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.
Contempts in courts and cities dwell;
No critick haunts the poore man's cell:
Where thou mayst hear thine own lines read
By no one tongue, there, censured.
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still.

TO HIS BOOK.

WHILE thou didst keep thy candor undefil'd,
Deerely I lov'd thee, as my first-borne child:
But when I saw thee wantonly to roame
From house, and never stay at home;

I brake my bonds of love, and bad thee goe,
 Regardlesse whether well thou sped'st, or no.
 On with thy fortunes then, what e're they be;
 If good I'le smile, if bad I'le sigh for thee.

ANOTHER.

To read my booke the virgin shie
 May blush, while Brutus standeth by:
 But when he's gone, read through what's writ,
 And never staine a cheek for it.

ANOTHER.

WHO with thy leaves shall wipe at need
 The place where swelling piles do breed,
 May every ill that bites or smarts
 Perplexe him in his hinderparts.

TO THE SOURE READER.

If thou dislik'st the piece thou light st on first
 Thinke that of all that I have writ the worst:
 But if thou read'st my booke unto the end,
 And still do'st this and that verse reprehend,
 O perverse man! if all disgustfull be,
 The extreame scabbe take thee and thine for me.

TO HIS BOOKE.

COME thou not neere those men who are like
bread
O're-leven'd, or like cheese o're-renetted.

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

IN sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse ;
But when that men have both well drunke and fed,
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurell spirits i' th' fire, and when the
hearth
Smiles to it selfe, and guilds the rooffe with mirth ;
When up the thyrses is rais'd, and when the
sound
Of sacred orgies flyes, a round, a round ;
When the rose raignes, and locks with ointments
shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost withered !

Now strength, and newer purple get,
 Each here declining violet !
 O Primroses ! let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye ;
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood :
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Clarret and creame commingled :
 And those her lips doe now appeare
 As beames of corral, but more cleare.

TO SILVIA TO WED.

LET us (though late) at last, my Silvia, wed,
 And loving lie in one devoted bed.
 Thy watch may stand, my minutes fly poste haste ;
 No sound calls back the yeere that once is past.
 Then, sweetest Silvia, let's no longer stay ;
 True love, we know, precipitates delay.
 Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove ;
 No man at one time can be wise and love.

THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA.

I DREAMT the roses one time went
 To meet and sit in Parliament :
 The place for these, and for the rest
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast,

Over the which a state * was drawne
 Of tiffanie, or cobweb lawne.
 Then in that parly, all those powers
 Voted the Rose the Queen of flowers:
 But so as that her self should be
 The maide of honour unto thee.

NO BASHFULNESSE IN BEGGING.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside ;
 Who feares to aske doth teach to be deny'd

THE FROZEN HEART.

I FREEZE, I freeze, and nothing dwels
 In me but snow and ysicles.
 For pittie's sake give your advice :
 To melt this snow and thaw this ice
 I'le drink down flames: but if so be
 Nothing but love can supple me,
 I'le rather keepe this frost and snow,
 Then to be thaw'd or heated so.

TO PERILLA.

AN, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see
 Me day by day to steale away from thee ?

* Canopy.

Age calls me hence, and my gray haire bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal home :
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kisse.
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the creame from that religious spring;
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet.
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when thou didst
implore
The gods protection, but the night before.
Follow me weeping to my turfe, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a teare :
Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me.
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the coole and silent shades of sleep.

A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

1. COME down, and dance ye in the toyle
Of pleasures to a heate :
But if to moisture, let the oyle
Of roses be your sweat.
2. Not only to yourselves assume
These sweets, but let them fly
From this to that, and so perfume
E'ne all the standers by :

3. As goddesse Isis, when she went,
 Or glided through the street,
 Made all that touch't her, with her scent,
 And whom she touch't, turne sweet.

TO PERENNA.

WHEN I thy parts runne o'er, I can't espie
 In any one the least indecencie,
 But every line and limb diffused thence,
 A faire and unfamiliar excellence :
 So that the more I look, the more I prove
 Ther's still more cause why I the more should
 love.

TREASON.

THE seeds of treason choake up as they spring :
 He acts the crime that gives it cherishing.

TWO THINGS ODIUS.

TWO of a thousand things are disallow'd :
 A lying rich man, and a poore man proud.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

HELPE me ! helpe me ! now I call
 To my pretty witchcrafts all :

Old I am, and cannot do
 That I was accustom'd to.
 Bring your magicks, spells and charmes,
 To enflesh my thighs and armes.
 Is there no way to beget
 In my limbs their former heat?
 Æson had, as poets faine,
 Baths that made him young againe:
 Find that medicine, if you can,
 For your drie, decrepid man;
 Who would faine his strength renew,
 Were it but to pleasure you.

THE WOUNDED HEART

COME bring your sampler, and with art
 Draw in't a wounded heart
 And dropping here and there:
 Not that I thinke that any dart
 Can make your's bleed a teare,
 Or peirce it any where.
 Yet doe it to this end, that I,
 May by
 This secret see,
 Though you can make
 That heart to bleed, your's ne'r will ake
 For me.

NO LOATHSOMNESSE IN LOVE.

WHAT I fancy, I approve:
No dislike there is in love.
Be my mistresse short or tall,
And distorted there-withall:
Be she likewise one of those,
That an acre hath of nose:
Be her forehead and her eyes
Full of incongruities:
Be her cheeks so shallow too,
As to show her tongue wag through:
Be her lips ill hung or set,
And her grinders black as jet:
Has she thinne haire, hath she none,
She's to me a paragon.

TO ANTHEA.

If, deare Anthea, my hard fate it be
To live some few sad howers after thee,
Thy sacred corse with odours I will burne,
And with my lawrell crown thy golden vrne.
Then holding up there such religious things
As were, time past, thy holy flitings,
Nere to thy reverend pitcher I will fall
Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall:

So three in one small plat of ground shall ly;—
Anthea, Herrick, and his poetry.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.

I SAW a cherry weep, and why?
Why wept it? but for shame,
Because my Julia's lip was by,
And did out-red the same.
But, pretty fondling, let not fall
A teare at all for that
Which rubies, corralles, scarlets, all
For tincture wonder at.

SOFT MUSICK.

THE mellow touch of musick most doth wound
The soule, when it doth rather sigh then sound.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND
SUBJECTS.

'TWIXT kings and subjects ther's this mighty odds:
Subjects are taught by men, kings by the gods.

HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

SOME would know
Why I so
Long still doe tarry,
And ask why
Here that I
Live, and not marry.
Thus I those
Doe oppose :
What man would be here
Slave to thrall,
If at all
He could live free here ?

UPON JULIA'S FALL.

JULIA was carelesse, and withall
She rather took, then got a fall.
The wanton ambler chanc'd to see
Part of her leggs sinceritie ;
And ravish'd thus, it came to passe
The nagge, like to the prophet's asse,
Began to speak, and would have been
A telling what rare sights h'ad seen,
And had told all, but did refraine,
Because his tongue was ty'd againe.

EXPENCES EXHAUST.

LIVE with a thrifty, not a needy fate :
Small shots paid often waste a vast estate.

LOVE: WHAT IT IS.

LOVE is a circle that doth restlesse move
In the same sweet eternity of love.

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

WHEN what is lov'd is present, love doth spring ;
But being absent, love lies languishing.

NO SPOUSE BUT A SISTER.

A BACHELOUR I will
Live as I have liv'd still,
And never take a wife
To crucifie my life.
But this I'll tell ye too,
What now I meane to doe ;

A sister, in the stead
Of wife, about I'll lead ;
Which I will keep embrac'd,
And kisse, but yet be chaste.

THE POMANDER BRACELET.

To me my Julia lately sent
A bracelet richly redolent :
The beads I kist, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the pomander.

THE SHOOE-TYING.

ANTHEA bade me tie her shooe ;
I did, and kist the instep too,
And would have kist unto her knee,
Had not her blush rebuked me.

THE CARKANET.

INSTEAD of orient pearls of jet,
I sent my love a karkanet.
About her spotlesse neck she knit
The lace, to honour me, or it :
Then think how wrapt was I to see
My jet t'enthrall such ivorie.

HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.

WHEN that day comes, whose evening says I'm
gone

Unto that watrie desolation,
Devoutly to thy closet-gods then pray,
That my wing'd ship may meet no remora.*
Those deities which circum-walk the seas,
And look upon our dreadfull passages,
Will from all dangers re-deliver me,
For one drink-offering poured out by thee.
Mercie and truth live with thee ! and forbear
In my short absence to unsluce a teare :
But yet for loves-sake let thy lips doe this ?—
Give my dead picture one engendring kisse :
Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
In thy remembrance, Julia. So farewell.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST, AND
WHY SO CALLED.

WHY this flower is now call'd so,
List, sweet maids, and you shal know.
Understand, this firstling was
Once a brisk and bonny lasse,
Kept as close as Danae was :
Who a sprightly springall lov'd,

* A fish that was thought to retard a ship.

And to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withall
 But the silken twist unty'd,
 So she fell, and bruis'd, she dy'd.
 Love, in pittty of the deed,
 And her loving-lucklesse speed,
 Turn'd her to this plant, we call
 Now the flower of the wall.

WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR.

THESE fresh beauties, we can prove,
 Once were virgins sick of love,
 Turn'd to flowers. Still in some
 Colours goe, and colours come.

TO HIS MISTRESSE OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER TOYING OR TALKING.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
 Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.
 You blame me too, because I cann't devise
 Some sport to please those babies in your eyes.
 By Love's religion, I must here confesse it,
 The most I love when I the least expresse it.
 Small griefs find tongues : full casques are ever
 found
 To give, if any, yet but little sound.

Deep waters noyselesse are ; and this we know,
 That chiding streams betray small depth below.
 So when love speechlesse is, she doth expresse
 A depth in love, and that depth bottomlesse.
 Now since my love is tonguelesse, know me such,
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS MISTRESSES.

I HAVE lost, and lately, these
 Many dainty mistresses :
 Stately Julia, prime of all ;
 Sapho next, a principall :
 Smooth Anthea, for a skin
 White, and heaven-like chrystaline ;
 Sweet Electra, and the choice
 Myrha, for the lute and voice ;
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,
 And the graceful use of it,
 With Perilla : All are gone ;
 Onely Herrick's left alone,
 For to number sorrow by
 Their departures hence, and die.

THE DREAM.

ME THOUGHT, last night, Love in an anger came,
 And brought a rod, so whipt me with the same :

Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply,
Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle crueltie.
Patient I was : Love pitifull grew then,
And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen.
Thus like a bee, Love gentle stil doth bring
Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

THE VINE.

I DREAM'D this mortal part of mine
Was metamorphoz'd to a vine,
Which, crawling one and every way,
Enthrall'd my dainty Lucia.
Me thought, her long small legs and thighs
I with my tendrils did surprize ;
Her belly, buttocks, and her waste
By my soft nerv'lits were embrac'd :
About her head I writhing hung,
And with rich clusters hid among
The leaves, her temples I behung :
So that my Lucia seem'd to me
Young Bacchus ravisht by his tree.
My curles about her neck did craule,
And armes and hands they did enthrall,
So that she could not freely stir,
All parts there made one prisoner.
But when I crept with leaves to hide
Those parts which maids keep unespy'd,
Such fleeting pleasures there I took

That with the fancie I awok ;
And found, ah me ! this flesh of mine
More like a stock then like a vine.

TO LOVE.

I'M FREE from thee, and thou no more shalt heare
My puling pipe to beat against thine eare :
Farewell my shackles, though of pearle they be :
Such precious thraldome ne'r shall fetter me.
He loves his bonds, who, when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

ON HIMSELFE.

YOUNG I was, but now am old,
But I am not yet grown cold ;
I can play, and I can twine
'Bout a virgin like a vine :
In her lap too I can lye
Melting, and in fancie die,
And return to life, if she
Claps my cheek, or kisseth me.
Thus and thus it now appears
That our love out-lasts our yeeres.

LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH-PIN.

Love and myselfe (beleeve me) on a day
At childish push-pin for our sport did play :
I put, he pusht, and heedless of my skin,
Love prickt my finger with a golden pin :
Since which, it festers so that I can prove
'Twas but a trick to poyson me with love.
Little the wound was, greater was the smart ;
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

THE ROSARIE.

ONE ask'd me where the roses grew ;
I bade him not goe seek,
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
A bud in either cheek.

UPON CUPID.

OLD wives have often told how they
Saw Cupid bitten by a flea ;
And thereupon, in tears half drown'd,
He cry'd aloud, Help, help the wound
He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some
To bring him lint and balsamum,
To make a tent, and put it in
Where the steletto pierc'd the skin :
Which being done, the fretfull paine
Asswag'd, and he was well again.

THE PARCÆ, OR THREE DAINTY DESTINIES.
THE ARMILET.

THREE lovely sisters working were,
As they were closely set,
Of soft and dainty maiden-haire,
A curious armelet.
I smiling ask'd them what they did,
Faire destinies all three;
Who told me they had drawn a thred
Of life, and 'twas for me.
They show'd me then how fine 'twas spun;
And I reply'd thereto,
I care not now how soone 'tis done,
Or cut, if cut by you.

SORROWES SUCCEED.

WHEN one is past, another care we have;
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.

CHERRY-PIT.

JULIA and I did lately sit
Playing for sport at cherry-pit:
She threw; I cast; and having thrown,
I got the pit, and she the stone.

TO ROBIN RED-BREST.

LAID out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be
 With leaves and mosse-work for to cover me ;
 And while the wood-nimphs my cold corps inter
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister !
 For epitaph, in foliage, next write this :—
 Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

MORE discontents I never had
 Since I was born then here,
 Where I have been, and still am sad,
 In this dull Devonshire.
 Yet justly too I must confesse,
 I ne'r invented such
 Ennobled numbers for the presse,
 Then where I loath'd so much.

TO HIS PATERNALL COUNTRY.

O EARTH ! Earth ! Earth ! heare thou my voice,
 and be
 Loving, and gentle for to cover me :
 Banish'd from thee I live ; ne'r to return,
 Unlesse thou giv'st my small remains an urne.

CHERRIE-RIPE.

CHERRIE-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and faire ones ; come and buy !
If so be you ask me where
They doe grow, I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips doe smile ;
There's the land, or cherry-ile,
Whose plantations fully show
All the yeere where cherries grow.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

PUT on your silks, and piece by piece
Give them the scent of amber-greece ;
And for your breaths too, let them smell
Ambrosia-like, or nectarell ;
While other gums their sweets perspire,
By your owne jewels set on fire.

TO ANTHEA.

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim,
And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me
Under that holy-oke or gospel-tree,
Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think
upon
Me, when thou yeerly go'st procession :*

* See Brand's Antiquities (by Ellis) vol. i. p. 199.

Or for mine honour, lay me in that tombe
 In which thy sacred reliques shall have roome ;
 For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
 No spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

THE VISION. TO ELECTRA.

I DREAM'D we both were in a bed
 Of roses, almost smothered :
 The warmth and sweetnes had me there
 Made lovingly familiar,
 But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
 Faults done by night will blush by day :
 I kist thee panting, and I call
 Night to the record, that was all.
 But ah! if empty dreames so please,
 Love, give me more such nights as these.

DREAMES.

HERE we are all by day : by night w'are hurl'd
 By dreames, each one, into a sev'rall world.

AMBITION.

IN man ambition is the common'st thing ;
 Each one by nature loves to be a king.

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

JULIA, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry,
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire :
Better 'twere my book were dead,
Than to live not perfected.

MONEY GETS THE MASTERIE.

FIGHT thou with shafts of silver, and o'come
When no force else can get the masterdome.

THE SCAR-FIRE.

WATER, water I desire ;
Here's a house of flesh on fire.
Ope the fountains and the springs,
And come all to buckittings ;
What ye cannot quench, pull downe ;
Spoil a house to save a towne ;
Better 'tis that one shu'd'fall,
Then by one to hazard all.

UPON SILVIA, A MISTRESSE.

WHEN some shall say, faire once my Silvia was,
Thou wilt complaine, false now's thy looking-
 glasse,
Which renders that quite tarnisht, which was
 green,
And priceless now, what peerless once had been;
Upon thy forme more wrinkles yet will fall,
And comming downe, shall make no noise at all.

CHEERFULNESSE IN CHARITIE: OR THE
SWEET SACRIFICE.

'Tis not a thousand bullocks' thies
Can please those heav'nly deities,
If the vower don't express
In his offering cheerfulness.

ONCE POOR, STILL PENURIOUS.

GOES the world now, * it will with thee goe hard
The fattest hogs we grease the more with lard.
To him that has, there shall be added more;
Who is penurious, he shall still be poore.

* Qu. *how?*

SWEETNESS IN SACRIFICE.

'Tis not greatness they require
To be offer'd up by fire ;
But 'tis sweetness that doth please
Those eternall essences.

STEAME IN SACRIFICE.

If meat the gods give, I the steame
High-towring wil devote to them,
Whose easie natures like it well,
If we the roste have, they the smell.

UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damn'd would make no
noise,
But listen to thee walking in thy chamber,
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.

AGAIN.

WHEN I thy singing next shall heare,
Ile wish I might turne all to eare,

To drink in notes and numbers such
As blessed soules can't heare too much :
Then melted down, there let me lye
Entranc'd, and lost confusedly ;
And by thy musique stricken mute,
Die and be turn'd into a lute.

ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.

ALL things decay with time : The forest sees
The growth and down-fall of her aged trees ;
That timber tall which three-score lusters stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood—
I meane the soveraigne of all plants, the oke—
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOURE SWEET MONTHS

FIRST, April, she with mellow show'rs
Opens the way for early flowers ;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet aray ;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Jems then those two that went before ;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in then all those three.

NO SHIPWRACK OF VERTUE. TO A FRIEND.

THOU sail'st with others in this Argus here,
Nor wrack or bulging thou hast cause to feare :
But trust to this, my noble passenger :—
Who swims with vertue, he shall still be sure,
Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure,
And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESSE
ELIZAB. HERRICK.

FIRST, for effusions due unto the dead,
My solemne vowes have here accomplished :
Next, how I lovē thee, that my griefe must tell,
Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Deare, farewell.

OF LOVE. A SONET.

How Love came in, I do not know,
Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no ;
Or whether with the soule it came
At first, infused with the same ;
Whether in part 'tis here or there,
Or, like the soule, whole everywhere.
This troubles me ; but I as well
As any other, this can tell ;
That when from hence she does depart,
The out-let then is from the heart.

TO ANTHEA.

Am my Anthea! Must my heart still break?
Love makes me write, what shame forbids to speak.
Give me a kisse, and to that kisse a score;
Then to that twenty, adde an hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred; so kisse on,
To make that thousand up a million;
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.
But yet, though love likes well such scenes as
these,
There is an act that will more fully please:
Kissing and glancing, soothing, all make way
But to the acting of this private play:
Name it I would; but being blushing red,
The rest Ile speak, when we meet both in bed.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES: AND THE QUARRIE OF
PEARLS.

SOME ask'd me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spoke I to my girle,
To part her lips, and shew'd them there
The quarelets of pearl.

CONFORMITIE.

CONFORMITY was ever knowne
A foe to Dissolution :
Nor can we that a ruine call,
Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMMING WITH HIS
ARMY INTO THE WEST.

WELCOME, most welcome to our vowes and us,
Most great, and universall genius !
The drooping west, which hitherto has stood
As one in long-lamented widow-hood,
Looks like a bride now, or a bed of flowers,
Newly refresh't, both by the sun and showers.
War, which before was horrid, now appears
Lovely in you, brave prince of cavaliers !
A deale of courage in each bosome springs
By your accesse. O you the best of kings !
Ride on with all white omens, so that where
Your standard's up, we fix a conquest there.

UPON ROSES.

UNDER a lawne then skyes more cleare,
Some ruffled roses nestling were ;
And snugging there, they seem'd to lye
As in a flowrie nunnery.

They blush'd, and look'd more fresh then flowers
 Quickned of late by pearly showers;
 And all, because they were possest
 But of the heat of Julia's breast,
 Which as a warme and moistned spring,
 Gave them their ever flourishing.

TO THE KING AND QUEENE, UPON THEIR
 UNHAPPY DISTANCES.

Woe, woe to them, who, by a ball of strife,
 Doe, and have parted here a man and wife:
 Charls the best husband, while Maria strives
 To be, and is, the very best of wives.
 Like streams, you are divorc'd; but't will come
 when
 These eyes of mine shall see you mix agen.
 Thus speaks the Oke here; C. and M. shall meet,
 Treading on amber with their silver-feet;
 Nor wil't be long ere this accomplish'd be;
 The words found true, C. M. remember me.

DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS.

As oft as night is banish'd by the morne,
 So oft, we'll think, we see a king new born.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID: OR THE UNGENTLE
GUEST.

ONE silent night of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepie?
Cast off, said he, all feare,
And let not locks thus keep ye.

For I a boy am, who
By moonlesse nights have swerved;
And all with showrs wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pittifull arose,
And soon a taper lighted;
And did my selfe disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too, which did shiver;
And looking down below,
I spy'd he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
Brought him, as love professes,
And chaf'd his hands with mine,
And dry'd his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warm'd,
Let's try this bow of ours
And string, if they be harm'd,
Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said flying;
Adieu, mine host, adieu,
He leave thy heart a dying.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS
FATHER.

THAT for seven lusters I did never come
To do the rites to thy religious tombe;
That neither haire was cut, or true teares shed
By me o'r thee, as justments to the dead,
Forgive, forgive me; since I did not know
Whether thy bones had here their rest, or no.

But now 'tis known, behold, behold, I bring
 Unto thy ghost th' effused offering:
 And look, what smallage, night-shade, cypresse,
 yew,
 Unto the shades have been, or now are due,
 Here I devote; and something more then so,
 I come to pay a debt of birth I owe.
 Thou gav'st me life, but mortall; for that one
 Favour, Ile make full satisfaction;
 For my life mortall, rise from out thy herse,
 And take a life immortall from my verse.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dresse
 Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse.
 A lawne about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction;
 An erring lace, which here and there
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
 A cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
 Ribbands to flow confusedly;
 A winning wave (deserving note)
 In the tempestuous petticoat;
 A carelessse shooe-string, in whose tye
 I see a wilde civility;—
 Doe more bewitch me then when art
 Is too precise in every part.

TO HIS MUSE.

WERE I to give thee baptime, I wo'd chuse
 To christen thee the Bride, the Bashfull Muse,
 Or Muse of Roses, since that name does fit
 Best with those virgin verses thou hast writ ;
 Which are so cleane, so chaste, as none may feare
 Cato the censor, sho'd he scan each here.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE scorch'd my finger, but did spare
 The burning of my heart ;
 To signifie, in love my share
 Sho'd be a little part.

Little I love ; but if that he
 Wo'd but that heat recall,
 That joynt to ashes sho'd be burnt,
 Ere I wo'd love at all.

DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON BY
 WHICH SOMETIMES HE LIVED.

DEAN-BOURN, farewell ; I never look to see
 Deane, or thy warty * incivility.
 Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,
 And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames,

* Qu. watry?

To my content, I never sho'd behold,
 Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold.
 Rockie thou art ; and rockie we discover
 Thy men ; and rockie are thy wayes all over.
 O men, O manners ! now, and ever knowne
 To be a rockie generation !
 A people currish, churlish as the seas,
 And rude, almost, as rudest salvages ;
 With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when
 Rockes turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

KISSING USURIE.

BIANCHIA, let
 Me pay the debt
 I owe thee for a kisse
 Thou lend'st to me ;
 And I to thee
 Will render ten for this :

If thou wilt say,
 Ten will not pay
 For that so rich a one ;
 Ile cleare the summe,
 If it will come
 Unto a million.

By this I guesse,
 Of happinesse

Who has a little measure,
 He must of right,
 To th' utmost mite,
 Make payment for his pleasure.

TO JULIA.

How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art,
 In each thy dainty and peculiar part !
 First, for thy queen-ship, on thy head is set
 Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet ;
 About thy neck a carkanet is bound,
 Made of the rubie, pearle, and diamond ;
 A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb ;
 About thy wrist, the rich Dardanium. *
 Between thy breast, then doune of swans more
 white,
 There playes the saphire with the chrysolite.
 No part besides must of thy selfe be known,
 But by the topaz, opal, calcedon.

TO LAURELS.

A FUNERAL stone,
 Or verse, I covet none ;
 But onely crave
 Of you that I may have
 A sacred laurel springing from my grave,

* A Bracelet, from Dardanus so call'd.

Which being seen,
Blest with perpetuall greene,
May grow to be
Not so much call'd a tree,
As the eternall monument of me.

HIS CAVALIER.

GIVE me that man that dares bestride
The active sea-horse, and with pride
Through that huge field of waters ride ;
Who with his looks too can appease
The ruffling winds and raging seas
In mid'st of all their outrages.
This, this a virtuous man can doe,
Saile against rocks, and split them too ;
I ! * and a world of pikes passe through.

ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE.

I'LE do my best to win, when'ere I wooe ;
That man loves not, who is not zealous too.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee,
Two cupids fell at odds ;
And whose the pretty prize shu'd be,
They vow'd to ask the gods.

* Av.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them ;
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,
She kist, and wip'd their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

LOVE KILL'D BY LACK.

LET me be warme, let me be fully fed :
Luxurious love by wealth is nourished.
Let me be leane, and cold, and once grown poore,
I shall dislike what once I lov'd before.

TO HIS MISTRESSE.

CHOOSE me your valentine ;
Next, let us marry :
Love to the death will pine
If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,
Or vow ye never :
Loves doctrine disallowes
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice,
Deare, to undoe me ;
If you prove faithlesse thrice,
None then will wooe you.

TO THE GENEROUS READER.

SEE, and not see ; and if thou chance t'espie
Some aberrations in my poetry,
Wink at small faults, the greater ne'rthelesse
Hide, and with them, their father's nakedness.
Let's doe our best, our watch and ward to keep :
Homer himself, in a long work, may sleep.

TO CRITICKS.

Ile write, because Ile give
You criticks means to live :
For sho'd I not supply
The cause, th' effect wo'd die.

DUTY TO TYRANTS.

GOOD princes must be pray'd for : for the bad,
They must be borne with and in rev'rence had.
Doe they first pill thee, next, pluck off thy skin ?
Good children kisse the rods that punish sin.
Touch not the tyrant ; let the gods alone
To strike him dead that but usurps a throne.

BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO
BIANCH.

WHEN age or chance has made me blind,
So that the path I cannot find ;
And when my falls and stumblings are
More then the stones i'th'street by farre ;
Goe thou afore, and I shall well
Follow thy perfumes by the smell :
Or be my guide, and I shall be
Led by some light that flows from thee.
Thus held or led by thee, I shall
In wayes confus'd nor slip or fall.

UPON BLANCH.

BLANCH swears her husband's lovely, when a
scald
Has blear'd his eyes ; besides, his head is bald :
Next, his wilde eares, like lethern wings full
spread,
Flutter to flie, and beare away his head.

NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE

To bread and water none is poore ;
And having these, what need of more ?
Though much from out the cess be spent,
Nature with little is content.

BARLY-BREAK OR LAST IN HELL.

WE two are last in hell : what may we feare
To be tormented, or kept pris'ners here?
Alas ! if kissing be of plagues the worst,
We'll wish in hell we had been last and first.

THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY no other thing is, then a beame
Flasht out between the middle and extreame.

TO DIANE ME.

DEARE, though to part it be a hell,
Yet, Dianeme, now farewell:
Thy frown, last night, did bid me goe,
But whither, onely grief do's know.
I doe beseech thee, ere we part,
(If mercifull as faire thou art;
Or else desir'st that maids sho'd tell
Thy pittie by loves-chronicle)
O Dianeme, rather kill
Me, then to make me languish stil!
'Tis cruelty in thee to th'height,
Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right;
Yet there's a way found, if thou please,
By sudden death to give me ease;

And thus devis'd ; — doe thou but this,
 Bequeath to me one parting kisse :
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be
 The executioner of me.

TO ANTHEA LYING IN BED.

So looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes,
 Orecome, or halfe betray'd, by tiffanies,
 Like to a twi-light, or that simpring dawn,
 That roses shew when misted o're with lawn.
 Twilight is yet, till that her lawnes give way ;
 Which done, that dawne turnes then to perfect
 day.

TO ELECTRA.

MORE white then whitest lillies far,
 Or snow, or whitest swans you are :
 More white then are the whitest creames,
 Or moone-light tinselling the streames :
 More white then pearls, or Juno's thigh,
 Or Pelops arme of yvorie.
 True, I confesse, such whites as these
 May me delight, not fully please,
 Till, like Ixion's cloud, you be
 White, warme, and soft to lye with me.

A COUNTRY LIFE: TO HIS BROTHER,
M. THO. HERRICK.

THRICE, and above blest, my soules halfe, art
thou,

In thy both last and better vow :
Could'st leave the city, for exchange to see
The countrie's sweet simplicity ;
And it to know, and practice, with intent
To grow the sooner innocent,
By studying to know vertue, and to aime
More at her nature then her name.
The last is but the least ; the first doth tell
Wayes lesse to live, then to live well ;
And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st live
Led by thy conscience, to give
Justice to soone-pleas'd nature, and to show
Wisdome and she together goe,
And keep one centre. This with that conspires,
To teach man to confine desires ;
And know that riches have their proper stint
In the contented mind, not mint.
And can'st instruct, that those who have the itch
Of craving more, are never rich.
These things thou know'st to th'height, and dost
prevent
That plague, because thou art content
With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,
(More blessed in thy brasse then land)

To keep cheap nature even and upright
To coole, not cocker appetite.
Thus thou canst tearcely live to satisfie
The belly chiefly, not the eye :
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Lesse with a neat then needfull diet.
But that which most makes sweet thy country
life
Is, the fruition of a wife :
Whom, Stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
Got, not so beautifull, as chast :
By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep,
While love the centinell doth keep,
With those deeds done by day, which n'er affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darknesse power to usher in
Feare to those sheets that know no sin ;
But still thy wife, by chast intentions led,
Gives thee each night a maidenhead.
The damask't medowes, and the peebly streames
Sweeten and make soft your dreames ;
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-
weav'd bowrs,
With fields enameled with flowers,
Present their shapes ; while fantasie discloses
Millions of lillies mixt with roses.
Then dream, ye heare the lamb by many a bleat
Woo'd to come suck the milkie teat ;
While Faunus in the vision comes to keep,
From rav'ning wolves the fleecie sheep :

With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
 To make sleep not so sound, as sweet.
 Nor can these figures so thy rest endeare,
 As not to rise when Chanticleere [rise
 Warnes the last watch ; but with the dawne dost
 To work, but first to sacrifice ;
 Making thy peace with heav'n for some late fault,
 With holy meale, and spirting salt ; [us,
 Which done, thy painfull thumb this sentence tells
 Love for our labour all things sells us.
 Nor are thy daily and devout affaires
 Attended with those desp'rate cares
 Th' industrious merchant has ; who for to find
 Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
 And back again, tortur'd with fears, doth fly,
 Untaught to suffer poverty.
 But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
 Sitt'st, and beleev'st that there be seas
 And watrie dangers ; while thy whiter hap
 But sees these things within thy map,
 And viewing them with a more safe survey,
 Mak'st easie feare unto thee say, [man
 A heart thrice wall'd with oke, and brasse that
 Had, first durst plow the ocean.
 But thou at home without or tyde or gale,
 Canst in thy map securely saile,
 Seeing those painted countries ; and so guesse
 By those fine shades, their substances,
 And from thy compasse taking small advice,
 Buy'st travell at the lowest price.

Nor are thine eares so deafe, but thou canst heare,
Far more with wonder then with feare,
Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and
kings,
And beleeeve there be such things, [lyes
When of these truths, thy happyer knowledge
More in thine eares then in thine eyes.
And when thou hear'st by that too true report,
Vice rules the most, or all, at court,
Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
Vertue had, and mov'd her sphere.
But thou liv'st fearlesse ; and thy face ne'r shewes
Fortune when she comes, or goes ;
But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd dost stand
To take her by the either hand ;
Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire :
A wise man ev'ry way lies square,
And like a surly oke with storms perplexed,
Growes still the stronger, strongly vexed.
Be so, bold spirit ; stand center-like, unmov'd ;
And be not onely thought, but prov'd
To be what I report thee ; and inure
Thy selfe, if want comes, to endure.
And so thou dost ; for thy desires are
Confin'd to live with private larr ;
Not curious whether appetite be fed,
Or with the first, or second bread ;
Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates ;
Hunger makes coorse meats delicates.—
Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that larded fare

Which art, not nature, makes so rare,
To taste boyl'd nettles, colworts, beets, and eate
These and sowre herbs as dainty meat,
While soft opinion makes thy genius say,
Content makes all ambrosia.
Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter size
So much for want, as exercise : [haste it,
To numb the sence of dearth, which sho'd sinne
Thou might'st but onely see't, not taste it.
Yet can thy humble rooffe maintaine a quire
Of singing crickits by thy fire :
And the brisk mouse may feast her selfe with
crums,
Till that the green-ey'd kitling comes.
Then to her cabbin, blest she can escape
The sudden danger of a rape.
And thus thy little well-kept stock doth prove,
Wealth cannot make a life, but love.
Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend
(Counsell concurring with the end)
As well as spare : still conning o'r this theame,
To shun the first, and last extreame ;
Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
Or to exceed thy tether's reach :
But to live round, and close, and wisely true
To thine owne selfe, and knowne to few.
Thus let thy rural sanctuary be
Elizium to thy wife and thee ;
There to disport your selves with golden measure ;
For seldome use commends the pleasure.

Live, and live blest, thrice happy paire! let
breath,

But lost to one, be th' others death;
And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
Be so one death, one grave to both.
Till when, in such assurance live, ye may
Nor feare, or wish your dying day.

DIVINATION BY A DAFFADILL.

WHEN a daffadill I see,
Hanging down his head t'wards me,
Guesse I may, what I must be:
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely buried.

TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A PICTURE.

COME, skilfull Lupo, now, and take
Thy bice, thy vmber, pink, and lake;
And let it be thy pensil's strife,
To paint a bridgeman to the life.
Draw him as like too, as you can,
An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man:
His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue;
His nose and lips of mulbrie hiew.
Then for an easie fansie, place

A burling iron for his face :
 Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,
 And for to speak, if possible:
 But do not so ; for fear lest he
 Sho'd by his breathing poyson thee.

UPON CUFFE. EPIG.

CUFFE comes to church much, but he keeps his
 bed
 Those Sundayes onely, when as briefs are read.
 This makes Cuffe dull ; and troubles him the most,
 Because he cannot sleep i' th' church, free-cost.

UPON FONE, A SCHOOL-MASTER. EPIG.

FONE says, those mighty whiskers he do's weare,
 Are twigs of birch and willow growing there :
 If so, we'll think too, when he do's condemne
 Boyes to the lash, that he do's whip with them.

A LYRICK TO MIRTH.

WHILE the milder fates consent,
 Let's enjoy our merrymment :
 Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play ;
 Kisse our dollies night and day.

Crown'd with clusters of the vine,
Let us sit and quaffe our wine ;
Call on Bacchus ; chaunt his praise ;
Shake the thyrses, and bite the bayes :
Rouze Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed :
Sing o're Horace ; for ere long
Death will come and mar the song :
Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
Never sing, or play more here.

TO THE EARLE OF WESTMERLAND.

WHEN my date's done, and my gray age must die,
Nurse up, great lord, this my posterity :
Weak though it be, long may it grow and stand,
Shor'd up by you, brave Earle of Westmerland !

AGAINST LOVE.

WHEN ere my heart love's warmth but entertaines,
O frost ! O snow ! O haile ! forbid the banes.
One drop now deads a spark ; but if the same
Once gets a force, floods cannot quench the flame
Rather then love, let me be ever lost ;
Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

UPON JULIA'S RIBAND.

As shews the aire, when with a rain-bow grac'd;
So smiles that riband 'bout my Julia's waste:
Or like —— nay 'tis that zonulet of love,
Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

THE FROZEN ZONE: OR, JULIA DISDAINFUL.

WHITHER? Say, whither shall I fly,
To slack these flames wherein I frie?
To the treasures, shall I goe,
Of the raine, frost, haile, and snow?
Shall I search the under ground,
Where all damps, and mists are found?
Shall I seek, for speedy ease,
All the floods, and frozen seas?
Or descend into the deep,
Where eternall cold does keep?
These may coole; but there's a zone
Colder yet then any one:
That's my Julia's breast; where dwels
Such destructive ysicles;
As that the congelation will
Mee sooner starve, then those can kill.

AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

WITH blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here,
To' th' almost sev'n and fortieth yeare.
Stout sons I had, and those twice three ;
One onely daughter lent to me :
The which was made a happy bride,
But thrice three moones before she dy'd.
My modest wedlock, that was known
Contented with the bed of one.

TO THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END. PORTER

LET there be patrons ; patrons like to thee,
Brave Porter ! Poets ne'r will wanting be :
Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
In thee, thou man of men ! who here do'st give
Not onely subject-matter for our wit,
But likewise oyle of maintenance to it :
For which, before thy threshold, we'll lay
 downe
Our thyrses, for scepter ; and our baies for
 crown.
For to say truth, all garlands are thy due ;
The Laurell, Mirtle, Oke, and Ivie too.

THE SADNESSE OF THINGS FOR SAPHO'S
SICKNESSE.

LILLIES will languish ; violets look ill ;
Sickly the prim-rose ; pale the daffadill :
That gallant tulip will hang down his head,
Like to a virgin newly ravished.
Pansies will weep, and marygolds will wither ;
And keep a fast and funerall together,
If Sapho droop ; daisies will open never,
But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever.

LEANDER'S OBSEQUIES.

WHEN as Leander young was drown'd,
No heart by love receiv'd a wound ;
But on a rock himselfe sate by,
There weeping sup'rabundantly.
Sighs numberlesse he cast about,
And all his tapers thus put out :
His head upon his hand he laid ;
And sobbing deeply, thus he said,
Ah, cruell sea ! and looking on't,
Wept as he'd drowne the Hellespont.
And sure his tongue had more exprest,
But that his teares forbad the rest.

HOPE HEARTENS.

NONE goes to warfare, but with this intent;
The gaines must dead the feare of detriment.

FOURE THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

HEALTH is the first good lent to men;
A gentle disposition then;
Next, to be rich by no by-wayes;
Lastly, with friends t'enjoy our dayes.

HIS PARTING FROM MRS. DOROTHY KENEDAY.

WHEN I did goe from thee, I felt that smart
Which bodies do when souls from them depart.
Thou did'st not mind it; though thou then might'st
see

Me turn'd to tears, yet did'st not weep for me.
'Tis true, I kist thee; but I co'd not heare
Thee spend a sigh t'accompany my teare.
Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard
sho'dst prove,

Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spake
love.

Prethee, (lest maids sho'd censure thee) but say
Thou shed'st one teare, when as I went away;
And that will please me somewhat: though I know,
And love will swear't, my dearest did not so.

THE TEARE SENT TO HER FROM STANES.

1. GLIDE, gentle streams, and beare
Along with you my teare
To that coy girle,
Who smiles, yet slayes
Me with delayes,
And strings my tears as pearle.
2. See ! see, she's yonder set,
Making a carkanet
Of maiden-flowers !
There, there present
This orient,
And pendant pearle of ours.
3. Then say, I've sent one more
Jem to enrich her store ;
And that is all
Which I can send,
Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall.
4. Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the springs once drie ;
But Ile devise,
(Among the rest)
A way that's best
How I may save mine eyes.

5. Yet say, sho'd she condemne
 Me to surrender them ;
 Then say, my part
 Must be to weep
 Out them, to keep
 A poore, yet loving heart.

6. Say too, she wo'd have this.
 She shall : Then my hope is,
 That when I'm poore,
 And nothing have
 To send, or save,
 I'm sure she'll ask no more.

UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRYED WITH A
 MAID CALL'D ROSE.

WHAT times of sweetnesse this faire day fore-
 shows,
 When as the lilly marries with the rose !
 What next is lookt for, but we all sho'd see
 To spring from these a sweet posterity ?

AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

VIRGINS promis'd when I dy'd,
 That they wo'd each primrose-tide,
 Duely, morne and ev'ning, come,
 And with flowers dresse my tomb.

Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

UPON SCOBBLE. EPIG.

SCOBBLE for whoredome whips his wife, and
cries,
He'll slit her nose; but blubb'ring, she replies,
Good sir, make no more cuts i' th' outward skin,
One slit's enough to let adultery in.

THE HOURE-GLASSE.

THAT houre-glasse, which there ye see
With water fill'd, sirs, credit me,
The humour was, as I have read,
But lovers' tears inchristalled.
Which, as they drop by drop doe passe
From th' upper to the under-glasse,
Do in a trickling manner tell,
(By many a watrie syllable)
That lovers tears in life-time shed,
Do restless run when they are dead.

HIS FARE-WELL TO SACK.

FAREWELL, thou thing, time-past so knowne, so
deare
To me, as blood to life and spirit : neare,

Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, **man,**
wife,

Male to the female, soule to body : Life
To quick action, or the warme soft side
Of the resigning, yet resisting Bride.

The kisse of virgins ; first-fruits of the bed ;
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maiden-
head :

These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be
So neare, or deare, as thou wast once to me.
O thou the drink of gods and angels ! Wine
That scatter'st spirit and lust ; whose purest
shine,

More radiant then the summer's sun-beams shows
Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those
Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd portents
Fore-tell the comming of some dire events ;
Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,
Throwing about his wild and active fires.
'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest Soule !
(Eternall in thy self) that canst controule
That which subverts whole nature, grief and
care,

Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despaire.
'Tis thou, alone, who with thy mistick fan,
Work'st more then wisdom, art, or nature can,
To rouse the sacred madnesse ; and awake
The frost-bound-blood and spirits ; and to make
Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing through
The soule like lightning, and as active too.

'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
 Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.
 Horace, Anacreon both had lost their fame,
 Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.
 Phœbean splendour ! and thou Thespian spring !
 Of which sweet swans must drink before they sing
 Their true-pac'd numbers and their holy-layes,
 Which makes them worthy cedar and the bayes.
 But why ? why longer doe I gaze upon
 Thee with the eye of admiration ?
 Since I must leave thee ; and enforc'd, must say
 To all thy witching beauties, goe away.
 But if thy whimpring looks doe ask me why ?
 Then know, that nature bids thee goe, not I.
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine
 Uncapable of such a soveraigne
 As is thy powerfull selfe. Prethee not smile ;
 Or smile more inly ; lest thy looks beguile
 My vowes denounc'd in zeale, which thus much
 show thee,
 That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know thee.
 Let others drink thee freely, and desire
 Thee and their lips espous'd ; while I admire
 And love thee ; but not taste thee. Let my muse
 Faile of thy former helps ; and onely use
 Her inadult'rate strength : what's done by me
 Hereafter shall smell of the lamp, not thee.

UPON GLASCO. EPIG.

GLASCO had none, but now some teeth has got ;
Which though they furre, will neither ake or rot.
Six teeth he has, whereof twice two are known
Made of a haft, that was a mutton-bone,
Which not for use, but meerly for the sight,
He weares all day, and drawes those teeth at
night.

UPON MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME
OF AMARILLIS.

SWEET Amarillis, by a spring's
Soft and soule-melting murmurings,
Slept ; and thus sleeping, thither flew
A robin-red brest ; who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and mosse to cover her :
But while he, perking, there did prie
About the arch of either eye,
The lid began to let out day ;
At which poore robin flew away ;
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd ;
He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav'd.

THE CUSTARD.

FOR second course, last night, a custard came
To th' board, so hot, as none co'd touch the same :
Furze, three or foure times with his cheeks did
 blow

Upoñ the custard, and thus cooled so,
It seem'd by this time to admit the touch ;
But none co'd eate it, 'cause it stunk so much.

TO MYRRHA, HARD-HEARTED.

FOLD now thine armes, and hang the head,
Like to a lillie withered :
Next, look thou like a sickly moone,
Or like Jocasta in a swoone.
Then weep, and sigh, and softly goe,
Like to a widdow drown'd in woe :
Or like a virgin full of ruth,
For the lost sweet-heart of her youth :
And all because, faire maid, thou art
Insensible of all my smart ;
And of those evill dayes that be
Now posting on to punish thee.
The gods are easie, and condemne
All such as are not soft like them.

THE EYE.

MAKE me a heaven, and make me there
Many a lesse and greater spheare ;
Make me the straight and oblique lines,
The motions, lations, and the signes ;
Make me a chariot and a sun,
And let them through a zodiac run.
Next, place me zones and tropicks there,
With all the seasons of the yeare ;
Make me a sun-set, and a night,
And then present the mornings-light
Cloath'd in her chamlets of delight.
To these, make clouds to poure downe raine,
With weather foule, then faire againe.
And when, wise artist, that thou hast
With all that can be this heaven grac't,
Ah ! what is then this curious skie,
But onely my Corinna's eye?

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED MR. J. WARR.

WHAT wisdom, learning, wit, or worth,
Youth, or sweet nature, co'd bring forth,
Rests here with him, who was the fame,
The volume of himselfe and name.

If, reader, then thou wilt draw neere,
 And doe an honour to thy teare,
 Weep then for him, for whom laments
 Not one, but many monuments.

UPON GRYLL.

GRYLL eates, but ne're sayes grace : to speak the
 troth,
 Gryll either keeps his breath to coole his broth,
 Or else because Grill's roste do's burn his spit,
 Gryll will not therefore say a grace for it.

THE SUSPITION UPON HIS OVER-MUCH FAMI-
 LIARITY WITH A GENTLEWOMAN.

AND must we part, because some say
 Loud is our love, and loose our play,
 And more then well becomes the day ?
 Alas for pittie ! and for us
 Most innocent, and injur'd thus.
 Had we kept close, or play'd within,
 Suspition now had been the sinne,
 And shame had follow'd long ere this,
 T'ave plagu'd what now unpunisht is.
 But we, as fearlesse of the sunne
 As faultlesse, will not wish undone
 What now is done, since where no sin
 Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.

Then, comely and most fragrant maid,
Be you more warie then afraid
Of these reports ; because you see
The fairest most suspected be.
The common formes have no one eye
Or care of burning jealousie
To follow them : but chiefly where
Love makes the cheek and chin a sphere
To dance and play in, trust me, there
Suspicion questions every haire.
Come, you are faire, and should be seen
While you are in your sprightfull green:
And what though you had been embrac't
By me, were you for that unchast ?
No, no, no more then is yond' moone,
Which shining in her perfect noone,
In all that great and glorious light,
Continues cold as is the night.
Then, beauteous maid, you may retire ;
And as for me, my chast desire
Shall move t'wards you, although I see
Your face no more : so live you free
From Fames black lips, as you from me.

SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE.

SUSPICION, discontent, and strife
Come in for dowrie with a wife.

THE CURSE. A SONG.

GOE, perjur'd man ; and if thou ere return
To see the small remainders in mine urne,
When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust,
And ask, where's now the colour, forme, and trust
Of woman's beauty, and with hand more rude
Rifle the flowers which the virgins strew'd,—
Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that some wind
May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

THE WOUNDED CUPID. SONG.

CUPID, as he lay among
Roses, by a bee was stung.
Whereupon, in anger flying
To his mother, said thus crying :
Help ! O help ! your boy's a dying.
And why, my pretty lad, said she ?
Then blubbering, replyed he,
A winged snake has bitten me,
Which country people call a bee.
At which she smil'd ; then with her hairs
And kisses drying up his tears,
Alas ! said she, my wag, if this
Such a pernicious torment is,
Come tel me then, how great's the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart !

TO DEWES. A SONG.

I BURN, I burn, and beg of you
To quench, or coole me with your dew :
I frie in fire, and so consume,
Although the pile be all perfume.
Alas ! the heat and death's the same,
Whether by choice or common flame :
To be in oyle of roses drown'd,
Or water, where's the comfort found ?
Both bring one death, and I die here,
Unless you coole me with a teare.
Alas ! I call ; but ah ! I see
Ye coole, and comfort all but me.

SOME COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

To conquer'd men some comfort 'tis to fall
By th' hand of him who is the generall.

THE VISION.

SITTING alone, as one forsook,
Close by a silver-shedding brook,
With hands held up to love, I wept,
And after sorrows spent, I slept :
Then in a vision I did see
A glorious forme appeare to me :

A virgin's face she had ; her dresse
 Was like a sprightly Spartanesse :
 A silver bow, with green silk strung,
 Down from her comely shoulders hung ;
 And as she stood, the wanton aire
 Dandled the ringlets of her haire.
 Her legs were such Diana.shows,
 When tuckt up she a hunting goes,
 With buskins shortened to descrie
 The happy dawning of her thigh :
 Which when I saw, I made access
 To kisse that tempting nakednesse ;
 But she forbad me, with a wand
 Of mirtle she had in her hand,
 And chiding me, said, Hence, remove :
 Herrick, thou art too coorse to love.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

You say to me-wards your affection's strong ;
 Pray love me little, so you love me long.
 Slowly goes farre ; the meane is best ; desire
 Grown violent, do's either die, or tire.

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE.

'TWAS but a single rose,
 Till you on it did breathe ;
 But since, me thinks, it shows
 Not so much rose, as wreathe.

UPON A WIFE THAT DYED MAD WITH
JEALOUSIE.

IN this little vault she lyes,
Here, with all her jealousies :
Quiet yet ; but if ye make
Any noise, they both will wake,
And such spirits raise, 'twill then
Trouble Death to lay agen.

UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLNE'S
IMPRISONMENT.

NEVER was day so over-sick with showres,
But that it had some intermitting houres.
Never was night so tedious, but it knew
The last watch out, and saw the dawning too.
Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,
Wherein or light, or day, did never peep.
Never did moone so ebbe, or seas so wane,
But they left hope-seed to fill up againe.
So you, my lord, though you have now your stay,
Your night, your prison, and your ebbe, you may
Spring up afresh when all these mists are spent,
And star-like, once more guild our firmament.
Let but that mighty Cesar speak, and then,
All bolts, all barres, all gates shall cleave ; as when
That earth-quake shook the house and gave the stout
Apostles way, unshackled, to goe out.

This, as I wish for, so I hope to see ;
 Though you, my lord, have been unkind to me,
 To wound my heart, and never to apply,
 When you had power, the meanest remedy.
 Well ; though my griefe by you was gall'd the more,
 Yet I bring balme and oile to heal your sore.

DISSWASIONS FROM IDLENESSE.

CYNTHIUS pluck ye by the eare,
 That ye may good doctrine heare.
 Play not with the maiden-haire,
 For each ringlet there's a snare.
 Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin,
 These are traps to take fooles in.
 Armes, and hands, and all parts else,
 Are but toiles, or manicles,
 Set on purpose to enthrall
 Men, but slothfulls most of all.
 Live employ'd, and so live free
 From these fetters ; like to me,—
 Who have found, and still can prove,
 The lazie man the most doth love.

UPON STRUT.

STRUT, once a fore-man of a shop we knew,
 But turn'd a ladies usher now, 'tis true :
 Tell me, has Strut got ere a title more ?
 No ; he's but fore-man, as he was before.

AN EPITHALAMIE TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL .
AND HIS LADIE.

I.

Now, now's the time ; so oft by truth
Promis'd sho'd come to crown your youth.
Then, faire ones, doe not wrong
Your joyes by staying long,
Or let love's fire goe out,
By lingring thus in doubt :
But learn, that time, once lost,
Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.
Then away ; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashfull bride.

II.

Is it, sweet maid, your fault these holy
Bridall-rites goe on so slowly ?
Deare, is it this you dread,
The losse of maiden-head ?
Beleeve me ; you will most
Esteeme it when 'tis lost :
Then it no longer keep,
Lest issue lye asleep.
Then away ; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashfull bride.

III.

These precious pearly purling teares,
 But spring from ceremonious feares ;
 And 'tis but native shame
 That hides the loving flame,
 And may a while controule
 The soft and am'rous soule ;
 But yet, Loves fire will wast
 Such bashfulnesse at last.
 Then away ; come, Hymen, guide
 To the bed the bashfull bride.

IV.

Night now hath watch'd herself half blind ;
 Yet not a maiden-head resign'd !
 Tis strange, ye will not flie
 To love's sweet mysterie.
 Might yon full-moon the sweets
 Have, promis'd to your sheets,
 She soon wo'd leave her spheare,
 To be admitted there.
 Then away ; come, Hymen, guide
 To the bed the bashfull bride.

V.

On, on devoutly, make no stay ;
 While Domiduca leads the way,
 And Genius, who attends
 The bed for luckie ends :

With Juno goes the houres,
And Graces strewing flowers ;
And the boyes with sweet tunes sing,
Hymen ! O Hymen ! bring
Home the turtles ; Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashfull bride.

VI.

Behold ! how Hymen's taper-light
Shews you how much is spent of night.
See, see the bride-groom's torch
Halfe wasted in the porch.
And now those tapers five,
That shew the womb shall thrive,
Their silv'rie flames advance,
To tell all prosp'rous chance
Still shall crown the happy life
Of the good man and the wife.

VII.

Move forward then your rosie feet,
And make what ere they touch turn sweet.
May all like flowrie meads
Smell, where your soft foot treads ;
And every thing assume
To it the like perfume :
As Zephyrus when he 'spires
Through woodbine, and sweet-bryers.
Then away ; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashfull bride.

VIII.

And now the yellow vaile at last
Over her fragrant cheek is cast ;
Now seems she to expresse
A bashfull willingnesse ;
Shewing a heart consenting,
As with a will repenting.
Then gently lead her on
With wise suspicion ;
For that matrons say a measure
Of that passion sweetens pleasure.

IX.

You, you that be of her neerest kin,
Now o'er the threshold force her in.
But to avert the worst,
Let her her fillets first
Knit to the posts : this point
Remembring, to anoint
The sides ; for 'tis a charme
Strong against future harme,
And the evil deads, the which
There was hidden by the witch.

X.

O Venus ! thou to whom is known
The best way how to loose the zone
Of virgins, tell the maid,
She need not be afraid ;

And bid the youth apply
 Close kisses, if she cry ;
 And charge, he not forbears
 Her, though she wooe with teares.
 Tel them, now they must adventer,
 Since that love and night bid enter.

XI.

No fatal owle the bedsted keeps,
 With direful notes to fright your sleeps :
 No furies, here about,
 To put the tapers out,
 Watch, or did make the bed :
 'Tis omen full of dread ;
 But all faire signs appear
 Within the chamber here.
 Juno here far off doth stand,
 Cooling sleep with charming wand.

XII.

Virgins, weep not ; 'twill come when,
 As she, so you'l be ripe for men.
 Then grieve her not, with saying
 She must no more a Maying ;
 Or by rose-buds devine,
 Who'l be her Valentine ;
 Nor name those wanton reaks
 Y'ave had at barly-breaks.
 But now kisse her, and thus say,—
 Take time, lady, while ye may.

XIII.

Now barre the doors; the bridegroom puts
The eager boyes to gather nuts:
And now, both love and time
To their full height doe clime.
O! give them active heat
And moisture, both compleat;
Fit organs for encrease,
To keep, and to release
That which may the honour'd stem
Circle with a diadem.

XIV.

And now, behold! the bed or couch
That ne'r knew bride's or bridegroom's touch,
Feels in it selfe a fire;
And tickled with desire,
Pants with a downie brest,
As with a heart possest:
Shrugging as it did move,
Ev'n with the soule of love.
And oh! had it but a tongue,
Doves, 'two'd say, yee bill too long.

XV.

O enter then! but see ye shun
A sleep, untill the act be done.
Let kisses in their close
Breathe as the damask rose,
Or sweet as is that gumme

Doth from Panchaia come.
Teach nature now to know,
Lips can make cherries grow
Sooner then she ever yet
In her wisdom co'd beget.

XVI.

On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years,
Drop the fat blessing of the spears.
That good, which Heav'n can give
To make you bravely live,
Fall like a spangling dew
By day and night on you.
May fortune's lilly hand
Open at your command,
With all luckie birds to side
With the bridegroom and the bride.

XVII.

Let bounteous fate your spindles full
Fill, and winde up with whitest wooll
Let them not cut the thred
Of life, untill ye bid.
May death yet come at last,
And not with desp'rate hast;
But when ye both can say,
"Come, let us now away,"
Be ye to the barn then born
To, like two ripe shocks of corn.

TEARES ARE TONGUES.

WHEN Julia chid, I stood as mute the while
As is the fish, or tongueless crocodile.
Aire coyn'd to words, my Julia co'd not heare;
But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare:
By which mine angry mistresse might descry,
Teares are the noble language of the eye:
And when true love of words is destitute,
The eyes by tears speak, while the tongue is mute.

UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN.

LET all chaste matrons, when they chance to see
My num'rous issue, praise and pitty me.
Praise me, for having such a fruitfull wombe;
Pitty me too, who found so soon a tomb.

TO ELECTRA.

ILE come to thee in all those shapes
As Jove did when he made his rapes;
Onely, Ile not appeare to thee
As he did once to Semele.
Thunder and lightning Ile lay by,
To talk with thee familiarly:

Which done, then quickly we'll undresse
 To one and th'others nakednesse ;
 And ravisht, plunge into the bed,
 Bodies and souls commingled,
 And kissing, so as none may heare,
 We'll weary all the fables there.

HIS WISH.

It is sufficient if we pray
 To Jove who gives and takes away.
 Let him the land and living finde ;
 Let me alone to fit the mind.

HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA

NOONE-DAY and midnight shall at once be seene :
 Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and greene :
 Fire and water shall together lye
 In one self sweet conspiring sympathie :
 Summer and winter shall at one time show
 Ripe eares of corn, and up to th'eaes in snow :
 Seas shall be sandlesse, Fields devoid of grasse,
 Shapelesse the world as when all Chaos was,
 Before, my deare Perilla, I will be
 False to my vow or fall away from thee.

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

IF I kisse Anthea's brest,
There I smell the Phenix nest:
If her lip, the most sincere
Altar of incense, I smell there.
Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all
Richly aromaticall.
Goddesse Isis can't transfer
Musks and ambers more from her,
Nor can Juno sweeter be,
When she lyes with Jove, then she.

TO JULIA.

PERMIT me, Julia, now to goe away,
Or by thy love decree me here to stay.
If thou wilt say that I shall live with thee,
Here shall my endless tabernacle be:
If not, as banisht I will live alone
There where no language ever yet was known.

ON HIMSELFE.

LOVE-SICK I am, and must endure
A desp'rate grief, that finds no cure.

Ah me! I try, and trying, prove
No herbs have power to cure love.
Onely one soveraign salve I know,
And that is death, the end of woe

VIRTUE IS SENSIBLE OF SUFFERING.

THOUGH a wise man all pressures can sustaine,
His vertue still is sensible of paine ;
Large shoulders though he has, and well can
 beare,
He feeles when packs do pinch him, and the
 where.

THE CRUELL MAID.

AND, cruell maid, because I see
You scornfull of my love and me,
Ile trouble you no more ; but goe
My way, where you shall never know
What is become of me. There I
Will find me out a path to die,
Or learne some way how to forget
You and your name for ever. Yet
Ere I go hence, know this from me,
What will in time your fortune be:
This to your coynesse I will tell,
And having spoke it once, farewell.

The lillie will not long endure,
Nor the snow continue pure :
The rose, the violet, — one day
See ! both these lady-flowers decay :
And you must fade as well as they.
And it may chance that love may turn,
And, like to mine, make your heart burn
And weep to see't ; yet this thing doe,
That my last vow commends to you.
When you shall see that I am dead,
For pittie let a teare be shed ;
And, with your mantle o're me cast,
Give my cold lips a kisse at last.
If twice you kisse, you need not feare
That I shall stir, or live more here.
Next, hollow out a tombe to cover
Me ; me, the most despised lover :
And write thereon, " This, Reader, know !
Love kill'd this man." No more but so.

TO DIANE ME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their skies :
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives,—yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich haire
Which wantons with the love-sick aire,
When as that rubie which you weare,

Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beautie's gone.

TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVILL.

To find that tree of life whose fruits did feed
And leaves did heale all sick of humane seed ;
To find Bethesda, and an angel there,
Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here
At last I find, after my much to doe,
The tree, Bethesda, and the angel too :
And all in your blest hand, which has the powers
Of all those suppling, healing herbs and flowers.
To that soft charm, that spell, that magick bough,
That high enchantment, I betake me now ;
And to that hand, the branch of Heaven's faire
tree,

I kneele for help. O ! lay that hand on me,
Adored Cesar, and my faith is such,
I shall be heal'd if that my king but touch.
The evill is not yours ; my sorrow sings :
Mine is the evill, but the cure, the kings.

HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESS.

WATER, water I espie :
Come and cool ye, all who frie
In your loves ;— but none as I.

Though a thousand showres be
Still a falling, yet I see
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas
For to quench ye, or some ease
From your kinder mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,
Of a thousand thousand, known
Dead to all compassion :

Such an one as will repeat
Both the cause, and make the heat
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despaire
Of my cure, doe you beware
Of those girles which cruell are.

UPON JOLLIE'S WIFE.

FIRST, Jollie's wife is lame; then next, loose-hipt;
Squint-ey'd, hook-nos'd, and lastly, kidney-lipt.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN, OBJECTING TO HIM HIS
GRAY HAIRE.

Am I despis'd, because you say,
And I dare sweare, that I am gray?
Know, lady, you have but your day:
And time will come when you shall weare
Such frost and snow upon your haire.
And when, though long, it comes to passe,
You question with your looking-glasse;
And in that sincere christall seek,
But find no rose-bud in your cheek,
Nor any bed to give the shew
Where such a rare carnation grew;—
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keeping
It will be told
That you are old
By those true teares y'are weeping.

TO CEDARS.

If mongst my many poems, I can see
One onely worthy to be washt by thee,
I live for ever ; let the rest all lye
In dennes of darkness, or condemn'd to die.

UPON CUPID.

Love like a gypsie lately came,
And did me much importune
To see my hand, that by the same
He might foretell my fortune.

He saw my palme ; and then said he,
I tell thee, by this score here,
That thou within few months shalt be
The youthful Prince d'Amour here.

I smil'd, and bade him once more prove,
And by some crosse-line show it,
That I co'd ne'er be Prince of Love,
Though here the princely poet.

HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN.

VIRGINS, time-past, known were these,
Troubled with green-sicknesses :
Turned to flowers, stil the hieu,
Sickly girles, they beare of you.

TO JOS. LO. BISHOP OF EXETER.

WHOM sho'd I feare to write to, if I can
Stand before you, my learn'd Diocesan,
And never show blood-guiltinesse, or feare
To see my lines excathedrated here ?
Since none so good are, but you may condemne,
Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.
If then, my Lord, to sanctifie my muse
One onely poem out of all you'l chuse,
And mark it for a rapture nobly writ,—
'Tis good confirm'd, for you have bishop't it.

UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING THE ARME
OF THE COUNTESSE OF CARLILE.

I SAW about her spotlesse wrist,
Of blackest silk a curious twist;
Which, circumvolving gently, there
Enthrall'd her arme as prisoner.

Dark was the jayle, but as if light
Had met t'engender with the night ;
Or so as darknesse made a stay
To show at once both night and day.
I fancie more ; but if there be
Such freedom in captivity,
I beg of Love that ever I
May in like chains of darknesse lie.

ON HIMSELFE.

I FEAR no earthly powers,
But care for crowns of flowers ;
And love to have my beard
With wine and oile besmear'd.
This day Ile drowne all sorrow ;
Who knowes to live to-morrow ?

UPON PAGGET.

PAGGET, a school-boy, got a sword, and then
He vow'd destruction both to birch and men.
Who wo'd not think this yonker fierce to fight ?
Yet comming home but somewhat late last night,
Untrusse, his Master bade him ; and that word
Made him take up his shirt, lay down his sword.

A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.

JULIA, I bring
To thee this ring,
Made for thy finger fit;
To shew by this,
That our love is,
Or sho'd be, like to it.

Close though it be,
The joynt is free :
So when love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

But it must play
Still either way ;
And be, too, such a yoke,
As not too wide,
To over-slide,
Or be so strait to choak.

So we, who beare
This beame, must reare
Our selves to such a height,
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw, or else to sever,
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever.

TO THE DETRACTER.

WHERE others love and praise my verses, still
Thy long black thumb-nail marks 'em out for ill :
A fellow take it, or some whit-flaw come
For to unslate, or to untile that thumb !
But cry thee mercy : exercise thy nailes
To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue not railes.
Some numbers purrient are, and some of these
Are wanton with their itch ; scratch, and 'twill
please.

UPON THE SAME.

I ASK'T thee oft, what poets thou hast read
And lik'st the best ? Still thou reply'st, The dead.
I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be ;
Then sure thou't like, or thou wilt envie me.

JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

THY azure robe I did behold,
As ayrie as the leaves of gold ;
Which erring here, and wandering there,
Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where.
Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,
As if to stir it scarce had leave :
But having got it, thereupon,
'Two'd make a brave expansion ;
And pounc't with stars, it shew'd to me
Like a celestial canopie.
Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate,
Like to a flame growne moderate :
Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling,
'Then to thy thighs so closely cling,
That some conceit did melt me downe,
As lovers fall into a swoone ;
And all confus'd, I there did lie
Drown'd in delights, but co'd not die.
That leading cloud I follow'd still,
Hoping t'ave seene of it my fill ;
But ah ! I co'd not : sho'd it move
To life eternal, I co'd love.

TO MUSICK.

BEGIN to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine eares
With thy enchantment, melt me into tears :

Then let thy active hand scud o're thy lyre,
And make my spirits frantick with the fire.
That done, sink down into a silv'rie straine,
And make me smooth as balme and oile againe.

DISTRUST.

To safe-guard man from wrongs, there nothing
must
Be truer to him then a wise distrust;
And to thy selfe be best this sentence knowne;—
Heare all men speak, but credit few or none.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
See how Aurora throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire!
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herbe and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an houre since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have mattens seyde,
And sung their thankful hymnes, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner then the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and
greene

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gowne or haire.
Feare not; the leaves will strew
Gemms in abundance upon you.

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in
praying :
Few beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and comming, marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke
Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch : each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't ?
Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obay
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girle, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.

Some have dispatcht their cakes and creame,
Before that we have left to dreame :

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted
troth,

And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.

Many a greene-gown has been given ;

Many a kisse, both odde and even ;

Many a glance too has been sent

From out the eye, love's firmament ;

Many a jest told of the keyes betraying

This night, and locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,

And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our dayes run

As fast away as do's the sunne ;

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine,

Once lost, can ne'er be found againe,

So when or you or I are made

A fable, song, or fleeting shade,

All love, all liking, all delight,

Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying ;

Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

ON JULIA'S BREATH.

BREATHE, Julia, breathe, and Ile protest,
 Nay, more, Ile deeply sweare,
 That all the spices of the East
 Are circumfused there.

UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

BUT borne, and like a short delight,
 I glided by my parents sight.
 That done, the harder fates deny'd
 My longer stay, and so I dy'd.
 If, pitting my sad parents teares,
 You'l spil a tear or two with theirs,
 And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,
 Love and they'l thank you for't. Adieu.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HORACE AND LYDIA,
 TRANSLATED ANNO 1627, AND SET BY
 MR. RO. RAMSEY.

Hor. WHILE, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
 Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me
 To hug thy whitest neck, then I,
 The Persian King liv'd not more happily

Lyd. While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Cloe was of more respect,
Then Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,
I flourisht more then Roman Ilia.

Hor. Now Thracian Cloe governs me,
Skilfull i' th' harpe and melodie ;
For whose affection, Lydia, I,
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

Lyd. My heart now set on fire is
By Ornithes sonne, young Calais ;
For whose commutuell flames here I,
To save his life, twice am content to die.

Hor. Say our first loves we sho'd revoke,
And sever'd joyne in brazen yoke ;
Admit I Cloe put away,
And love againe love-cast-off Lydia ?

Lyd. Though mine be brighter then the star,
Thou lighter then the cork by far,
Rough as th' Adraticke Sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

THE CAPTIV'D BEE : OR, THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a slumb'ring lay,
It chanc't a bee did flie that way,

After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip ;
But when he felt he suckt from thence
Hony, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce co'd stir.
So Julia took the pilferer,
And thus surprized, as filchers use,
He thus began himselfe t'excuse :—
Sweet lady-flower, I never brought
Hither the least one theeving thought :
But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much sirrop ran at waste.
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing :
But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay
For honie that I beare away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of hony 'fore her ladyship ;
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That that he took, and that was all.
At which she smil'd, and bade him goe
And take his bag, but thus much know ;—
When next he came a pilfring so,
He sho'd from her full lips derive
Hony enough to fill his hive.

UPON PRIG.

PRIG now drinks water, who before drank beere.
What's now the cause? we know the case is cleere:
Look in Prig's purse, the chev'rell there tells you
Prig mony wants, either to buy or brew.

UPON BATT.

BATT he gets children, not for love to reare 'em,
But out of hope his wife might die to beare 'em.

AN ODE TO MASTER ENDYMION PORTER, UPON
HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.

Not all thy flushing sunnes are set,
Herrick, as yet;
Nor doth this far-drawn hemisphere
Frown and look sullen ev'ry where.
Daies may conclude in nights, and suns may rest,
As dead, within the west,
Yet the next morne re-guild the fragrant east.

Alas for me ! that I have lost
 E'en all almost ;
 Sunk is my sight, set is my sun,
 And all the loome of life undone.

The staffe, the elme, the prop, the shelt'ring wall
 Whereon my vine did crawl,
 Now, now blowne downe, needs must the old
 stock fall.

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,
 In death I thrive,
 And like a Phenix re-aspire
 From out my narde and fun'rall fire;
 And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I
 Doe mar'l how I co'd die,
 When I had thee, my chiefe preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and blesse that hand,
 Which makes me stand
 Now as I doe; and but for thee,
 I must confesse, I co'd not be.
 The debt is paid; for he who doth resigne
 Thanks to the gen'rous vine,
 Invites fresh grapes to fill his presse with wine.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM
 HERRICK.

LIFE of my life, take not so soone thy flight,
 But stay the time till we have bade good night.
 Thou hast both wind and tide with thee, thy way
 As soone dispatcht is by the night as day.
 Let us not then so rudely henceforth goe
 Till we have wept, kist, sigh't, shook hands, or so

There's paine in parting, and a kind of hell
 When once true-lovers take their last fare-well.
 What? shall we two our endlesse leaves take here,
 Without a sad looke, or a solemne teare?
 He knowes not love, that hath not this truth proved,
 Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.
 Pay we our vowes and goe; yet when we part,
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
 Into thy loving hands; for Ile keep none
 To warme my breast, when thou, my pulse, art
 gone.

No, here Ile last, and walk, a harmless shade,
 About this urne wherein thy dust is laid,
 To guard it so as nothing here shall be
 Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

SADLY I walk't within the field,
 To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld,
 And as I went my private way,
 An olive-branch before me lay.
 And seeing it, I made a stay,
 And took it up and view'd it; then
 Kissing the omen, said amen!
 Be, be it so, and let this be
 A divination unto me,
 That in short time my woes shall cease,
 And love shall crown my end with peace.

UPON MUCH-MORE. EPIG.

MUCH-MORE provides, and hoords up like an ant
 Yet Much-more still complains he is in want.
 Let Much-more justly pay his tythes ; then try
 How both his meale and oile will multiply.

TO CHERRY BLOSSOMES.

YE may simper, blush, and smile,
 And perfume the aire a while ;
 But, sweet things, ye must be gone ;
 Fruit, ye know, is comming on.
 Then, ah ! then, where is your grace,
 When as cherries come in place ?

HOW LILLIES CAME WHITE.

WHITE though ye be, yet, lillies, know,
 From the first ye were not so ;
 But Ile tell ye
 What befell ye :
 Cupid and his mother lay
 In a cloud ; while both did play,
 He with his pretty finger prest
 The rubie niplet of her breast ;
 Out of the which, the creame of light,
 Like to a dew,
 Fell downe on you,
 And made ye white.

TO PANSIES.

AH, cruell love ! must I endure
Thy many scorns, and find no cure ?
Say, are thy medicines made to be
Helps to all others but to me ?
He leave thee, and to Pansies come ;
Comforts you'l afford me some :
You can ease my heart, and doe
What love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

ON GELLI-FLOWERS BEGOTTEN.

WHAT was't that fell but now
From that warme kisse of ours ?
Look, look, by Love I vow
They were two gelli-flowers.

Let's kisse, and kisse agen ;
For if so be our closes
Make gelli-flowers, then
I'm sure they'l fashion roses.

THE LILLY IN A CHRISTAL.

You have beheld a smiling rose
When virgins hands have drawd

O'r it a cobweb-lawne :
And here, you see, this lilly shows,
Tomb'd in a christal stone,
More faire in this transparent case
Then when it grew alone,
And had but single grace.

You see how creame but naked is,
Nor daunces in the eye
Without a strawberrie,
Or some fine tincture like to this,
Which draws the sight thereto
More by that wantoning with it,
'Then when the paler hieu
No mixture did admit.

You see how amber through the streams
More gently stroaks the sight,
With some conceal'd delight,
Then when he darts his radiant beams
Into the boundlesse aire ;
Where either too much light his worth
Doth all at once impaire,
Or set it little forth.

Put purple grapes, or cherries, in-
To glasse, and they will send
More beauty to commend
Them from that cleane and subtile skin,
Then if they naked stood,

And had no other pride at all
 But their own flesh and blood,
 And tinctures naturall.

Thus lillie, rose, grape, cherry, creame,
 And straw-berry do stir
 More love when they transfer
 A weak, a soft, a broken beame,
 Then if they sho'd discover
 At full their proper excellence,
 Without some secan cast over,
 To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this christal'd lillie be
 A rule, how far to teach
 Your nakednesse must reach:
 And that no further then we see
 Those glaring colours laid
 By Arts wise hand, but to this end,
 They sho'd obey a shade,
 Lest they too far extend.

So though y'are white as swan or snow,
 And have the power to move
 A world of men to love,
 Yet, when your lawns & silks shal flow,
 And that white cloud divide
 Into a doubtful twi-light, then,
 Then will your hidden pride
 Raise greater fires in men.

TO HIS BOOKE.

LIKE to a bride, come forth, my book, at last,
With all thy richest jewels over-cast.
Say, if there be, 'mongst many jems here, one
Deservelesse of the name of paragon :
Blush not at all for that, since we have set
Some pearls on queens that have been counterfet

UPON SOME WOMEN.

THOU who wilt not love, doe this,—
Learne of me what woman is :
Something made of thred and thrumme.
A meere botch of all and some ;
Pieces, patches, ropes of haire,
Inlaid garbage ev'ry where ;
Out-side silk, and out-side lawne,
Sceanes to cheat us neatly drawne ;
False in legs, and false in thighes ;
False in breast, teeth, haire, and eyes ;
False in head, and false enough,
Onely true in shreds and stuffe.

SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST.

WHILE leanest beasts in pastures feed,
The fattest oxe the first must bleed.

THE WELCOME TO SACK.

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder
smiles

Meet after long divorcement by the Iles,
When love, the child of likeness, urgeth on
Their chrystal natures to an union :

So meet stolne kisses, when the moonie nights
Call forth fierce lovers to their wisht delights :
So kings & queens meet, when desire convinces
All thoughts but such as aime at getting princes,
As I meet thee. Soule of my life and fame !

Eternall lamp of love ! whose radiant flame
Out-glares the heav'ns Osiris,* and thy gleams
Outshine the splendour of his mid-day beams,
Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse,
Welcome as are the ends unto my vows.

I ! far more welcome then the happy soile
The sea-scourg'd merchant, after all his toile,
Salutes with tears of joy, when fires betray
The smoakie chimneys of his Ithaca.
Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,
Poore pittied exile ? Tell me, did thy graces
Flie discontented hence, and for a time
Did rather choose to blesse another clime ?
Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me,
By thy short absence, to desire and love thee ?

* The Sun.

Why frowns my sweet? Why won't my saint
confer

Favours on me, her fierce idolater?

Why are those looks, those looks the which have
been

Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in
Like a dull twi-light? Tell me, and the fault
Ile expiate with sulphur, haire, and salt;
And with the christal humour of the spring,
Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse?
Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse,
Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, has desire
To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire
Left in this rak't-up ash-heap, as a mark
To testifie the glowing of a spark?
Have I divorc't thee onely to combine
In hot adult'ry with another wine?
True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale
'Twas done by me more to confirm my zeale,
And double my affection on thee; as doe those,
Whose love growes more enflam'd by being foes.
But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be
A thought of such like possibilitie?
When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy Iles shall lack
Grapes before Herrick leaves Canarie Sack.
Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,
Like Iphyclus, upon the tops of corn.
Thou mak'st me nimble as the winged howers,
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,

And ride the sunbeams. Can there be a thing
Under the heavenly Isis * that can bring
More love unto my life, or can present
My genius with a fuller blandishment?
Illustrious idoll! co'd th' Ægyptians seek
Help from the garlick, onyon, and the leek,
And pay no vowes to thee, who wast their best
God, and far more transcendent then the rest?
Had Cassius, that weak water-drinker, known
Thee in thy vine, or had but tasted one
Small chalice of thy frantick liquor, he
As the wise Cato, had approv'd of thee.
Had not Joves † son, that brave Tyrrhian swain,
Invited to the Thespian banquet, ta'ne
Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood, his spright
Ne'er had kept heat for fifty maids that night.
Come, come and kisse me; love and lust com-
mends

Thee and thy beauties; kisse, we will be friends
Too strong for fate to break us. Look upon
Me with that full pride of complexion,
As queenes meet queenes; or come thou unto me,
As Cleopatra came to Anthonie,
When her high carriage did at once present
To the Triumvir love and wonderment.
Swell up my nerves with spirit; let my blood
Run through my veines like to a hasty flood.
Fill each part full of fire, active to doe
What thy commanding soule shall put it to.

* The Moon.

† Hercules.

And till I turne apostate to thy love,
(Which here I vow to serve), doe not remove
Thy fiers from me ; but Apollo's curse
Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse,
When these circumstants shall but live to see
The time that I prevaricate from thee.
Call me the sonne of beere, and then confine
Me to the tap, the tost, the turfe : let wine
Ne'r shine upon me : may my numbers all
Run to a sudden death, and funerall :
And last, when thee, deare spouse, I disavow,
Ne'r may prophetique Daphne crown my brow

IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND.

My faithful friend, if you can see
The fruit to grow up, or the tree.
If you can see the colour come
Into the blushing peare or plum,
If you can see the water grow
To cakes of ice or flakes of snow,
If you can see that drop of raine
Lost in the wild sea, once againe,
If you can see how dreams do creep
Into the braine by easie sleep :
Then there is hope that you may see
Her love me once who now hates me.

UPON LUGGS. EPIG.

LUGGS, by the condemnation of the bench,
Was lately whipt for lying with a wench.
Thus paines and pleasures turne by turne succeed,
He smarts at last, who do's not first take heed.

UPON GUBBS. EPIG.

GUBBS calls his children kitlings, and wo'd bound
(Some say) for joy, to see those kitlings drown'd.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO GOOD
VERSES.

Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek or tongue be dumbe:
For with the flowrie earth,
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come;
For now each tree do's weare,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

Now raignes the rose, and now
Th' Arabian dew besmeares
My uncontrolled brow,
And my retorted haire.

Homer, this health to thee,
In sack of such a kind,
That it wo'd make thee see,
Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

Next, Virgil Ile call forth,
To pledge this second health,
In wine whose each cup's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next Ile drink
To Ovid ; and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one nose

Then this immensive cup
Of aromatike wine,
Catullus, I quaffe up
To that terce muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat ;
O Bacchus ! coole thy raies !
Or frantick I shall eate
Thy thyrses, and bite the bayes.

Round, round the roof do's run ;
And being ravisht thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus, next,
 This flood I drink to thee :
 But stay ; I see a text
 That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies
 Here burnt, whose smal return
 Of ashes scarce suffice
 To fill a little urne.

Trust to good verses then ;
 They onely will aspire,
 When pyramids, as men,
 Are lost i'th'funerall fire.

And when all bodies meet
 In Lethe to be drown'd,
 Then onely numbers sweet
 With endless life are crown'd.

FAIRE DAYES: OR DAWNES DECEITFULL.

FAIRE was the dawne; and but e'ne now the skies
 Shew'd like to creame enspir'd with strawberries:
 But on a sudden, all was chang'd and gone
 That smil'd in that first sweet complexion.
 Then thunder-claps and lightning did conspire
 To teare the world or set it all on fire.
 What trust to things below, when as we see,
 As men, the heavens have their hypocrisie?

LIPS TONGUELESSE.

For my part, I never care
For those lips that tongue-ty'd are :
Tell-tales I wo'd have them be
Of my mistresse and of me.
Let them prattle how that I
Sometimes freeze and sometimes frie ;
Let them tell how she doth move
Fore or backward in her love ;
Let them speak by gentle tones,
One and th'other's passions ;—
How we watch, and seldome sleep ;
How by willowes we doe weep ;
How by stealth we meet, and then
Kisse, and sigh, so part agen :—
This the lips we will permit
For to tell, not publish it.

TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE JULIA

TH'AST dar'd too farre ; but, Furie, now forbear
To give the least disturbance to her haire :
But lesse presume to lay a plait upon
Her skins most smooth and cleare expansion.
'Tis like a lawnie firmament as yet,
Quite dispossess of either fray or fret.
Come thou not neere that filmne so finely spred,
Where no one piece is yet unlevelled.

This if thou dost, woe to thee, furie, woe !
 Ile send such frost, such haile, such sleet, and snow,
 Such flesh-quakes, palsies, and such feares as shall
 Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all ;
 And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be
 More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorcht by thee.

TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honour !
 You doe bring
 In the Spring,
 And wait upon her.

She has virgins many
 Fresh and faire ;
 Yet you are
 More sweet then any.

Y'are the maiden posies,
 And so grac't,
 To be plac't
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
 By and by
 Ye doe lie,
 Poore girles ! neglected.

UPON BUNCE. EPIG.

MONEY thou ow'st me. Prethee fix a day
For payment promis'd, though thou never pay.
Let it be doomes-day ; nay, take longer scope ;
Pay when th'art honest ; let me have some hope.

TO CARNATIONS. A SONG.

STAY while ye will, or goe,
And leave no scent behind ye :
Yet trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye.

Within my Lucia's cheek,
Whose livery ye weare,
Play ye at hide or seek,
I'm sure to find ye there.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,

The sooner will his race be run,
And neerer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, goe marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

SAFETY, TO LOOK TO ONE'S SELFE.

For my neighbour, Ile not know
Whether high he builds or no.
Onely this Ile look upon,
Firm be my foundation.
Sound or unsound let it be,
'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
He who to the ground do's fall
Has not whence to sink at all.

TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES.

PLAY I co'd once; but, gentle friend, you see
My harp hung up here on the Willow tree.
Sing I co'd once; and bravely too enspire
With luscious numbers my melodious lyre.

Draw I co'd once, (although not stocks or stones,
Amphion-like,) men made of flesh and bones,
Whether I wo'd; but ah! I know not how
I feele in me this transmutation now.
Griefe, my deare friend, has first my harp un-
strung,
Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my tongue.

HIS POETRIE HIS PILLAR.

ONELY a little more
I have to write,
Then Ile give o're,
And bid the world good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay,
Or linger in it;
And then I must away.

O time that cut'st down all!
And scarce leav'st here
Memoriall
Of any men that were,

How many lye forgot
In vaults beneath,
And piece-meale rot
Without a fame in death!

Behold this living stone
 I reare for me,
 Ne'r to be thrown
 Downe, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
 If so they please:—
 Here is my hope,
 And my Pyramides.

SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

WHAT though the sea be calme? Trust to the
 shore:
 Ships have been drown'd where late they danc't
 before.

A PASTORALL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE
 CHARLES, PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND
 SET BY MR. NIC. LANIERE.

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.

Amin. Good day, Mirtillo. *Mirt.* And to you
 no less,
 And all faire signs lead on our shepardesse.
Amar. With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But
 say, what news
 Stirs in our sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that
 my ewes,

My weathers, lambes, and wanton kids are well,
 Smooth, faire, and fat ; none better I can tell :
 Or that this day Menalchās keeps a feast
 For his sheep-shearers. *Mir.* True, these are
 the least.

But, dear Amintās and sweet Amarillis,
 Rest but a while here by this bank of lillies,
 And lend a gentle eare to one report
 The country has. *Amint.* From whence? *Amar.*
 From whence? *Mir.* The court.

Three dayes before the shutting in of May,
 (With whitest wool be ever crown'd that day !)
 To all our joy, a sweet-fac't child was borne,
 More tender then the childhood of the Morne.

Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs
 and sheep

Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep !

Mirt. And that his birth sho'd be more singular,
 At noone of day was seene a silver star,
 Bright as the wise-men's torch which guided
 them

To God's sweet babe, when borne at Bethlehem ;
 While golden angels (some have told to me)
 Sung out his birth with heav'nly minstralsie.

Amint. O rare ! But is't a trespassse if we three
 Sho'd wend along his baby-ship to see ?

Mir. Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance
 to prove

At most a fault,* 'tis but a fault of love.

* Qu. *A fault, at most ?*

Amar. But, deare Mirtillo, I have heard it told,
Those learned men brought incense, myrrhe, and
gold,

From countries far, with store of spices sweet,
And laid them downe for offrings at his feet.

Mirt. 'Tis true indeed; and each of us will
bring

Unto our smiling and our blooming king,
A neat, though not so great an offering.

Amar. A garland for my gift shall be,
Of flowers ne'er suckt by th'theev'ing bee,
And all most sweet; yet all lesse sweet then he.

Amint. And I will beare along with you
Leaves dropping downe the honeyed dew,
With oaten pipes, as sweet as new.

Mirt. And I a sheep-hook will bestow,
To have his little king-ship know,
As he is prince, he's shepherd too.

Chor. Come let's away, and quickly let's be
drest,
And quickly give: the swiftest grace is best.
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We'll blesse the babe, then back to countrie pleasures.

TO THE LARK.

Good speed, for I this day
Betimes my mattens say,

Because I doe
Begin to wooe:
Sweet singing lark,
Be thou the clark,
And know thy when
To say Amen.
And if I prove
Blest in my love,
Then thou shalt be
High-priest to me,
At my returne
To incense burne,
And so to solemnize
Love's and my Sacrifice.

THE BUBBLE. A SONG.

To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares,
Flie, thou made bubble of my sighs and tears.
In the wild aire when thou hast rowl'd about,
And, like a blasting planet, found her out,
Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare
Like to a dreadfull comet in the aire.
Next, when thou dost perceive her fixed sight
For thy revenge to be most opposite,
Then like a globe, or ball of wild-fire, flie,
And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESSE.

You are a tulip seen to day
But, dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,
Will force you hence, and in an houre.

You are a sparkling rose i'th'bud,
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

You are a full-spread faire-set vine,
And can with tendrills love intwine,
Yet dry'd, ere you distill your wine.

You are like balme inclosed well
In amber, or some chrystall shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet,
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,
But die you must, faire maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

THE BLEEDING HAND: OR, THE SPRIG OF EGLANTINE
GIVEN TO A MAID.

FROM this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this sprig of Eglantine.
Which though sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretfull bryar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in love.

LYRICK FOR LEGACIES.

GOLD I've none, for use or show,
Neither silver to bestow
At my death; but thus much know
That each lyrick here shall be
Of my love a legacie,
Left to all posterity.
Gentle friends, then doe but please,
To accept such coynes as these,
As my last remembrances.

A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT
VALIANT LORD, BERNARD STUART.

I.

HENCE, hence, profane! soft silence let us have,
While we this trentall sing about thy grave.

II.

Had wolves or tigers seen but thee
They wo'd have shew'd civility;
And, in compassion of thy yeeres,
Washt those thy purple wounds with tears.
But since th'art slaine, and in thy fall
The drooping kingdome suffers all.

Chor. This we will doe; we'll daily come
And offer tears upon thy tomb:
And if that they will not suffice,
Thou shalt have soules for sacrifice.
Sleepe in thy peace, while we with spice perfume
thee,
And cedar wash thee, that no times consume thee.

Live, live thou dost, and shalt; for why?
Soules doe not with their bodies die.
Ignoble offsprings, they may fall
Into the flames of funerall,
When as the chosen seed shall spring
Fresh, and for ever flourishing.

Cho. And times to come shall, weeping, read thy
glory,
Lesse in these marble stones then in thy story.

TO PERENNA, A MISTRESSE.

DEARE Perenna, prethee come,
 And with smallage dresse my tomb;
 Adde a cypresse-sprig thereto,
 With a teare, and so, Adieu.

GREAT BOAST, SMALL ROST.

OF flanks and chines of beefe doth Gorrell boast
 He has at home; but who tastes boil'd or rost?
 Look in his brine-tub, and you shall find there
 Two stiffe blew pigs-feet, and a sow's cleft eare.

UPON A BLEARE-EY'D WOMAN.

WITHER'D with yeeres and bed-rid mamma lyes
 Dry-rosted all, but raw yet in her eyes.

THE FAIRIE TEMPLE: OR, OBERON'S CHAPPELL
 DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD,
 COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

RARE temples thou hast seen, I know,
 And rich for in and outward show.
 Survey this chappell, built alone

Without or lime, or wood or stone:
Then say, if one th'ast seene more fine
Then this, the fairies once, now thine.

THE TEMPLE.

AWAY enchac't with glass and beads
There is, that to the chappel leads;
Whose structure, for his holy rest,
Is here the halcion's curious nest:
Into the which who looks shall see
His temple of idolatry,
Where he of God-heads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
First, in a neech, more black then jet
His idol-cricket there is set:
Then in a polisht ovall by
There stands his idol-beetle-flie:
Next in an arch, akin to this,
His idol-canker seated is:
Then in a round, is plac't by these
His golden god, Cantharides.
So that where ere ye look, ye see,
No capitoll, no cornish free,
Or freeze, from this fine fripperie.
Now this the fairies wo'd have known:—
Theirs is a mixt religion.

And some have heard the elves it call
Part Pagan, part Papisticall.
If unto me all tongues were granted,
I co'd not speak the saints here painted.
Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
Who 'gainst Mabsstate plac't here right is ;
Saint Will o'th'Wispe, of no great bignes,
But *alias* call'd here *fatuus ignis* ;
Saint Fripp, Saint Tripp, Saint Fill, Saint Fillie;
Neither those other saint-ships will I
Here goe about for to recite,
Their number almost infinite
Which one by one here set downe are
In this most curious calendar.
First, at the entrance of the gate,
A little puppet-priest doth wait,
Who squeaks to all the commers there,
Favour your tongues, who enter here.
Pure hands bring hither, without staine.
A second pules, hence, hence, profane !
Hard by, i'th'shell of halfe a nut,
The holy-water there is put :
A little brush of squirrils haire,
Compos'd of odde, not even, paires,
Stands in the platter, or close by,
To purge the fairie family.
Neere to the altar stands the priest,
There off'ring up the holy grist :
Ducking in mood and perfect tense,
With (much good do't him) reverence.

The altar is not here foure-square,
 Nor in a forme triangular ;
 Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone,
 But of a little transverce bone,
 Which boyes and bruckel'd * children call
 (Playing for points and pins) cockall :
 Whose linnen drapery is a thin
 Subtile and ductile codlin's skin,
 Which o're the board is smoothly spred,
 With little seale-work damasked.
 The fringe that circumbinds it too,
 Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show
 Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow.
 Upon this fetuous † board doth stand
 Something for shew-bread, and at hand
 (Just in the middle of the altar)
 Upon an end, the faire-psalter,
 Grac't with the trout-flies curious wings,
 Which serve for watched ribbanings.
 Now, we must know, the elves are led
 Right by the rubrick which they read,
 And if report of them be true,
 They have their text for what they doe,
 I, and their book of Canons too :
 And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
 They have their book of articles,
 And if that fairie knight not lies,

* *Bruckel'd*, wet and dirty.

† *Fetuous*, featous, comely.

They have their book of Homilies,
And other Scriptures that designe
A short, but righteous discipline.
The bason stands the board upon
'To take the free-oblation,
A little pin-dust, which they hold
More precious then we prize our gold ;
Which charity they give to many
Poore of the parish, if there's any.
Upon the ends of these neat railles
Hatcht, with the silver light of snails,
The elves in formall manner fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,
In either which a small tall bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have, to these,
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by
In their religious vesterie ;
They have their ash-pans and their brooms,
To purge the chappel and the rooms ;
Their many mumbling mass-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister ;
Their ush'ring vergers here likewise,
Their canons and their chaunteries.
Of cloyster-monks they have enow,
I, and their abby-lubbers too ;
And if their legend do not lye,
They much affect the papacie :
And since the last is dead, there's hope

Elve Boniface shall next be pope.
 They have their cups and chalices,
 Their pardons and indulgences ;
 Their beads of nits, bells, books, and wax
 Candles, forsooth, and other knacks :
 Their holy oyle, their fasting-spittle,
 Their sacred salt here, not a little,
 Dry chips, old shooes, rags, grease, and bones,
 Beside their fumigations,
 To drive the Devill from the cod-piece
 Of the fryar, of work an odde-piece.
 Many a trifle too and trinket,
 And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.
 Next, then, upon the chanter's side
 An apples-core is hung up dry'd,
 With ratling kirnils, which is rung
 To call to morn and even-song.
 The saint to which the most he prays
 And offers incense, nights and dayes,
 The lady of the lobster is,
 Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse,
 And humbly chives of saffron brings,
 For his most cheerful offerings.
 When, after these, h'as paid his vows,
 He lowly to the altar bows,
 And then he dons the silk-worms shed,
 Like a Turks turbant on his head,
 And reverently departeth thence,
 Hid in a cloud of frankincense ;
 And by the glow-worms light wel guided,
 Goes to the feast that's now provided.

TO MISTRESSE CATHERINE BRADSHAW, THE
LOVELY, THAT CROWNED HIM WITH
LAUREL.

MY muse in meads has spent her many houres,
Sitting, and sorting several sorts of flowers
To make for others garlands, and to set
On many a head here, many a coronet:
But, amongst all encircled here, not one
Gave her a day of coronation,
Till you, sweet mistresse, came and enterwove
A laurel for her, ever young as love.
You first of all crown'd her; she must, of due,
Render for that a crowne of life to you.

THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE.

IF after rude and boystrous seas,
My wearyed pinnace here finds ease;
If so it be I've gained the shore
With safety of a faithful ore;
If having run my barque on ground,
Ye see the aged vessell crown'd;
What's to be done? but on the sands
Ye dance and sing, and now clap hands.
The first act's doubtful, but we say
It is the last commends the play.

TO THE MOST VERTUOUS MISTRESSE POT, WHO
MANY TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM.

WHEN I through all my many poems look,
And see your selfe to beautifie my book,
Me thinks that onely lustre doth appeare,
A light fulfilling all the region here.
Guild still with flames this firmament, and be
A lamp eternall to my poetrie !
Which if it now, or shall hereafter shine,
’Twas by your splendour, lady, not by mine.
The oile was yours, and that I owe for yet :
He pays the halfe, who do’s confess the debt.

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so,
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravisht, hence I goe
Away in easie slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My paines asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poore I,
May think thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew
A baptime o're the flowers.
Melt, melt my paines,
With thy soft straines,
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE.

So long you did not sing, or touch your lute,
We knew 'twas flesh and blood that there sate
mute.

But when your playing and your voice came in,
'Twas no more you then, but a cherubin.

UPON CUPID.

As lately I a garland bound,
'Mongst roses, I there Cupid found :
I took him, put him in my cup,
And, drunk with wine, I drank him up.
Hence then it is, that my poore brest
Co'd never since find any rest.

UPON JULIA'S BREASTS

DISPLAY thy breasts, my Julia, there let me
Behold that circummortall purity ;
Between whose glories there my lips Ile lay,
Ravisht, in that faire *via lactea*.

BEST TO BE MERRY.

FOOLES are they who never know
How the times away doe goe.
But for us, who wisely see
Where the bounds of black death be,
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratifie the genius.

THE CHANGES. TO CORINNA.

BE not proud, but now incline
Your soft eare to discipline.
You have changes in your life,
Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife;
You have ebbs of face and flowes,
As your health or comes, or goes:
You have hopes, and doubts, and feares,
Numberless as are your haire:
You have pulses that do beat
High, and passions lesse of heat:
You are young, but must be old,
And to these, ye must be told,
Time, ere long, will come and plow
Loathed furrowes in your brow:
And the dimnesse of your eye
Will no other thing imply,
But you must die
As well as I.

NO LOCK AGAINST LETCHERIE.

BARRE close as you can, and bolt fast too your
doore,
To keep out the letcher and keep in the whore,
Yet, quickly you'll see by the turne of a pin,
The whore to come out, or the letcher come in.

NEGLECT.

ART quickens nature, care will make a face :
Neglected beauty perisheth apace.

UPON HIMSELF.

MOP-~~EY~~'D I am, as some have said,
Because I've liv'd so long a maid :
But grant that I shou'd wedded be,
Sho'd I a jot the better see ?
No, I sho'd think that marriage might,
Rather then mend, put out the light.

UPON A PHYSITIAN.

THOU cam'st to cure me, doctor, of my cold,
And caught'st thy selfe the more by twenty fold :
Prethee go home, and for thy credit be
First cur'd thy selfe ; then come and cure me.

UPON SUDDS, A LAUNDRESSE.

SUDDS launders bands in pisse, and starches
them
Both with her husband's, and her own tough
fleame.

TO THE ROSE. SONG.

GOE, happy rose, and enterwove
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretfull, I have bands
Of pearle and gold to bind her hands :
Tell her if she struggle still,
I have mirtle rods at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and goe,
And tell her this : but do not so,
Lest a handsome anger flye,
Like a lightning, from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I.

UPON GUESSE. EPIG.

GUESSE cuts his shoes, and limping goes about
To have men think he's troubled with the gout :
But 'tis no gout, beleeeve it, but hard heere
Whose acrimonious humour bites him here.

TO HIS BOOKE.

THOU art a plant sprung up to wither never,
But, like a laurell, to grow green for ever.

UPON A PAINTED GENTLEWOMAN.

MEN say y'are faire, and faire ye are, 'tis true ;
But, hark ! we praise the painter now, not you.

UPON A CROOKED MAID.

CROOKED you are, but that dislikes not me,
So you be straight, where virgins straight sho'd be.

DRAW GLOVES.

At draw-gloves we'l play,
And prethee, let's lay
A wager, and let it be this ;
Who first to the summe
Of twenty shall come,
Shall have for his winning a kisse.

TO MUSICK, TO BECALME A SWEET-SICK YOUTH.

CHARMS that call down the moon from out her
sphere,
On this sick youth work your enchantments here!
Bind up his senses with your numbers so
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep
Lost in the civill wildernessse of sleep:
That done, then let him, dispossess of paine,
Like to a slumbering bride, awake againe.

TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE GEORGE, DUKE,
MARQUESSE, AND EARLE OF BUCKINGHAM.

NEVER my book's perfection did appeare,
Til I had got the name of Villars here.
Now 'tis so full, that when therein I look,
I see a cloud of glory fills my book.
Here stand it stil to dignifie our Muse,
Your sober hand-maid; who doth wisely chuse,
Your name to be a laureate wreath to hir,
Who doth both love and fear you, honour'd sir.

HIS RECANTATION.

LOVE, I recant,
 And pardon crave
 That lately I offended,
 But 'twas,
 Alas !
 To make a brave,
 But no disdaine intended.

No more Ile vaunt,
 For now I see,
 Thou onely hast the power
 To find
 And bind
 A heart that's free,
 And slave it in an houre.

THE COMING OF GOOD LUCK.

So good-luck came and on my roofe did light,
 Like noyse-less snow, or as the dew of night :
 Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
 Are by the sun-beams tickel'd by degrees.

THE PRESENT: OR, THE BAG OF THE BEE.

FLY to my mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee,
 And say thou bringst this hony-bag from me.
 When on her lip thou hast thy sweet dew plac't,
 Mark, if her tongue, but slily, steale a taste.
 If so, we live ; if not, with mournfull humme,
 Tole forth my death ; next, to my buryall come.

ON LOVE.

LOVE bade me ask a gift,
 And I no more did move,
 But this, that I might shift
 Still with my clothes, my love
 That favour granted was ;
 Since which, though I love many,
 Yet so it comes to passe,
 That long I love not any.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME:

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, MILDMAY, EARLE OF
 WESTMORELAND.

COME, sons of summer, by whose toile
 We are the lords of wine and oile,
 By whose tough labours and rough hands,
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.

Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.
See here a Maukin, there a sheet,
As spotlesse pure as it is sweet :
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linnen white as lillies.
The harvest swaines and wenches bound
For joy, to see the Hock-cart crown'd.
About the cart, heare how the rout
Of rurall younglings raise the shout :
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some blesse the cart, some kisse the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves ;
Some crosse the fill-horse ; some with great
Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat :
While other rusticks, lesse attent
To prayers then to merrymment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boyes, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe
Foundation of your feast, fat beefe :
With upper stories, mutton, veale,
And bacon, which makes full the meale,
With sev'rall dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumentie.

And for to make the merry cheere,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beere;
Which freely drink to your lord's health;
Then to the plough, the common-wealth;
Next to your flailles, your fanes, your fatts;
Then to the maids with wheaten hats:
To the rough sickle, and crookt sythe,
Drink, frolick boyes, till all be blythe.
Feed, and grow fat; and as ye eat,
Be mindfull that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat.
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient oxe unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they'r hang'd up now.
And, you must know your lord's word's true,
Feed him ye must whose food fils you;
And that this pleasure is like raine,
Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,
But for to make it spring again.

THE PERFUME.

To-MORROW, Julia, I betimes must rise,
For some small fault to offer sacrifice:
The altar's ready, fire to consume
The fat:—breathe thou, and there's the rich
perfume.

UPON HER VOICE.

LET but thy voice engender with the string,
And angels will be borne while thou dost sing.

NOT TO LOVE.

HE that will not love, must be
My scholar, and learn this of me :—
There be in love as many feares
As the summer's corne has ears ;
Sighs, and sobs, and sorrowes more
Than the sand that makes the shore ;
Freezing cold, and fire heats,
Fainting swoones, and deadly sweats ;
Now an ague, then a fever,
But tormenting lovers ever.
Wood'st thou know, besides all these,
How hard a woman 'tis to please ?
How crosse, how sullen, and how soone
She shifts and changes like the moone ;
How false, how hollow she's in heart ;
And how she is her owne least part :
How high she's prized, and worth but small?—
Little thou't love, or not at all.

TO MUSIC. A SONG.

MUSICK, thou queen of heaven, care-charming
 spel,
 That striketh stillnesse into hell ;
 Thou that tam'st tygers, and fierce storms that
 rise,
 With thy soule-melting lullabies ;
 Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming
 spheres,
 To charme our soules as thou enchant'st our eares.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

SWEET western wind, whose luck it is,
 Made rivall with the aire,
 To give Perenna's lip a kisse,
 And fan her wanton haire,—

Bring me but one, Ile promise thee,
 Instead of common showers,
 Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,
 And all beset with flowers.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW. AN ELEGIE.

WHY doe not all fresh maids appeare
 To work love's sampler onely here,
 Where spring-time smiles throughout the yeare

Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all flowers
 Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
 Met in one hearce-cloth, to ore-spread
 The body of the under-dead ?
 Phill, the late dead, the late dead deare,—
 O ! may no eye distill a teare
 For you, once lost, who weep not here !
 Had Lesbia, too-too kind, but known
 This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own ;
 And for this dead which under-lies
 Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
 But endlesse peace sit here and keep
 My Phill the time he has to sleep,
 And thousand virgins come and weep,
 To make these flowrie carpets show
 Fresh, as their blood, and ever grow,
 Till passengers shall spend their doome,
 Not Virgil's Gnat had such a tomb.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY doe ye weep, sweet babes ? can tears
 Speak grieve in you,
 Who were but borne
 Just as the modest morne
 Teem'd her refreshing dew ?
 Alas, you have not known that shower
 That marres a flower ;
 Nor felt th'unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind ;

Nor are ye worne with yeares,
 Or warpt, as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young
 To speak by teares before ye have a tongue.

 Speak, whimpr'ring younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep.
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullabie ?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet ?
 Or brought a kisse
 From that sweet-heart to this ?—
 No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your teares shed,
 Wo'd have this lecture read :
 'That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceiv'd with grief are and with teares brought
 forth.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

ROSES at first were white,
 Till they co'd not agree,
 Whether my Sappho's breast,
 Or they more white sho'd be.
 But being vanquisht quite,
 A blush their cheeks bespred ;
 Since which beleeeve the rest,
 The roses first came red.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH OF HER
HUSBAND.

DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows
 raine,
Since, clouds disperst, suns gild the aire again.
Seas chase and fret, and beat, and over-boile,
But turne soone after calme as balme or oile.
Winds have their time to rage; but when they
 cease,
The leavie trees nod in a still-born peace.
Your storme is over: lady, now appeare
Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare.
Off then with grave clothes; put fresh colours on,
And flow, and flame, in your vermillion.
Upon your cheek sate ysicles awhile;
Now let the rose raigne like a queene, and smile.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLEW.

LOVE on a day wise poets tell,
 Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excell,
 Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
 Poore girles, she fell on you,
And beat ye so, as some dare say,
 Her blowes did make ye blew.

UPON GROYNES. AN EPIG.

GROYNES, for his fleshly burglary of late,
Stood in the holy-forum candidate :
The word is Roman, but in English knowne ;
Penance, and standing so, are both but one.

TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

THOU art to all lost love the best,
The onely true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorne,
Then willow-garlands 'bout the head,
Bedew'd with teares, are worne.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,
Poore maids rewarded be
For their love lost, their onely gaine
Is but a wreathe from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night.

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF THE
LOST SHEPARDESSE.

AMONG the mirtles as I walkt,
 Love and my sighs thus intertal'kt :
 Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
 Where I may find my Shepardesse.
 Thou foole, said love, know'st thou not this ?
 In every thing that's sweet, she is.
 In yond' carnation goe and seek,
 There thou shalt find her lip and cheek ;
 In that ennamel'd pansie by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye .
 In bloome of peach, and roses bud,
 There waves the streamer of her blood.
 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,
 To make of parts an union :
 But on a sudden all were gone.
 At which I stopt : said love, these be
 The true resemblances of thee ;
 For as these flowers, thy joyes must die,
 And in the turning of an eye ;
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 Like those short sweets, ere knit together.

TO THE KING.

IF when these lyrics, CESAR, you shall heare,
And that Apollo shall so touch your eare,
As for to make this that, or any one
Number your owne by free adoption,
That verse, of all the verses here, shall be
The heire to this great realme of poetry.

TO THE QUEENE.

GODDESSE of youth, and lady of the spring,
Most fit to be the consort to a king,
Be pleas'd to rest you in this sacred grove
Beset with mirtles whose each leafe drops love.
Many a sweet-fac't wood-nymph here is seene,
Of which chast order you are now the queene.
Witness their homage when they come and strew
Your walks with flowers, and give their crowns
to you.
Your leavie throne with lilly-work possesse,
And be both princesse here, and poetress.

THE POET'S GOOD WISHES FOR THE MOST
HOPEFULL AND HANDSOME PRINCE,
THE DUKE OF YORKE.

MAY his pretty duke-ship grow
Like t'a rose of Jericho :
Sweeter far than ever yet
Showers or sunshines co'd beget.
May the graces, and the howers
Strew his hopes and him with flowers,
And so dresse him up with love,
As to be the chick of Jove.
May the thrice-three sisters sing
Him the soveraigne of their spring,
And entitle none to be
Prince of Hellicon, but he.
May his soft foot, where it treads,
Gardens thence produce and meads,
And those meddowes full be set
With the rose and violet.
May his ample name be knowne
To the last succession,
And his actions high be told
Through the world, but writ in gold.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY
THING.

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be :
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see :
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,
Under that cypresse tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

PREVISION, OR PROVISION.

THAT prince takes soone enough the victor's
roome,
Who first provides not to be overcome.

OBEDIENCE IN SUBJECTS.

THE gods to kings the judgment give to sway,
The subjects onely glory to obey.

MORE POTENT, LESSE PECCANT.

HE that may sin, sins least ; leave to transgresse
Enfeebles much the seeds of wickednesse

THE EYES.

'Tis a known principle in war,
The eies be first that conquer'd are.

UPON A MAID THAT DYED THE DAY SHE WAS
MARRYED.

THAT morne which saw me made a bride,
The ev'ning witnest that I dy'd.
Those holy lights wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Serv'd but as tapers for to burne,
And light my reliques to their urne.
This epitath which here you see,
Supply'd the epithalamie.

UPON PINK, AN ILL-FAC'D PAINTER. EPIG.

To paint the fiend, Pink would the devill see ;
And so he may, if he'll be rul'd by me :
Let but Pink's face i' th' looking-glasse be showne,
And Pink may paint the devill's by his owne.

UPON BROCK. EPIG.

To clense his eyes, Tom Brock makes much adoe,
But not his mouth, the fouler of the two.
A clammie reume makes loathsome both his eyes ;
His mouth worse furr'd with oathes and blasphemies.

TO MEDDOWES.

YE have been fresh and green,
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers ;
 And ye the walks have been
 Where maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld how they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kisse and beare away
 The richer couslips home.

Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round :
 Each virgin, like a spring,
 With hony-succles crown'd.

But now we see none here
 Whose silv'rie feet did tread,
 And with dishevell'd haire,
 Adorn'd this smother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
 Your stock and needy grown,
 Y'are left here to lament
 Your poor estates, alone.

CROSSES.

THOUGH good things answer many good intents,
Crosses doe still bring forth the best events.

MISERIES.

THOUGH hourelly comforts from the gods we see,
No life is yet life-prooffe from miserie.

LAUGH AND LIE DOWNE.

Y'AVE laught enough, sweet, vary now your text,
And laugh no more, or laugh and lie down next.

TO HIS HOUSEHOLD-GODS.

Rise, house-hold gods, and let us goe ;
But whither, I my selfe not know.
First let us dwell on rudest seas ;
Next, with severest salvages ;
Last, let us make our best abode,
Where humane foot as yet ne'r trod ;
Search worlds of ice, and rather there
Dwell, then in lothed Devonshire.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE, AND ROBIN RED-BREST.

WHEN I departed am, ring thou my knell,
 Thou pitifull and pretty Philomel:
 And when I'm laid out for a corse, then be
 Thou sexton, red-brest, for to cover me.

TO THE YEW AND CYPRESSE TO GRACE HIS
 FUNERALL.

Both you two have
 Relation to the grave ;
 And where
 The funerall-trump sounds, you are there.

I shall be made,
 Ere long, a fleeting shade ;
 Pray come,
 And doe some honour to my tomb.

Do not deny
 My last request ; for I
 Will be
 Thankfull to you, or friends for me

I CALL AND I CALL.

I CALL, I call: who doe ye call?
 The maids to catch this cowslip-ball:
 But since these cowslips fading be,
 Troth, leave the flowers, and maids, take **me**.
 Yet if that neither you will doe,
 Speak but the word, and Ile take you.

ON A PERFUM'D LADY.

YOU say y'are sweet: how sho'd we know
 Whether that you be sweet or no?
 From powders and perfumes keep free;
 Then we shall smell how sweet you be.

A NUPTIAL SONG, OR EPITHALAMIE, ON SIR
CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY.

WHAT's that we see from far? the spring of day
 Bloom'd from the east, or faire injewel'd May
 Blowne out of April; or some new-
 Star fill'd with glory to our view,
 Reaching at heaven,
 To adde a nobler planet to the seven?
 Say, or doe we not descrie
 Some goddess, in a cloud of tiffanie
 To move, or rather the
 Emergent Venus from the sea?

'Tis she ! 'tis she ! or else some more divine
Enlightened substance ; mark how from the shrine

Of holy saints she paces on,

Treading upon vermilion

And amber ; spice-
ing the chafte aire with fumes of paradise.

Then come on, come on, and yeeld

A favour like unto a blessed field,

When the bedabled morne

Washes the golden eares of corne.

See where she comes ; and smell how all the
street

Breathes vine-yards and pomgranats : O how
sweet !

As a fir'd altar is each stone,

Perspiring pounded cynamon.

The phenix nest,

Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.

Who therein wo'd not consume

His soule to ash-heaps in that rich perfume ?

Bestroaking fate the while

He burnes to embers on the pile.

Himen, O Himen ! tread the sacred ground,
Shew thy white feet, and head with marjoram
crown'd :

Mount up thy flames, and let thy torch

Display the bridegroom in the porch,

In his desires

More trowing, more disparkling then thy fires :

Shew her how his eyes do turne
And roule about, and in their motions burne
 Their balls to cindars: **haste,**
 Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of virgins then, and passe
 The shewers of roses, lucky foure-leav'd grasse;
 The while the cloud of younglings sing,
 And drown yee with a flowrie spring:
 While some repeat
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with
 wheat;

While that others doe divine,
Blest is the bride on whom the sun doth shine;
 And thousands gladly wish
 You multiply as doth a fish.

And beautilous bride, we do confess y'are wise
 In dealing forth these bashfull jealousies:
 In love's name do so, and a price
 Set on your selfe, by being nice.

But yet take heed;
 What now you seem, be not the same indeed,
 And turne apostate: love will
 Part of the way be met, or sit stone-still.
 On then, and though you slow-
 ly go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now y'are enter'd. See the codled cook
 Runs from his torrid zone to prie and look,
 And blesse his dainty mistresse: **see**
 The aged point out, this is she,

Who now must sway
The house, love shield her ! with her yea and nay :
And the smirk butler thinks it
Sin, in's nap'rie not to express his wit ;
Each striving to devise
Some gin wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind turtles, now, and write
This the short'st day and this the longest night ;
But yet too short for you : 'tis we,
Who count this night as long as three,
Lying alone,
Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one.
Quickly, quickly then prepare ;
And let the young-men and the bride-maids share
Your garters, and their joynts
Encircle with the bride-grooms points.

By the bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
Of her green hopes, we charge ye that no strife,
Farther then gentlenes tends, gets place
Among ye, striving for her lace :
O doe not fall

Foule in these noble pastimes, lest ye call
Discord in, and so divide
The youthfull bride-groom and the fragrant bride :
(Which love fore-fend !) but spoken
Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of spring-time, tender whimpring maids,
Now autumnne's come, when all those flowrie aids

Lookes for the treaders. Every where is wove
Wit and new misterie ; read, and
Put in practice, to understand
And know each wile,
Each hieroglyphick of a kisse or smile,
And do it to the full ; reach
High in your own conceipt, and some way teach
Nature and art one more
Play then they ever knew before.

If needs we must for ceremonies-sake,
Blesse a sack-posset, luck go with it : take
The night-charme quickly ; you have spells
And magicks for to end, and hells
To passe ; but such,
And of such torture, as no one would grutch
To live therein for ever, frie
And consume, and grow again to die,
And live, and in that case,
Love the confusion of the place.

But since it must be done, dispatch, and sowe
Up in a sheet your bride : and what if so
It be with rock, or walles of brasse,
Ye towre her up, as Danae was ?
Thinke you that this,
Or hell it selfe a powerfull bulwarke is ?
I tell yee no ; but like a
Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,
And rend the cloud, and throw
The sheet about like flakes of snow.

All now is husht in silence. Midwife-moone,
 With all her owle-ey'd issue, begs a boon
 Which you must grant,—that's entrance;
 with
 Which extract, all we can call pith
 And quintiscence
 Of planetary bodies: so commence
 All faire constellations,
 Looking upon yee, that, that nations,
 Springing from two such fires,
 May blaze the vertue of their sires.

THE SILKEN SNAKE.

FOR sport my Julia threw a lace
 Of silke and silver at my face;
 Watchet the silke was; and did **make**
 A shew as if't 'ad been a snake:
 The suddenness did me affright;
 But though it scar'd, it did not bite.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I **AM** sive-like, and can hold
 Nothing hot, or nothing cold.
 Put in love, and put in too
 Jealousie, and both will through:
 Put in feare, and hope, and doubt,
 What comes in runnes quickly out:

Put in secrecies withall,
 What ere enters, out it shall:
 But if you can stop the sive,
 For mine own part I'de as lieve
 Maides sho'd say, or virgins sing,
 Herrick keeps, as holds nothing.

UPON LOVE.

Love's a thing, as I do heare,
 Ever full of pensive feare;
 Rather then to which I'le fall,
 Trust me, I'le not like at all.
 If to love I should entend,
 Let my haire then stand an end,
 And that terrour likewise prove,
 Fatall to me in my love.
 But if horreur cannot slake
 Flames which wo'd an entrance make,
 Then the next thing I desire,
 Is to love, and live i'th fire.

REVERENCE TO RICHES.

LIKE to the income must be our expence;
 Man's fortune must be had in reverence.

DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

WHO forms a godhead out of gold or stone,
Makes not a God, but he that prayes to one.

TO ALL YOUNG MEN THAT LOVE.

I COULD wish you all who love,
That ye could your thoughts remove
From your mistresses, and be
Wisely wanton, like to me.
I could wish you dispossess
Of that fiend that marres your rest,
And with tapers comes to fright
Your weake senses in the night.
I could wish ye all who frie,
Cold as ice, or coole as I.
But if flames best like ye, then
Much good do't ye, gentlemen.
I a merry heart will keep,
While you wring your hands and weep.

NO FAULT IN WOMEN.

No fault in women to refuse
The offer which they most wo'd chuse :
No fault in women to confesse
How tedious they are in their dresse :

No fault in women to lay on
 The tincture of vermillion,
 And there to give their cheek a die
 Of white, where nature doth deny :
 No fault in women to make show
 Of largeness, when th'are nothing so ;
 When true it is the out-side swels
 With inward buckram, little else :
 No fault in women, though they be
 But seldome from suspition free :
 No fault in womankind at all,
 If they but slip, and never fall.

UPON SHARK. EPIG.

SHARK when he goes to any publick feast,
 Eates, to ones thinking, of all there the least.
 What saves the master of the house thereby,
 When, if the servants search, they may descry
 In his wide Codpeece, dinner being done,
 Two napkins cram'd up and a silver spoone ?

OBERON'S FEAST.

SHAPCOT, to thee the fairy state
 I with discretion dedicate ;
 Because thou prizest things that are
 Curious and un-familiar.
 Take first the feast ; these dishes gone,
 Wee'l see the fairy-court anon.

A little mushroome table spred,
After short prayers they set on bread;
A moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
With some small glit'ring gritt to eate
His choyce bitts with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great then nice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd:
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling flie,
The piping gnat for ministraley.
And now we must imagine first
The elyes present, to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearle of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blew
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to runne
Quite through the table, where he spies
The hornes of paperie butterflies,
Of which he eates, and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoes spittle.
A little fuz-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,—
That was too coorse: but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugred rush, and eates the sagge
And well bestrutted bees sweet bagge,
Gladding his pallat with some store
Of emits eggs; what wo'd he more?

But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earewig, and a flie;
With the red-capt worrne, that's shut
Within the concave of a nut
Browne as his tooth; a little moth,
Late fatned in a piece of cloth,
With withered cherries, mandrakes eares,
Moles eyes; to these, the slain-stags teares,
The unctuous dewlaps of a snaile,
The broke-heart of a nightingale
Ore-come in musicke; with a wine
Ne're ravisht from the flattering vine,
But gently prest from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daizie, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height. This done, commended
Grace by his priest, the feast is ended.

EVENT OF THINGS NOT IN OUR POWER.

By time and counsell doe the best we can,
Th'event is never in the power of man.

UPON HER BLUSH.

WHEN Julia blushes, she do's show
Cheeks like to roses when they blow.

MERITS MAKE THE MAN.

OUR honours and our commendations be
Due to the merits, not authoritie.

TO VIRGINS.

HEARE, ye virgins, and Ile teach
What the times of old did preach.
Rosamond was in a bower
Kept, as Danae in a tower :
But yet love, who subtile is,
Crept to that, and came to this.
Be ye lockt up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides ;
Or those babies in your eyes,
In their christall nunneries :
Notwithstanding love will win,
Or else force, a passage in ;
And as coy be, as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

VERTUE.

EACH must in vertue strive for to excell :
That man lives twice that lives the first life well.

THE BELL-MAN.

FROM noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
 From murders benedicite ;
 From all mischances that may fright
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
 Mercie secure ye all, and keep
 The goblin from ye while ye sleep.
 Past one aclock, and almost two ;
 My masters all, good day to you.

BASHFULNESSE.

Of all our parts, the eyes expresse
 The sweetest kind of bashfulnesse.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN,
 MASTER EDWARD NORRIS, CLARK OF
 THE SIGNET TO HIS MAJESTY. EPIG.

FOR one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts,
 For one to whom espous'd are all the arts,
 Long have I sought for : but co'd never see
 Them all concenter'd in one man, but thee.
 Thus thou that man art, whom the fates conspir'd
 To make but one, and that's thy selfe, admir'd.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWINN HER SICKNESSE.

PRUE, my dearest maid is sick,
Almost to be lunatick :
Æsculapius, come and bring
Means for her recovering ;
And a gallant cock shall be
Offer'd up by her to thee.

TO APOLLO. A SHORT HYMNE.

PHŒBUS, when that I a verse
Of some numbers more rehearse,
Tune my words, that they may fall
Each way smoothly musicall :
For which favour, there shall be
Swans devoted unto thee.

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

BACCHUS, let me drink no more ;
Wild are seas that want a shore.
When our drinking has no stint,
There is no one pleasure in't.
I have drank up for to please
Thee, that great cup Hercules :
Urge no more, and there shall be
Daffadills g'en up to thee.

UPON BUNGIE.

BUNGIE do's fast, looks pale, puts sack-cloth on :
Not out of conscience, or religion,
Or that this yonker keeps so strict a lent,
Fearing to break the king's commandement :
But being poore, and knowing flesh is deare,
He keeps not one, but many lents i'th'yeare.

ON HIMSELFE.

HERE down my wearyed limbs Ile lay ;
My pilgrims staffe, my weed of gray,
My palmers hat, my scallops shell,
My crosse, my cord, and all, farewell !
For having now my journey done,
Just at the setting of the sun,
Here I have found a chamber fit,
(God and good friends be thank't for it,)
Where if I can a lodger be
A little while from tramlers free ;
At my up-rising next, I shall,
If not requite, yet thank ye all.
Mean while, the holy-rood hence fright
The fouler fiend and evill spright,
From scaring you or yours this night.

CASUALTIES.

GOOD things that come of course far lesse doe
 please,
Then those which come by sweet contingences.

BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL.

DEAD falls the cause, if once the hand be mute ;
But let that speak, the client gets the suit.

THE END.

IF well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right ;
It is the end that crownes us, not the fight.

UPON A CHILD THAT DYED.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood :
Who as soone fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

UPON SNEAPE. EPIG.

SNEAPE has a face so brittle, that it breaks
Forth into blushes whensoere he speaks.

CONTENT, NOT CATES.

'Tis not the food, but the content,
That makes the table's merriment.
Where trouble serves the board, we eate
The platters there as soone as meat.
A little pipkin, with a bit
Of mutton or of veale in it,
Set on my table trouble-free,
More then a feast contenteth me.

THE ENTERTAINMENT: OR, PORCH-VERSE AT THE
MARRIAGE OF MR. HEN. NORTHLY, AND THE
MOST WITTY MRS. LETTICE YARD.

WELCOME! but yet no entrance, till we blesse
First you, then you, and both for white successe.
Profane no porch, young man and maid, for fear
Ye wrong the threshold-god that keeps peace
here:
Please him, and then all good-luck will betide
You, the brisk bridegroome, you, the dainty bride.

Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise;
Put on your garlands first, then sacrifice:
That done, when both of you have seemly fed,
We'll call on night to bring ye both to bed:
Where being laid, all faire signes looking on,
Fish-like, encrease then to a million;
And millions of spring-times may ye have,
Which spent, one death bring to ye both **one**
grave.

THE GOOD-NIGHT OR BLESSING.

BLESSINGS in abundance come
To the Bride, and to her Groome:
May the bed, and this short night,
Know the fulness of delight!
Pleasures many here attend ye,
And ere long, a boy love send ye
Curld and comely, and so trimme,
Maids in time may ravish him.
Thus a dew of graces fall
On ye both; goodnight to all.

UPON LEECH.

LEECH boasts he has a pill that can alone
With speed give sick men their salvation:

Tis strange, his father long time has been ill,
 And credits physick, yet not trusts his pill:
 And why? he knowes he must of cure despaire.
 Who makes the slie physitian his heire.

TO DAFFADILLS.

FAIRE Daffadills, we weep to see
 You haste away so soone:
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noone.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even song;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours doe, and drie
 Away
 Like to the summers raine,
 Or as the pearles of morning's dew
 Ne'r to be found againe.

TO A MAID.

You say you love me ; that I thus must prove ;—
If that you lye, then I will sweare you love.

UFON A LADY THAT DYED IN CHILD-BED, AND
LEFT A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER.

As gilly-flowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away,
So you sweet lady, sweet as May,
The gardens-glory liv'd a while,
To lend the world your scent and smile,
But when your own faire print was set
Once in a virgin flosculet
Sweet as your selfe, and newly blown,
To give that life, resign'd your own :
But so, as still the mother's power
Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

NEW-YEARES GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON
STEWARD.

No newes of navies burnt at seas,
No noise of late spawn'd tittyries,
No closset plot, or open vent
That frights men with a parliament ;

No new devise, or late found trick
To read by th' starres, the kingdoms sick ;
No ginne to catch the state, or wring
The free-born nostrills of the king,
We send to you, but here a jolly
Verse crown'd with yvie and with holly,
That tels of winters tales and mirth
That milk-maids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports, the wassell-boule,
That tost up after fox-i'th'hole ;
Of blind-man-buffe, and of the care
That young men have to shooe the mare ;
Of twelf-tide cakes, of pease and beanes
Wherewith ye make those merry sceanes,
When as ye chuse your king and queen,
And cry out, hey for our town green ;
Of ash-heapes, in which ye use
Husbands and wives by streakes to chuse ;
Of crackling laurell, which fore-sounds
A plentious harvest to your grounds ;
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send in stead of new-yeares gift.
Read then, and when your faces shine
With bucksome meat and capring wine,
Remember us in cups full crown'd,
And let our citie-health go round
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not tenne ;
Untill the fired chesnuts leape
For joy to see the fruits ye reape

From the plumpe chalice, and the cup
 That tempts till it be tossed up.
 Then as ye sit about your embers,
 Call not to mind those fled Decembers,
 But think on these that are t'appeare,
 As daughters to the instant yeare.
 Sit crown'd with rose-buds, and carouse
 Till liber pater twirles the house
 About your ears; and lay upon
 The yeare, your cares, that's fled and gon.
 And let the russet swaines the plough
 And harrow hang up resting now,
 And to the bag-pipe all adresse,
 Till sleep takes place of weariness.
 And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes
 Frolick the full twelve holy-dayes.

MATTENS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

WHEN with the virgin morning thou dos't rise,
 Crossing thy selfe, come thus to sacrifice:
 First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
 Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing
 Next to the altar humbly kneele, and thence,
 Give up thy soule in clouds of frankinsence.
 Thy golden censors, fill'd with odours sweet,
 Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

EVENSONG.

BEGINNE with Jove, then is the worke halfe done,
And runnes most smoothly, when tis well begunne.
Jove's is the first and last : the morn's his due,
The midst is thine ; but Jove's the evening too :
As sure a mattins do's to him belong,
So sure he layes claime to the evensong.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

WHY I tye about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist,
For what other reason is't,
But to shew thee how, in part,
Thou my pretty captive art?
But thy bondslave is my heart.
'Tis but silke that bindeth thee ;
Knap the thread, and thou art free ;
But 'tis otherwise with me :
I am bound, and fast bound so,
That from thee I cannot go ;
If I co'd, I wo'd not so.

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A man prepar'd against all ills to come,
 That dares to dead the fire of martirdome ;
 That sleeps at home ; and sayling there at ease,
 Feares not the fierce sedition of the seas ;
 That's counter-prooffe against the farms mis-haps,
 Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps ;
 That weares one face, like heaven, and never
 showes

A change when fortune either comes, or goes ;
 That keepes his own strong guard, in the despight
 Of what can hurt by day or harme by night ;
 That takes and re-delivers every stroake
 Of chance, as made up all of rock and oake ;
 That sighs at other's death, smiles at his owne
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion,—
 Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
 Him to be here our christian militant.

A SHORT HYMNE TO LARR.

THOUGH I cannot give thee fires
 Glit'ring to my free desires,
 These accept, and Ile be free,
 Offering poppy unto thee.

ANOTHER TO NEPTUNE.

MIGHTY Neptune, may it please
Thee, the rector of the seas,
That my barque may safely runne
Through thy watrie-region ;
And a tunnie-fish shall be
Offer'd up with thanks to thee.

UPON GREEDY. EPIG.

AN old, old widow Greedy needs wo'd wed,
Not for affection to her, or her bed ;
But in regard, 'twas often said, this old
Women wo'd bring him more then co'd be told.
He tooke her : now the jest in this appeares,—
So old she was that nbne co'd tell her yeares

HIS EMBALMING : TO JULIA.

FOR my embalming, Julia, do but this,—
Give thou my lips but their supreamest kiss :
Or else trans-fuse thy breath into the chest,
Where my small reliques must for ever rest :
That breath the balm, the myrrh, the nard shal be,
To give an incorruption unto me.

GOLD BEFORE GOODNESSE.

How rich a man is, all desire to know ;
But none enquires if good he be or no.

THE KISSE. A DIALOGUE.

1. AMONG thy fancies, tell me this :
What is the thing we call a kisse ?
2. I shall resolve thee what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherrie-red,
By love and warm desires fed :

Chor. And makes more soft the bridall bed.

2. It is an active flame that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charmes them there with lullabies :

Chor. And stils the bride too when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare,
It frisks, and flyes, now here, now there,
'Tis now farre off, and then tis nere :

Chor. And here, and there, and every where.

1. Has it a speaking virtue? 2. Yes.

1. How speaks it, say? 2. Do you but this;
Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your
kisse;

Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? 2. I, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings;
And as it flyes, it gently sings,

Chor. Love honie yeelds, but never stings.

THE ADMONITION.

SEEST thou those diamonds which she weares
In that rich carkanet;

Or those on her dishevel'd haire
Faire pearles in order set?

Beleeve, young man, all those were teares
By wretched wooers sent,

In mournfull hyacinths and rue
That figure discontent.

Which, when not warmed by her view,
By cold neglect each one

Congea'l'd to pearle and stone;
Which precious spoiles upon her,
She weares as trophees of her honour.

Ah then, consider what all this implies;—
She that will weare thy teares, wo'd wear thine
eyes.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR WILLIAM
SOAME. EPIG.

I CAN but name thee, and methinks I call
All that have been, or are, canonicall
For love and bountie, to come neare and see
Their many vertues volum'd up in thee.
In thee, brave man! whose incorrupted fame
Casts forth a light like to a virgin flame;
And as it shines, it throwes a scent about,
As when a rain-bow in perfumes goes out.
So vanish hence, but leave a name as sweet
As Benjamin and Storax, when they meet.

ON HIMSELFE.

AsKE me why I do not sing
To the tension of the string,
As I did, not long ago,
When my numbers full did flow.
Griefe, ay me! hath struck my lute
And my tongue, at one time, mute.

TO LARR.

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,
Devote to thee my graines of frankinsence:
No more shall I from mantle-trees hang downe,
To honour thee, my little parsly crown:

No more shall I, I feare me, to thee bring
 My chives of garlick for an offering :
 No more shall I, from henceforth, heare a quire
 Of merry crickets by my country fire.
 Go where I will, thou luckie Larr, stay here,
 Warme by a glit'ring chimnie all the yeare.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DÆMON.

WHAT can I do in poetry,
 Now the good spirit's gone from me?
 Why nothing now, but lonely sit
 And over-read what I have writ.

CLEMENCY.

FOR punishment in warre it will suffice,
 If the chiefe author of the faction dyes;
 Let but few smart, but strike a feare through all:
 Where the fault springs, there let the judgement
 fall.

HIS AGE: DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND
 M. JOHN WICKES, UNDER THE NAME
 OF POSTHUMUS.

AN Posthumus! our yeares hence flye,
 And leave no sound; no piety,
 Or prayers or vow
 Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow,

But we must on
As fate do's lead or draw us ; none,
None, Posthumus, co'd ere decline
The doome of cruell Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground,
Must all be left; no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the curst cipresse tree.

A merry mind
Looks forward, scornes what's left behind :
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we **may**,
And here enjoy our holiday.

W've seen the past-best times, and these
Will nere return ; we see the seas
And moons to wain,
But they fill up their ebbs again :
But vanisht man,
Like to a lilly-lost, nere can,
Nere can repullulate, or bring
His dayes to see a second spring.

But on we must, and thither tend
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend
Their sacred seed :
Thus has infernall Jove decreed ;
We must be made,
Ere long, a song, ere long, a shade.
Why then, since life to us is short,
Lets make it full up by our sport.

Crown we our heads with roses then,
And 'noint with Tirian balme ; for when

 We two are dead,
The world with us is buried.

 Then live we free
As is the air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and luckie stone.

We are not poore ; although we have
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave

 Baiaë, nor keep
Account of such a flock of sheep,

 Nor bullocks fed
To lard the shambles, barbels bred
To kisse our hands, nor do we wish
For Pollio's lampries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so conferre,
Both by a shining salt-seller,

 And have our rooffe,
Although not archt, yet weather prooffe,

 And feeling free
From that cheap candle baudery :
We'le eate our beane with that full mirth
As we were lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what seas we are tost,
Our comfort is, we can't be lost.

 Let the winds drive
Our barke ; yet she will keep alive
 Amidst the deepes.

'Tis constancy, my Wickes, which keepes
The pinnace up ; which though she erres
I'th' seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part ; sweet mercy blesse
Us both i'th' sea, camp, wilderness.

Can we so farre
Stray, to become lesse circular
Then we are now ?

No, no, that selfe same heart, that vow,
Which made us one, shall ne'r undoe,
Or ravell so to make us two.

Live in thy peace ; as for my selfe,
When I am bruised on the shelve
Of time, and show
My locks behung with frost and snow ;
When with the reume,
The cough, the ptisick, I consume
Unto an almost nothing ; then,
The ages fled, Ile call agèn :

And with a teare compare these last
Lame and bad times with those are past ;
While Baucis by,
My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry.
And so we'l sit
By 'th' fire, foretelling snow and slit
And weather by our aches, grown
Now old enough to be our own.

True calendars, as pusses eare
Washt o'r 's, to tell what change is neare:

Then to asswage
The gripings of the chine by age,
I'll call my young
Iulus to sing such a song
I made upon my Julia's brest,
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flowre of mine
Enclos'd within a christall shrine;

A primrose next;
A piece then of a higher text,
For to beget

In me a more transcendant heate
Then that insinuating fire
Which crept into each aged sire,

When the faire Hellen, from her eyes
Shot forth her loving sorceries:

At which I'll reare
Mine aged limbs above my chaire,
And hearing it,
Flutter and crow as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry
No lust theres like to poetry.

Thus frantick crazie man, Got wot,
He call to mind things half forgot:

And oft between
Repeat the times that I have seen!

Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Iulus hairs,
Doting, Ile weep and say, in truth,
Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

Then next Ile cause my hopefull lad,
If a wild apple can be had,

To crown the hearth,
Larr thus conspiring with our mirth :
Then to infuse
Our browner ale into the cruse,
Which sweetly spic't, we'l first carouse
Unto the genius of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave Burgundian wine,

High sons of pith
Whose fortunes I have frolickt with ;
Such as co'd well
Bear up the magick bough, and spel,
And dancing 'bout the mystick thyrse,
Give up the just applause to verse.

To those, and then agen to thee
We'l drink, my Wickes, untill we be
Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh ; yet full as merry
As the cricket,
The untam'd heifer, or the pricket,
Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,
W'are younger by a score of years.

Thus, till we see the fire less shine
 From th' embers then the kitlings eyne,
 We'l still sit up,
 Sphering about the wassail cup
 To all those times
 Which gave me honour for my rhimes.
 The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,
 Farre more than night bewearied.

A SHORT HYMNE TO VENUS.

GODDESSE, I do love a girle
 Rubie-lipt and tooth'd with pearl :
 If so be, I may but prove
 Luckie in this maide I love,
 I will promise there shall be
 Mirtles offer'd up to thee.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN ON JUST DEALING.

TRUE to your self and sheets, you'l have me
 swear ;—
 You shall, if righteous dealing I find there :
 Do not you fall through frailty, Ile be sure
 To keep my bond still free from forfeiture.

THE HAND AND TONGUE.

Two parts of us successively command ;
The tongue in peace, but then in warre the hand.

UPON A DELAYING LADY.

Come, come away,
Or let me go ;
Must I here stay,
Because y'are slow,
And will continue so ?
Troth, lady, no.

I scorne to be
A slave to state :
And since I'm free,
I will not wait
Henceforth at such a rate,
For needy fate.

If you desire
My spark sho'd glow,
The peeping fire
You must blow ;
Or I shall quickly grow
To frost or snow.

TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESSE TO
THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA.

WHEN I of Villars doe but heare the name,
It calls to mind that mighty Buckingham
Who was your brave exalted uncle here,
Binding the wheel of fortune to his sphere ;
Who spurn'd at envie, and co'd bring with ease
An end to all his stately purposes.
For his love then, whose sacred reliques show
Their resurrection and their growth in you,
And for my sake, who ever did prefer
You above all those sweets of Westminster,
Permit my book to have a free accesse
To kisse your hand, most dainty governesse.

UPON HIS JULIA.

WILL ye heare what I can say
Briefly of my Julia?
Black and rowling is her eye,
Double chinn'd, and forehead high :
Lips she has, all rubie red,
Cheeks like creame enclarited,
And a nose that is the grace
And proscenium of her face.
So that we may guesse by these,
The other parts will richly please.

TO FLOWERS.

IN time of life, I grac't ye with my verse ;
Doe now your flowrie honours to my herse.
You shall not languish, trust me : virgins here,
Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the yeere.

TO MY ILL READER.

THOU say'st my lines are hard,
And I the truth will tell ;
They are both hard and marr'd,
If thou not read'st them well.

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

LET kings command, and doe the best they may,
The saucie subjects still will beare the sway.

A HYMNE TO VENUS AND CUPID.

SEA-BORN goddesse, let me be
By thy sonne thus grac't, and thee ;
That when ere I wooe, I find
Virgins coy, but not unkind.

Let me when I kisse a maid,
Taste her lips so over-laid
With loves-sirrop, that I may,
In your temple, when I pray,
Kisse the altar, and confess
Ther's in love no bitterness.

ON JULIA'S PICTURE.

How am I ravisht, when I do but see
The painter's art in thy sciography?
If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,
When once he gives it incarnation?

HER BED.

SEE'ST thou that cloud as silver cleare,
Plump, soft, and swelling everywhere?
'Tis Julia's bed, and she sleeps there.

HER LEGS.

FAIN would I kiss my Julia's dainty leg,
Which is as white and hair-less as an egge.

UPON HER ALMES.

SEE how the poore do waiting stand
For the expansion of thy hand.
A wafer dol'd by thee will swell
Thousands to feed by miracle

REWARDS.

STILL to our gains our chief respect is had;
Reward it is that makes us good or bad.

NOTHING NEW.

NOTHING is new; we walk where others went.
Ther's no vice now but has his president.

THE RAINBOW.

LOOK how the rainbow doth appeare
But in one onely hemisphere.
So likewise, after our disseace,
No more is seen the arch of peace;
That cov'nant's here; the under-bow,
That nothing shoots but war and woe.

THE MEDDOW VERSE, OR ANNIVERSARY, TO
MISTRIS BRIDGET LOWMAN.

COME with the spring-time forth, fair maid, and be
This year again the medow's deity.
Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set
Upon your head this flowry coronet,
To make this neat distinction from the rest ;
You are the prime and princesse of the feast ;
To which with silver feet lead you the way,
While sweet-breath nimphs attend on you this
day.

This is your houre ; and best you may command,
Since you are lady of this fairie land.
Full mirth wait on you, and such mirth as shall
Cherrish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

THE PARTING VERSE, THE FEAST THERE ENDED.

LOTH to depart, but yet at last each one
Back must now go to's habitation :
Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,
Whether, or no, that we shall meet here ever.
As for my self, since time a thousand cares
And griefs hath fil'de upon my silver hairs,
'Tis to be doubted whether I next yeer,
Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.

If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
 You'l with a tear or two remember me,
 Your sometime poet ; but if fates do give
 Me longer date, and more fresh springs to live,
 Oft as your field shall her old age renew,
 Herrick shall make the meddow-verse for you.

UPON JUDITH. EPIG.

JUDITH has cast her old-skin and got new,
 And walks fresh varnisht to the publick view.
 Foule Judith was, and foule she will be known,
 For all this fair transfiguration.

LONG AND LAZIE.

THAT' was the proverb. Let my mistresse be
 Lasie to others, but be long to me.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, PHILLIP, EARLE OF
PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERIE.

How dull and dead are books that cannot show
 A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke, you
 You, who are high born, and a lord no lesse
 Free by your fate then fortunes mightinesse,

Who hug our poems, honour'd sir, and then
 The paper gild and laureat the pen.
 Nor suffer you the poets to sit cold,
 But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.
 Others there be, who righteously will swear
 Those smooth-pac't numbers amble every where,
 And these brave measures go a stately trot ;
 Love those, like these ; regard, reward them not.
 But you, my lord, are one whose hand along
 Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your
 tongue ;
 Paying before you praise, and cockring wit,
 Give both the gold and garland unto it.

UPON RALPH. EPIG.

CURSE not the mice, no grist of thine they eat :
 But curse thy children, they consume thy wheat.

AN HYMNE TO JUNO.

STATELY goddesse, do thou please,
 Who art chief at marriages,
 But to dresse the bridall-bed,
 When my love and I shall wed :
 And a peacock proud shall be
 Offered up by us to thee.

UPON MEASE. EPIG.

MEASE brags of pullets which he eats : but Mease
Ne'r yet set tooth in stump or rump of these.

UPON SAPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING AND SWEETLY
SINGING.

WHEN thou do'st play and sweetly sing,
Whether it be the voice or string,
Or both of them, that do agree
Thus to en-trance and ravish me :
This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute,
And dye away upon thy lute.

UPON PASKE, A DRAPER.

PASKE, though his debt be due upon the day,
Demands no money by a craving way ;
For why, sayes he, all debts and their arreares
Have reference to the shoulders, not the eares.

CHOP-CHERRY.

THOU gav'st me leave to kisse,
Thou gav'st me leave to wooe ;
Thou mad'st me thinke by this
And that, thou lov'dst me too.

But I shall ne'r forget
How for to make thee merry ;
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet
Another snapt the cherry.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, WISE, AND ARCH-ANTI-
QUARY, M. JOHN SELDEN.

I WHO have favour'd many, come to be
Grac't now at last, or glorifi'd, by thee.
Loe, I, the lyrick prophet, who have set
On many a head the delphick coronet,
Come unto thee for laurell, having spent
My wreaths on those who little gave or lent.
Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,
Whom they neglected thou hast crown'd a poet.
A city here of heroes I have made,
Upon the rock whose firm foundation laid
Shall never shrink, where, making thine abode,
Live thou a Selden,—that's a demi-god.

UPON HIMSELF.

THOU shalt not all die ; for while love's fire
shines
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines ;
And learn'd musicians shall to honour Herrick's
Fame and his name, both set and sing his lyricks

UPON WRINKLES.

WRINKLES no more are, or no lesse,
Then beauty turn'd to sowernesse

UPON PRIGG.

PRIGG, when he comes to houses, oft doth use,
Rather then fail, to steal from thence old shoes.
Sound or unsound, be they rent or whole,
Prigg bears away the body and the sole.

UPON MOON.

MOON is an usurer whose gain
Seldome or never knows a wain;
Onely moon's conscience, we confesse
That ebs from pittie lesse and lesse.

PRAY AND PROSPER.

FIRST offer incence; then thy field and meads
Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.
The spangling dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be
Turn'd all to mell and manna there for thee.

Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oile
 Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soyl.
 Wod'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mold?
 Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to
 gold.

HIS LACRIME, OR MIRTH TURNED TO MOURNING.

CALL me no more,
 As heretofore,
 'The musick of a feast;
 Since now, alas,
 The mirth that was
 In me is dead or ceast.

Before I went
 To banishment
 Into the loathed west,
 I co'd rehearse
 A lyrick verse,
 And speak it with the best.

But time, ai me,
 Has laid, I see,
 My organ fast asleep;
 And turn'd my voice
 Into the noise
 Of those that sit and weep.

UPON SHIFT.

SHIFT now has cast his clothes; got all things
new,
Save but his hat, and that he cannot mew.

UPON CUTS.

IF wounds in clothes Cuts calls his rags, 'tis cleere
His linings are the matter running there.

GAIN AND GETTINGS.

WHEN others gain much by the present cast,
The coblers getting time is at the last.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRIS, ANNE
SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE.

So smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spicerie ;
So smells the flowre of blooming clove,
Or roses smother'd in the stove ;
So smells the aire of spiced wine,
Or essences of jessimine ;
So smells the breath about the hives,
When well the work of hony thrives,

And all the busy factours come
 Laden with wax and hony home ;
 So smell those neat and woven bowers,
 All over-archt with oringe flowers
 And almond blossoms, that do mix
 To make rich these aromatikes ;
 So smell those bracelets, and those bands
 Of amber chaf't between the hands,
 When thus enkindled they transpire
 A noble perfume from the fire.
 The wine of cherries, and to these,
 The cooling breath of Respases ;
 The smell of mornings milk and cream,
 Butter of cowslips mixt with them,
 Of rosted warden, or bak'd peare,
 These are not to be reckon'd here,
 When as the meanest part of her
 Smells like the maiden-pomander.—
 Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
 More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MISTRIS ELIZABETH
 HERRICK.

SWEET virgin, that I do not set
 The pillars up of weeping jet
 Or mournfull marble, let thy shade
 Not wrathful seem, or fright the maide
 Who hither at her wonted howers
 Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.

No, know, blest maide, when there's not one
 Remainder left of brasse or stone,
 Thy living epitaph shall be,
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.
 Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,
 Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
 Drawing thy curtains round: Good night.

A PANEGERICK TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON.

TILL I shall come again, let this suffice •
 I send my salt, my sacrifice
 To thee, thy lady, younglings, and as farre
 As to thy genius, and thy Larre;
 To the worn threshold, porch, hall, parlour, kitchen,
 The fat-fed smoking temple, which in
 The wholesome savour of thy mighty chines
 Invites to supper him who dines;
 Where laden spits, warp't with large ribbs of beefe,
 Not represent, but give reliefe
 To the lanke-stranger and the sowre swain;
 Where both may feed, and come againe.
 For no black-bearded vigil from thy doore
 Beats with a button'd-staffe the poore;
 But from thy warmlove-hatching gates each may
 Take friendly morsels, and there stay
 To sun his thin-clad members, if he likes;
 For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.

No commer to thy rooffe his guest-rite wants ;
 Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts
 Of some rough groom, who, yirkt with corns,
 sayes, " Sir,
 Y'ave dipt too long i'th the vinegar ;
 And with our broth, and bread, and bits, sir friend,
 Y'ave fared well : pray make an end.
 Two dayes y'ave larded here ; a third, yee know,
 Makes guests and fish smell strong. Pray go
 You to some other chimney, and there take
 Essay of other giblets ; make
 Merry at another's hearth ; y'are here
 Welcome as thunder to our beere.
 Manners knows distance, and a man unrude
 Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude
 His stomach to a second meale." No, no,
 Thy house well fed and taught, can show
 No such crab'd vizard : thou has learnt thy train
 With heart and hand to entertain,
 And by the armes-full, with a brest unhid,
 As the old race of mankind did,
 When either's heart and either's hand did strive
 To be the nearer relative,
 Thou do'st redeeme those times, and what was lost
 Of ancient honesty may boast
 It keeps a growth in thee ; and so will runne
 A course in thy fames-pledge, thy sonne.
 Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate
 Early setts ope to feast, and late :
 Keeping no currish waiter to affright,
 With blasting eye, the appetite

Which fain would waste upon thy cates, but **that**
The trencher-creature marketh what
Best and most suppling piece he cuts, and **by**
Some private pinch tels danger's nie
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites
Skin deepe into the porke, or lights
Upon some part of kid, as if mistooke,
When checked by the butler's look.
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beere
Is not reserv'd for Trebius here ;
But all who at thy table seated are,
Find equall freedome, equall fare ;
And thou, like to that hospitable god,
Jove, joy'st when guests make their **abode**
To eat thy bullocks thighs, thy veales, thy **fat**
Weathers, and never grudged at.
The phesant, partridge, gotwit, reeve, ruffe, **raile**
The cock, the curlew, and the quaile,
These, and thy choicest viands, do extend
Their taste unto the lower end
Of thy glad table : not a dish more known
To thee then unto any one :
But as thy meate, so thy immortall wine
Makes the smirk face of each to shine
And spring fresh rose-buds, while the salt, the **wit**.
Flowes from the wine, and graces it :
While reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,
Honours my lady and my lord ;
No scurrile jest, no open sceane is laid
Here, for to make the face affraid ;

But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
 ly that it makes the meate more sweet,
 And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou
 Do'st rather poure forth then allow
 By cruse and measure,—thus devoting wine,
 As the Canary Isles were thine,
 But with that wisdom and that method as
 No one that's there his guilty glasse
 Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry
 Repentance to his liberty.
 No, thou know'st order, ethicks, and ha's read
 All oeconomicks; know'st to lead
 A house-dance neatly, and can'st truly show
 How farre a figure ought to go,
 Forward or backward, side-ward, and what pace
 Can give, and what retract a grace,
 What gesture, courtship; comeliness agrees
 With those thy primitive decrees,
 To give subsistance to thy house, and prooffe
 What genii support thy rooffe,—
 Goodnes and greatness; not the oaken piles;
 For these and marbles have their whiles
 To last, but not their ever: vertues hand
 It is, which builds 'gainst fate to stand.
 Such is thy house, whose firme foundations trust
 Is more in thee then in her dust [shrinke;—
 Or depth; these last may yeeld and yearly
 When what is strongly built, no chinke
 Or yawning rupture can the same devoure,
 But fixt it stands, by her own power,

And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,
Which tryes and counter-stands the shock
And ramme of time, and by vexation growes
The stronger. Vertue dies when foes
Are wanting to her exercise, but great
And large she spreads by dust and sweat.
Safe stand thy walls, and thee, and so both will,
Since neithers height was rais'd by th'ill
Of others ; since no stud, no stone, no piece,
Was rear'd up by the poore-mans fleece ;
No widowes tenement was rackt to guild
Or fret thy seeling, or to build
A sweating-closset, to annoint the silke-
soft skin, or bath in asses milke ;
No orphans pittance, left him, serv'd to set
The pillars up of lasting jet,
For which their cryes might beate against thine
eares,
Or in the damp jet reade their teares ;
No planke from hallowed altar do's appeale
To yond' star-chamber, or do's seale
A curse to thee or thine ; but all things even
Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.
Go on directly so, as just men may
A thousand times more sweare then say,
This is that princely Pemberton, who can
Teach man to keepe a god in man :
And when wise poets shall search out to see
Good men, they find them all in thee.

TO HIS VALENTINE, ON S. VALENTINE'S DAY.

OFT have I heard both youths and virgins say,
 Birds chuse their mates and couple too this day:
 But by their flight I never can divine
 When I shall couple with my Valentine.

UPON DOLL. EPIG.

DOLL she so soone began the wanton trade,
 She ne'r remembers that she was a maide.

UPON SKREW. EPIG.

SKREW lives by shifts, yet sweares by no small
 oathes ;
 For all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

UPON LINNIT. EPIG.

LINNIT playes rarely on the lute, we know,
 And sweetly sings, but yet his breath says no.

UPON M. BEN. JOHNSON. EPIG.

AFTER the rare arch-poet Johnson dy'd,
 The sock grew loathsome, and the buskins pride,
 Together with the stages glory, stood
 Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.
 The cirque prophan'd was, and all postures rackt
 For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
 Then temper flew from words, and men did
 squeake,
 Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake:
 No holy-rage, or frantick fires did stirre,
 Or flash about the spacious theater.
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praises prooffe
 Did crack the play-house sides or cleave her rooie.
 Artlesse the sceane was, and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;
 Such ignorance as theirs was who once hist
 At thy unequal'd play, the Alchymist.
 Oh fie upon 'em! lastly too, all witt
 In utter darkenes did, and still will, sit
 Sleeping the lucklesse age out, till that she
 Her resurrection ha's again with thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU had'st the wreath before; now take the
 tree,—
 That henceforth none be laurel-crown'd but thee.

TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS ART
OF PAINTING.

ON, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get
The palme from Urbin, Titian, Tintarret,
Brugel and Coxu, and the workes out-doe,
Of Holben, and that mighty Ruben too.
So draw and paint, as none may do the like;
No, not the glory of the world, Vandike.

UPON GLASSE. EPIG.

GLASSE, out of deepe and out of desp'rate want,
Turn'd from a Papist here, a Predicant.
A vicarige at last Tom Glasse got here,
Just upon five and thirty pounds a yeare.
Adde to that thirty five but five pounds more,
He'l turn a Papist rancker then before.

A VOW TO MARS.

STORE of courage to me grant,
Now I'm turn'd a combatant:
Help me so, that I my shield,
Fighting, lose not in the field.

That's the greatest shame of all,
 That in warfare can befall.
 Do but this, and there shall be
 Offer'd up a wolfe to thee.

TO HIS MAID PREW.

THESE summer-birds did with thy master stay
 The times of warmth, but then they flew away,
 Leaving their poet, being now grown old,
 Expos'd to all the coming winters cold.
 But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide
 As well the winter's, as the summer's tide:
 For which thy love, live with thy master here,
 Not two, but all the seasons of the yeare.

A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.

PLAY, Phœbus, on thy lute,
 And we will all sit mute,
 By listning to thy lire
 That sets all eares on fire.

Hark, harke, the god do's play!
 And as he leads the way
 Through heaven, the very spheres,
 As men, turne all to eares.

A JUST MAN.

A JUST man's like a rock that turnes the wroth
Of all the raging waves into a froth.

UPON A HOARSE SINGER.

SING me to death ; for till thy voice be cleare,
'Twill never please the pallate of mine eare.

HOW PANSIES OR HEART'S EASE CAME FIRST.

FROLICK virgins once these were,
Over-loving, living here,
Being here their ends deny'd,
Ranne for sweet-hearts mad, and dy'd.
Love in pitie of their teares,
And their losse in blooming yeares,
For their restlesse here-spent houres,
Gave them hearts-ease turn'd to flowr's.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND SIR EDWARD FISH,
KNIGHT BARONET.

SINCE for thy full deserts, with all the rest
Of these chaste spirits that are here possest

Of life eternall, time has made thee one
Full growth in this my rich plantation,
Live here :—but know 'twas vertue, and **not**
 chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance.
Keepe it for ever ; grounded with the good,
Who hold fast here an endlesse lively-hood.

LARR'S PORTION, AND THE POET'S PART.

At my homely country-seat,
I have there a little wheat ;
Which I worke to meale, and **make**
Therewithall a holy-cake :
Part of which I give to **Larr**,
Part is my peculiar.

UPON MAN.

MAN is compos'd here of a two-fold part :
The first of nature, and the next of art :
Art presupposes nature ; nature, shee
Prepares the way to man's docility.

LIBERTY.

THOSE ills that mortall men endure
 So long are capable of cure
 As they of freedome may be sure :
 But that deni'd, a griefe, though small,
 Shakes the whole rooffe, or ruines all.

LOTS TO BE LIKED.

LEARN this of me, where e'r thy lot doth fall,
 Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

GRIEFES.

JOVE may afford us thousands of reliefs,
 Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs.

UPON EELES. EPIG.

EELES winds and turnes, and cheats and steales;
 yet Eeles,
 Driving these sharking trades, is out at heels.

THE DREAME.

By dream I saw one of the three
 Sisters of fate appeare to me.
 Close to my beds side she did stand
 Shewing me there a fire brand.
 She told me too, as that did spend,
 So drew my life unto an end.
 Three quarters were consum'd of it;
 Onely remaind a little bit,
 Which will be burnt up by and by:
 Then Julia weep, for I must dy.

UPON RASPE. EPIG.

RASPE playes at nine-holes; and 'tis known he
 gets
 Many a teaster by his game and bets.
 But of his gettings ther's but little sign,
 When one hole wasts more then he gets by nine.

UPON CENTER, A SPECTACLE-MAKER WITH A
FLAT NOSE.

CENTER is known weak-sighted, and he sells
 To others store of helpfull spectacles.
 Why weres he none? Because we may suppose,
 Where Leaven wants, there Levill lies the nose.

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COUSEN US.

AWAY with silks, away with lawn,
He have no sceans, or curtains drawn.
Give me my mistresse, as she is,
Drest in her nak't simplicities :
For as my heart, ene so mine eye,
Is wone with flesh, not drapery.

TO DIANEME.

SHEW me thy feet, shew me thy legs, thy thighes;
Shew me those fleshie principalities;
Shew me that hill where smiling love doth sit,
Having a living fountain under it;
Shew me thy waste : then let me there withall,
By the assention of thy lawn, see all.

OF LOVE.

I DO not love, nor can it be
Love will in vain spend shafts on me.
I did this god-head once defie;
Since which I freeze, but cannot frie:
Yet out, alas! the death's the same,
Kil'd by a frost or by a flame.

TO HIS BOOKE.

HAVE I not blest thee? Then go forth, **nor** fear
Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here.
But with thy fair fates leading thee, go on
With thy most white predestination.
Nor think these ages that do hoarcely sing
The farting tanner and familiar king;
The dancing frier, tatter'd in the bush;
Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush;
Tom Chipperfeild, and pritty-lisping Ned,
That doted on a maide of gingerbred;
The flying pilcher, and the striking dace,
With all the rabble of Tim-Trundells race,
(Bred from the dung-hils, and adulterous rhimes,)
Shall live, and thou not superlast all times.
No, no, thy stars have destin'd thee to see
The whole world die, and turn to dust with **thee**.
He's greedie of his life, who will not fall
When as a publick ruine bears down all.

UPON ELECTRA.

WHEN out of bed my love doth spring,
'Tis but as day a kindling:
But when she's up and fully drest,
'Tis then broad day throughout the **east**.

UPON HIMSELF.

I DISLIKT but even now ;
 Now I love, I know not how.
 Was I idle, and that while
 Was I fier'd with a smile ?
 Ile too work, or pray ; and then
 I shall quite dislike agen.

ANOTHER.

LOVE he that will ; it best likes me,
 To have my neck from love's yoke free.

UPON SKINNS. EPIG.

SKINNS he din'd well to day ; how do you think ?
 His nails they were his meat, his reume the drink.

UPON PIEVISH. EPIG.

PIEVISH doth boast that he's the very first
 Of English poets, and 'tis thought the worst.

UPON JOLLY AND JILLY. EPIG.

JOLLY and Jillie bite and scratch all day,
But yet get children, as the neighbours say.
The reason is, though all the day they fight,
They cling and close some minutes of the night.

THE MAD MAIDS SONG.

Good morrow to the day so fair ;
Good morning, Sir, to you ;
Good morrow to mine own torne hair
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this prim-rose too,
Good morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack and welladay!
For pitty, Sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'le seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'le seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think t'have made his grave
I'th'bed of strawburies.

He seek him there ; I know, ere this,
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him :
 But I will go, or send a kisse
 By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
 He knowes well who do love him,
 And who with green-turfes reare his head,
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender ! pray take heed !
 With bands of cow-slips bind him,
 And bring him home :—but 'tis decreed,
 That I shall never find him.

TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS.

I HEARD ye co'd coole heat, and came
 With hope you would allay the same.
 Thrice I have washt, but feel no cold,
 Nor find that true which was foretold.
 Me thinks like mine your pulses beat,
 And labour with unequall heat.
 Cure, cure your selves, for I discrie,
 Ye boil with love as well as I.

UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HER SELF.

TELL, if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come
 This camphire, storax, spiknard, galbanum ;

These musks, these ambers, and those other smells,
Sweet as the vestrie of the oracles.
He tell thee. While my Julia did unlace
Her silken bodies, but a breathing space,
The passive aire such odour then assum'd,
As when to Jove great Juno goes perfum'd.
Whose pure immortall body doth transmit
A scent that fills both heaven and earth with it.

TO BACCHUS, A CANTICLE.

WHITHER dost thou whorry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee ?
This way, that way, that way, this,
Here and there a fresh love is.
That doth like me, this doth please ;
Thus a thousand mistresses
I have now ; yet I alone
Having all, enjoy not one.

THE LAWNE.

Wo'd I see lawn, clear as the heaven, and thin ?
It should be onely in my Julia's skin :
Which so betrayes her blood, as we discover
The blush of cherries when a lawn's cast over.

THE FRANKINCENSE.

WHEN my off'ring next I make,
Be thy hand the hallowed cake :
And thy brest the altar whence
Love may smell the frankincense.

UPON PATRICK A FOOTMAN. EPIG.

Now Patrick with his footmanship has done,
His eyes and ears strive which sho'd fastest run.

UPON BRIDGET. EPIG.

Of foure teeth onely Bridget was possest ;
Two she spat out, a cough forc't out the rest.

TO SYCAMORES.

I'm sick of love ; O let me lie
Under your shades, to sleep or die !
Either is welcome, so I have
Or here my bed, or here my grave.
Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
Time with the tears that I do weep.

Say, have ye sence, or do you **prove**
 What crucifixions are in love?
 I know ye do; and that's the **why**
 You sigh for love as well as I.

A PASTORALL SUNG TO THE KING:

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, Shepheards.

Mon. BAD are the times. *Sil.* And wors then
 they are we.

Mon. Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and ill
 the tree:

The feast of Shepheards fail. *Sil.* None crowns
 the cup

Of wassaile now, or sets the quintell up:

And he who us'd to leade the country-round,

Youthfull Mirtillo, here he comes, grief drownd.

Ambo. Lets cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him
 weeping ripe.

Mirt. Ah! Amarillis, farewell mirth and pipe;
 Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play
 To these smooth lawns my mirthfull roundelay.

Dear Amarillis! *Mon.* Hark! *Sil.* Mark!

Mir. This earth grew sweet
 Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet.

Ambo. Poor pittied youth! *Mir.* And here the
 breth of kine

And sheep grew more sweet, by that breth of **thine**.

This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of cow-slips, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as love it self. Montano, hark !

Mirt. This way she came, and this way too she
went.

How each thing smells divinely redolent !
Like to a field of beans when newly blown,
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mon. A sweet sad passion.— [way,

Mirt. In dewie mornings when she came this
Swete bents wode bow, to give my love the day :
And when at night she folded had her sheep,
Daysies wo'd shut, and closing, sigh and weep.
Besides, Ai me ! since she went hence to dwell,
The voices daughter nea'r spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whether,

Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet together.

Mont. Fore fend it Pan, and Pales do thou please
To give an end : *Mir.* To what ? *Sil.* Such
griefs as these.

Mirt. Never, O never ! Still I may endure
The wound I suffer, never find a cure. [hills

Mont. Love for thy sake will bring her to these
And dales again. *Mir.* No, I will languish still
And all the while my part shall be to weep,
And with my sighs call home my bleating sheep :
And in the rind of every comely tree
Ile carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee :

Mont. Set with the sunne thy woes. *Sil.* The
day grows old,

And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

Chor. The shades grow great, but greater growes
our sorrow ;

But lets go steepe
Our eyes in sleepe,
And meet to weepe
To morrow.

THE POET LOVES A MISTRESSE, BUT NOT TO
MARRY.

I do not love to wed,
Though I do like to wooe ;
And for a maidenhead
Ile beg, and buy it too.

Ile praise and Ile approve
Those maids that never vary ;
And fervently Ile love,
But yet I would not marry.

Ile hug, Ile kisse, Ile play,
And, cock-like, hens Ile tread,
And sport it any way,
But in the bridall bed :

For why ? that man is poore
Who hath but one of many ;
But crown'd he is with store,
That single may have any.

Why then, say, what is he,
To freedome so unknown,
Who having two or three,
Will be content with one?

UPON FLIMSEY. EPIG.

WHY walkes Nick Flimsey like a male-content?
Is it because his money all is spent?
No, but because the ding-thrift* now is poore,
And knowes not where i'th world to borrow more.

UPON SHEWBREAD. EPIG.

Last night thou didst invite me home to eate,
And shew'st me there much plate, but little meate.
Prithee, when next thou do'st invite, barre state,
And give me meate, or give me else thy plate.

THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A WILLOW garland thou did'st send
Perfum'd, last day, to me;
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsooke by thee.

* Spendthrift.

Since so it is, He tell thee what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me weare the willow ; after that,
To dye upon the tree.

As beasts unto the altars go
With garlands drest, so I
Will with my Willow-wreath also
Come forth and sweetly dye.

A HYMNE TO CLIPSEBY CREW.

'Twas not Lov's dart,
Or any blow
Of want, or foe,
Did wound my heart
With an eternall smart :

But onely you,
My sometimes known
Companion,
My dearest Crew,
That me unkindly slew.

May your fault dye,
And have no name
In bookes of fame ;
Or let it lye
Forgotten now, as I.

We parted are,
And now no more,
As heretofore
By jocund Larr
Shall be familiar.

But though we sever,
My Crew shall see
That I will be
Here faithlesse never,
But love my Clipsey ever.

UPON ROOTS. EPIG.

Roots had no money ; yet he went o'th score
For a wrought purse ; can any tell wherefore ?
Say, what sho'd Roots do with a purse in print,
That ha'd nor gold nor silver to put in't ?

UPON CRAW.

CRAW cracks in sirrop, and do's stinking say,
Who can hold that, my friends, that will away ?

OBSERVATION.

WHO to the north or south doth set
His bed, male children shall beget.

EMPIRES.

EMPIRES of kings are now, and ever were
As Salust saith, co-incident to feare.

FELICITY QUICK OF FLIGHT.

EVERY time seemes short to be
That's measur'd by felicity :
But one halfe houre, that's made up here
With grieve, seemes longer then a yeare.

PUTREFACTION.

PUTREFACTION is the end
Of all that nature doth intend.

PASSION.

WERE there not a matter known,
There wo'd be no passion.

JACK AND JILL.

SINCE Jack and Jill both wicked be,
It seems a wonder unto me
That they no better do agree.

UPON PARSON BEANES.

OLD Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week,
And on the seventh he has his notes to seek.
Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seventh he can nor preach or pray.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

IN holy meetings there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the companie.

SHORT AND LONG, BOTH LIKES.

THIS lady's short, that mistresse she is tall;
But long, or short, I'm well content with all.

POLLICIE IN PRINCES.

THAT princes may possesse a surer seat,
'Tis fit they make no one with them too great.

UPON ROOK. EPIG.

ROOK he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie
Fie on this pride, this female vanitie.
Thus though the rooke do's raile against the sin,
He loves the gain that vanity brings in.

UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST.

HAVE ye beheld, with much delight,
A red-rose peeping through a white?
Or else a cherrie, double grac't,
Within a lillie's center plac't?
Or ever mark't the pretty beam
A strawberry shewes, halfe drown'd in creame?
Or seen rich rubies blushing through
A pure smooth pearle, and orient too?
So like to this, nay all the rest,
Is each neate niplet of her breast.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOONE.

SHUT not so soon; the dull-ey'd night
Has not as yet begunne
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seale up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadowes great appeare;
Nor doth the early shepheards starre
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
It selfe to live or dye.

TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

YEE pretty huswives, wo'd ye know
 The worke that I wo'd put ye to?
 This, this it sho'd be,—for to spin
 A lawn for me, so fine and thin
 As it might serve me for my skin.
 For cruell love has me so whipt,
 That of my skin I all am stript,
 And shall dispaire that any art
 Can ease the rawnesse, or the smart,
 Unlesse you skin again each part.
 Which mercy if you will but do,
 I call all maides to witnesse too
 What here I promise, that no broom
 Shall now or ever after come,
 To wrong a spinner or her loome.

OBERON'S PALACE.

AFTER the feast, my Shapcot, see,
 The fairie court I give to thee:
 Where we'le present our Oberon led
 Halfe tipsie to the fairie bed;
 Where Mab he finds, who there doth lie
 Not without mickle majesty;
 Which done, and thence remov'd the light,
 We'l wish both them and thee good night.

Full as a bee with thyme, and red
As cherry harvest, now high fed
For lust and action, on he'l go
To lye with Mab, though all say no.
Lust has no eares ; he's sharpe as thorn,
And fretfull, carries hay in's horne,
And lightning in his eyes, and flings
Among the elves, if mov'd, the stings
Of peltish* wasps ; we'l know his guard ;
Kings, though th'are hated, will be fear'd.
Wine lead him on. Thus to a grove
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinseld with twilight, he and they,
Lead by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and many a crosse-
Track they redeem a bank of mosse,
Spungie and swelling, and farre more
Soft then the finest Lemster ore.†
Mildly disparkling, like those fiers
Which break from the injeweld tyres
Of curious brides, or like those mites
Of candi'd dew in moony nights,
Upon this convex, all the flowers
Nature begets by th' sun and showers
Are to a wild digestion brought,
As if love's sampler here was wrought,

* Angry.

† A kind of fine wool.

On Citherea's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch.
Sweet aires move here, and more divine
Made by the breath of great ey'd-kine,
Who, as they lowe, empearl with milk
The four-leav'd grasse, or mosse-like silk.
The breath of munkies, met to mix
With musk-flies, are th' aromatics
Which cense this arch ; and here and there,
And farther off, and every where
Throughout that brave Mosaick yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card,
With peeps of harts, of club and spade,
Are here most neatly inter-laid.
Many a counter, many a die, •
Half rotten and without an eye
Lies here abouts ; and for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrils' and children's teeth, late shed,
Are neatly here enchequered
With brownest toadstones, and the gum
That shines upon the blewer plum,
The nails faln off by whit-flawes : art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts
Which we to others from our selves
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stoln from the neck
Of the shie virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance ; where within,
The roome is hung with the blew skin

Of shifted snake, enfrez'd throughout
With eyes of peacocks trains, and trout-
Flies curious wings, and these among
Those silver-pence that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glow-wormes eyes, the shining scales
Of silv'rie fish, wheat-strawes, the snailes
Soft candle-light, the kitling's eyne,
Corrupted wood, serve here for shine.
No glaring light of bold-fac't day,
Or other over radiant ray,
Ransacks this roome, but what weak beams
Can make, reflected from these jems,
And multiply,—such is the light,
But ever doubtfull, day or night.
By this quaint taper-light he winds
His errours up; and now he finds
His moon-tann'd Mab as somewhat sick,
And, love knowes, tender as a chick.
Upon six plump dandillions high-
Rear'd, lyes her elvith-majestie,
Whose woolie-bubbles seem'd to drowne
Hir Mab-ship in obedient downe.
For either sheet was spread the caule
That doth the infants face enthrall,
When it is born; (by some enstyl'd
The luckie omen of the child;)
And next to these, two blankets ore-
Cast of the finest gossamore;
And then a rug of carded wooll,

Which, sponge-like drinking in the dull-
Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the daintie deitie.
Thus soft she lies ; and over-head
A spinners circle is bespread,
With cob-web curtains, from the roof
So neatly sunck, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the aire.
The fringe about this are those threds
Broke at the losse of maiden-heads,
And all behung with those * pure pearls
Dropt from the eyes of ravisht girles
Or writhing brides, when, panting, they
Give unto love the straiter way.
For musick now, he has the cries
Of fained-lost virginities ;
The which the elves make to excite
A more unconquer'd appetite.—
The king's undrest ; and now upon
The gnats watch-word the elves are gone,
And now the bed, and Mab, possess
Of this great-little kingly guest.
We'll nobly think, what's to be done
He'll do no doubt ; this flax is spun.

* *Ed.* these.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS
SHAPCOTT, LAWYER.

I've paid thee what I promis'd ; that's not all ;
 Besides I give thee here a verse that shall,
 When hence thy circum-mortall part is gon,
 Arch-like, hold up thy name's inscription.
 Brave men can't die, whose candid actions are
 Writ in the poets endlesse-calendar ;
 Whose velome and whose volumne is the skie,
 And the pure starres the praising poetrie.

Farewell.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE.

BESIDES us two, i' th' temple here's not one
 To make up now a congregation.
 Let's to the altar of perfumes then go,
 And say short prayers ; and when we have done so,
 Then we shall see how, in a little space,
 Saints will come in to fill each pew and place.

TO OENONE.

WHAT conscience, say, is it in thee,
 When I a heart had one,
 To take away that heart from me,
 And to retain thy own ?

For shame or pitty now encline
To play a loving part;
Either to send me kindly thine,
Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both: but if thou dost
Resolve to part with neither,
Why, yet to shew that thou art just,
Take me and mine together.

HIS WEAKNESSE IN WOES.

I CANNOT suffer; and in this my part
Of patience wants: grief breaks the stoutest
heart.

FAME MAKES US FORWARD.

To print our poems the propulsive cause
Is fame, the breath of popular applause.

TO GROVES.

YEE silent shades, whose each tree here
Some relique of a saint doth weare,
Who for some sweet-hearts sake did prove
The fire and martyrdome of love,

Here is the legend of those saints
That di'd for love ; and their complaints,
Their wounded hearts and names we find
Encarv'd upon the leaves and rind.
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdome,
And have deserv'd as much, love knowes,
As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those
Whose deeds and deaths here written are
Within your greenie kalendar.
By all those virgins fillets hung
Upon your boughs, and requiems sung
For saints and soules departed hence,
(Here honour'd still with frankincense ;)
By all those teares that have been shed
As a drink-offering to the dead ;
By all those true-love-knots that be
With motto's carv'd on every tree ;
By sweet S. Phillis, pitie me :
By deare S. Iphis, and the rest
Of all those other saints now blest,
Me, me, forsaken, here admit
Among your mirtles to be writ,
That my poore name may have the glory
To live remembred in your story.

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemne fast we keepe,
While all beauty lyes asleep :

Husht be all things ; no noyse here,
But the toning of a teare,
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

TO THE RIGHT GRATIOUS PRINCE, LODWICK,
DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

Of all those three brave brothers faln i' th'
warre,
(Not without glory,) noble sir, you are,
Despite of all concussions, left the stem
To shoot forth generations like to them :
Which may be done, if, sir, you can beget
Men in their substance, not in counterfeit ;
Such essences as those three brothers, known
Eternall by their own production.
Of whom, from fame's white trumpet this I'le
tell,
Worthy their everlasting chronicle :
Never since first Bellona us'd a shield,
Such three brave brothers fell in Mars his field ;
These were those three Horatii Rome did boast,
Rome 's where these three Horatii we have lost.
One Cor-de-lion had that age long since ;
This, three ; which three you make up foure,
brave prince.

TO JEALOUSIE.

O JEALOUSIE, that art
 The canker of the heart,
 And mak'st all hell
 Where thou do'st dwell,
 For pitie be
 No furie, or no fire-brand to me.

Farre from me Ile remove
 All thoughts of irksome love,
 And turn to snow,
 Or christall grow,
 To keep still free
 O soul-tormenting jealousie, from thee.

TO LIVE FREELY.

LET's live in hast, use pleasures while we may:
 Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

UPON SPUNGE. EPIG.

SPUNGE makes his boasts that he's the onely man
 Can hold of beerè and ale an ocean.
 Is this his glory? Then his triumph's poore:
 I know the Tunne of Hidleberge holds more.

HIS ALMES.

HERE, here I live,
And somewhat give
Of what I have,
To those who crave.
Little or much,
My almes is such :
But if my deal
Of oyl and meal
Shall fuller grow,
More Ile bestow.
Mean time be it
E'n but a bit,
Or else a crum,
The scrip hath some.

UPON HIMSELF.

COME, leave this loathed country-life, and then
Grow up to be a Roman citizen.
Those mites of time which yet remain unspent,
Waste thou in that most civil government ;
Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue
Of those mild men thou art to live among :
Then, being seated in that smother sphere,
Decree thy everlasting topick there,
And to the farm-house nere' return at all :
Though granges do not love thee, cities shall.

TO ENJOY THE TIME.

WHILE fates permit us, let's be merry :
Passe all we must the fatall ferry ;
And this our life too whirles away
With the rotation of the day.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE, I have broke
Thy yoke ;
The neck is free :
But when I'm next
Love-vext,
Then shackell me.

'Tis better yet
To fret
The feet or hands,
Then to enthrall
Or gall
The neck with bands.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY, EARL OF
WESTMORELAND.

You are a lord, an earle, nay more, a man
Who writes sweet numbers well as any can.

If so, why then are not these verses hurl'd,
 Like sybels leaves throughout the ample world?
 What is a jewell, if it be not set
 Forth by a ring, or some rich carkanet?
 But being so, then the beholders cry
 See, see a jemme as rare as Bælus eye:
 Then publick praise do's runne upon the stone,
 For a most rich, a rare, a precious one.
 Expose your jewels then unto the view,
 That we may praise them, or themselves prize you.
 Vertue conceal'd, with Horace you'l confesse,
 Differs not much from drowzie slothfulnesse.

THE PLUNDER.

I AM of all bereft,
 Save but some few beans left,
 Whereof at last to make
 For me and mine a cake:
 Which eaten, they and I
 Will say our grace and die.

LITTLENESSE NO CAUSE OF LEANNESSE.

ONE feeds on lard, and yet is leane;
 And I, but feasting with a beane,
 Grow fat and smooth. The reason is,
 Jove prospers my meat more then his.

UPON ONE WHO SAID SHE WAS ALWAYS YOUNG.

You say y'are young; but when your teeth are
told
To be but three, Black-ey'd, wee'l think y'are old.

UPON HUNCKS. EPIG.

HUNCKS has no money, he do's sweare or say,
About him, when the taverns shot's to pay.
If he ha's none in 's pockets, trust me, Huncks
Ha's none at home, in coffers, desks, or trunks.

THE JIMMALL RING,* OR TRUE-LOVE KNOT.

THOU sent'st to me a true-love knot, but I
Return'd a ring of jimmalls, to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

THE PARTING VERSE, OR CHARGE TO HIS
SUPPOSED WIFE WHEN HE TRAVELLED.

Go hence, and with this parting kisse,
Which joyns two souls, remember this :
Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and faire,
And may'st draw thousands with a haire,

* Originally a sort of double ring, but sometimes made
triple, (as here,) or even quadruple.

Yet let these glib temptations be
 Furies to others, friends to me.
 Looke upon all, and though on fire
 Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire
 Steere thee to me ; and thinke, me gone,
 In having all, that thou has none.
 Nor so immured wo'd I have
 Thee live, as dead and in thy grave ;
 But walke abroad, yet wisely well
 Stand, for my comming, Sentinell.
 And think, as thou do'st walke the street,
 Me, or my shadow thou do'st meet.
 I know a thousand greedy eyes
 Will on thy feature tirannize,
 In my short absence : yet behold
 Them like some picture, or some mould
 Fashion'd like thee ; which though 't 'ave eares
 And eyes, it neither sees or heares.
 Gifts will be sent, and letters, which
 Are the expressions of that itch
 And salt which frets thy suters ; fly
 Both, lest thou lose thy liberty :
 For that once lost, thou't fall to one,
 Then prostrate to a million.
 But if they wooe thee, do thou say,
 As that chaste queen of Ithaca
 Did to her suitors, this web done,
 (Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne.
 I will not urge thee, for I know,
 Though thou art young, thou canst say no,

And no again, and so deny
Those thy lust-burning incubi.
Let them enstile thee fairest faire,
The pearle of princes, yet despaire
That so thou art, because thou must
Believe, love speaks it not, but lust,
And this their flatt'rie do's commend
Thee chiefly for their pleasures end.
I am not jealous of thy faith,
Or will be ; for the axiome saith,
He that doth suspect do's haste
A gentle mind to be unchaste.
No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep
Thy thoughts as cold as is thy sleep ;
And let thy dreames be only fed
With this, that I am in thy bed ;
And thou then turning in that sphere,
Waking shalt find me sleeping there.
But yet if boundlesse lust must skaile
Thy fortress, and will needs prevaile,
And wildly force a passage in,—
Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne
Of thine ; so Lucrece fell, and the
Chaste Syracusian Cyane ;
So Medullina fell, yet none
Of these had imputation
For the least trespasse, 'cause the mind
Here was not with the act combin'd.
The body sins not ; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill ;

And if thy fall sho'd this way come,
 Triumph in such a martidome.
 I will not over-long enlarge
 To thee this my religious charge.
 Take this compression, so by this
 Means I shall know what other kisse
 Is mixt with mine, and truly know,
 Returning, if't be mine or no.
 Keepe it till then. And now my spouse,
 For my wisht safety pay thy vowes
 And prayers to Venus ; if it please
 The great blew ruler of the seas,
 Not many full-fac't moons shall waine,
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again,
 As one triumphant when I find
 In thee all faith of woman-kind.
 Nor wo'd I have thee thinke that thou
 Had'st power thy self to keep this vow :
 But having scapt temptations shelve,
 Know vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.

TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THO. SOAME.

SEEING thee, Soame, I see a goodly man,
 And in that good a great patrician ;
 Next to which two, among the city-powers
 And thrones, thy selfe one of those senatours
 Not wearing purple only for the show,
 (As many conscripts of the citie do,)
 But for true service worthy of that gowne,
 The golden chain too, and the civick crown.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be
An houre or half's delight,
And so to bid goodnight?
'Twas pitie nature brought yee forth
Meerly to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'r so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave.

MAN'S DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

MAN knowes where first he ships himselfe; but he
Never can tell where shall his landing be.

NOTHING FREE-COST.

NOTHING comes free-cost here ; Jove will not let
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.

FEW FORTUNATE.

MANY we are, and yet but few possesse
Those fields of everlasting happinesse.

TO PERENNA.

How long, Perenna, wilt thou see
Me languish for the love of thee?
Consent, and play a friendly part
To save, when thou may'st kill a heart.

TO THE LADYES.

TRUST me, ladies, I will do
Nothing to distemper you ;
If I any fret or vex,
Men they shall be, not your sex.

THE OLD WIVES PRAYER.

HOLY-ROOD come forth and shield
Us i'th' citie, and the field :
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burns by day,

And those sounds that us affright
 In the dead of dampish night.
 Drive all hurtfull feinds us fro,
 By the time the cocks first crow.

UPON A CHEAP LAUNDRESSE. EPIG.

FEACIE, some say, doth wash her clothes i'th'lie
 That sharply trickles from her either eye.
 The laundresses, they envie her good-luck,
 Who can with so small charges drive the buck.
 What needs she fire and ashes to consume,
 Who can scoure linnens with her own salt reeume.

UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

THUS I
 Passe by
 And die
 As one
 Unknown
 And gon :
 I'm made
 A shade,
 And laid
 I'th grave ;
 There have
 My cave :
 Where tell
 I dwell.
 Farewell.

THE WASSAILE.

GIVE way, give way, ye gates, and win
An easie blessing to your bin
And basket, by our entring in.

May both with manchet stand repleat ;
Your larders too so hung with meat,
That though a thousand, thousand eat,

Yet, ere twelve moones shall whirl about
Their silv'rie spheres, ther's none may doubt
But more's sent in then was serv'd out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so,
As that your pans no ebbe may know ;
But if they do, the more to flow,—

Like to a solemne sober stream
Bankt all with lillies, and the cream
Of sweetest cow-slips filling them.

Then, may your plants be prest with fruit,
Nor bee or hive you have be mute,
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Next may your duck and teeming hen
Both to the cocks tread say amen,
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your harrows, shares, and ploughes,
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mowes,
All prosper by your virgin vows.

Alas ! we blesse, but see none here
That brings us either ale or beere ;
In a drie house all things are neere.*

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where rest and cobwebs bind the gate,
And all live here with needy fate :

Where chimneys do for ever weepe
For want of warmth, and stomachs keepe
With noise the servants eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free feet here, but we'l away ;
Yet to the Lares this we'l say :—

The time will come, when you'l be sad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

UPON A LADY FAIRE, BUT FRUTTLESSE.

TWICE has Pudica been a bride, and led
By holy Himen to the nuptiall bed.

* Close, penurious.

Two youths sha's known, thrice two, and twice
three years,
Yet not a lily from the bed appeares ;
Nor will ; for why, Pudica this may know ;
Trees never beare, unlesse they first do blow.

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

THESE springs were maidens once that lov'd ;
But lost to that they most approv'd,
My story tells by love they were
Turn'd to these springs which wee see here.
The pretty whimpering that they make,
When of the banks their leave they take,
Tels ye but this,—they are the same,
In nothing changed but in their name.

TO ROSEMARY AND BAIES.

My wooing's ended ; now my wedding's neere :
When gloves are giving, guilded be you there.

UPON SKURFFE.

SKURFFE by his nine bones sweares, and well he
may ;
All know a fellow eate the tenth away.

UPON A SCARRE IN A VIRGIN'S FACE.

'Tis heresie in others : in your face
That scarr's no schisme, but the sign of grace.

UPON HIS EYE-SIGHT FAILING HIM.

I BEGINNE to waine in sight ;
Shortly I shall bid goodnight ;
Then no gazing more about,
When the tapers once are out.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. THO. FALCONBRIGE.

STAND with thy graces forth, brave man, and rise
High with thine own auspicious destinies :
Nor leave the search and prooffe, till thou canst
find
These or those ends to which thou wast design'd.
Thy lucky genius and thy guiding starre
Have made thee prosperous in thy ways, thus
farre :
Nor will they leave thee, till they both have shown
Thee to the world a prime and publique one.
Then, when thou see'st thine age all turn'd to gold.
Remember what thy Herrick thee foretold,
When at the holy threshold of thine house,
He boded good-luck to thy selfe and spouse.

Lastly, be mindfull, when thou art grown great,
That towrs high rear'd dread most the lightnings
 threat,
When as the humble cottages not feare
The cleaving bolt of Jove the thunderer.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE FILL'D WITH DEW

DEW sate on Julia's haire,
 And spangled too
Like leaves that laden are
 With trembling dew ;
Or glitter'd to my sight,
 As when the beames
Have their reflected light
 Daunc't by the streames.

ANOTHER ON HER.

How can I choose but love and follow her,
Whose shadow smells like milder pomander !
How can I chuse but kisse her whence do's come
The storax, spiknard, myrrhe, and ladanum !

LOSSE FROM THE LEAST.

GREAT men by small meanes oft are overthrown :
He's lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

ALL things are open to these two events,—
Or to rewards, or else to punishments.

SHAME, NO STATIST.

SHAME is a bad attendant to a state :
He rents his crown, that feares the peoples hate.

TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW.

SINCE to th' country first I came,
I have lost my former flame ;
And methinks I not inherit,
As I did, my ravisht spirit.
If I write a verse or two,
'Tis with very much ado ;
In regard I want that wine
Which should conjure up a line.
Yet, though now of muse bereft,
I have still the manners left
For to thank you, noble sir,
For those gifts you do conferre
Upon him who only can
Be in prose a gratefull man.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I co'd never love indeed,
Never see mine own heart bleed,
Never crucifie my life,
Or for widow, maid, or wife.

I co'd never seeke to please
One, or many, mistresses :
Never like their lips, to sweare
Oyle of roses still melt there.

I co'd never breake my sleepe,
Fold mine armes, sob, sigh, or weep :
Never beg, or humbly wooe
With oathes and lyes, as others do.

I co'd never walke alone ;
Put a shirt of sackcloth on ;
Never keep a fast or pray
For good luck in love that day :

But have hitherto liv'd free
As the air that circles me,
And kept credit with my heart,
Neither broke i'th whole or part.

FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM.

Wo'd yee have fresh cheese and cream?
 Iulia's breast can give you them:
 And if more, each nipple cries,
 To your creame here's strawberries.

AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORALL, BETWEEN ENDI-
 MION PORTER AND LYCIDAS HERRICK:
 SET AND SUNG.

Endym. AH! Lycidas, come telle me why
 Thy whilome merry.oate
 By thee doth so neglected lye,
 And never purls a note?

I prithee speake. *Lyc.* I will. *End.* say
Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou, [on.
 That art the cause, Endimion.
End. For love's sake, tell me how.

Lyc. In this regard, that thou do'st play
 Upon an other plain;
 And for a rurall roundelay,
 Strik'st now a' courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our hills, our dales, our
 Our finer fleeced sheep, [bowers,
 Unkind to us, to spend thine houres
 Where shepheards sho'd not keep

I meane the Court : Let Latmos be
My lov'd Endimions court.

End. But I the courtly state wo'd see.

Lyc. Then see it in report.

What ha's the court to do with swaines,
Where Phillis is not known ?
Nor do's it mind the rustick straines
Of us or Coridon.

Breake, if thou lov'st us, this delay ;
End. Dear Lycidas, e're long,
I vow by Pan, to come away
And pipe unto thy song.

Then Jessimine with Florabell,
And dainty Amarillis,
With handsome-handed Drosomell
Shall pranke thy hooke with lillies.

Lyc. Then Tityrus and Coridon,
And Thyrsis, they shall follow
With all the rest, while thou alone
Shalt lead, like young Apollo.

And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas,
In every geniall cup,
Shall write in spice, Endimion 'twas
That kept his piping up.

And my most luckie swain, when I shall live to see
Endimion's moon to fill up full, remember me :
Mean time, let Lycidas have leave to pipe to thee

TO A BED OF TULIPS.

BRIGHT tulips, we do know,
You had your comming hither ;
And fading-time do's show
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sister-hoods may stay,
And smile here for your houre ;
But dye ye must away,
Even as the meanest flower.

Come, virgins, then, and see
Your frailties, and bemone ye ;
For, lost like these, 'twill be
As time had never known ye.

A CAUTION.

THAT love last long, let it thy first care be
To find a wife that is most fit for thee.
Be she too wealthy, or too poore, be sure,
Love in extremes can never long endure.

TO THE WATER NYMPHS DRINKING AT THE
FOUNTAIN.

REACH with your whiter hands to me
Some christall of the spring,
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lillies flourishing.

Or else sweet nymphs, do you but this—
To'th' glasse your lips incline;
And I shall see, by that one kisse,
The water turn'd to wine.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR RICHARD
STONE.

To this white temple of my heroes here,
Beset with stately figures, every where,
Of such rare saint-ships, who did here consume
Their lives in sweets and left in death perfume.
Come, thou brave man! and bring with thee a
stone

Unto thine edification.

High are these statues here, besides no lesse
Strong then the heavens for everlastingnesse:
Where build aloft, and being fixt by these,
Set up thine own eternall images.

UPON A FLIE.

A GOLDEN flie one shew'd to me,
 Clos'd in a box of yvorie ;
 Where both seem'd proud : the flie to have
 His buriall in an yvorie grave ;
 The yvorie tooke state to hold
 A corps as bright as burnisht gold.
 One fate had both ; both equall grace,
 The buried and the burying-place.
 Not Virgils Gnat, to whom the spring
 All flowers sent to'is burying ;
 Not Marshals Bee, which in a bead
 Of amber quick was buried ;
 Nor that fine worme that do's interre
 Her selfe i'th' silken sepulchre,
 Nor my rare Phil,* that lately was
 With lillies tomb'd up in a glasse,
 More honour had then this same flie,
 Dead, and clos'd up in yvorie.

UPON JACK AND JILL. EPIG.

WHEN Jill complains to Jack for want of meate,
 Jack kisses Jill, and bids her freely eate.
 Jill sayes, of what ? Says Jack, on that sweet kisse,
 Which full of Nectar and Ambrosia is,
 The food of poets. So I thought, says Jill ;

* Sparrow.

That makes them looke so lanke, so ghost-like still
 Let poets feed on aire, or what they will;
 Let me feed full, till that I fart, sayes Jill.

TO JULIA.

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,
 Close thou up thy poets eyes;
 And his last breath, let it be
 Taken in by none but thee.

TO MISTRESSE DOROTHY PARSONS.

If thou aske me, deare, wherefore
 I do write of thee no more,
 I must answer, sweet, thy part
 Lesse is here then in my heart.

UPON PARRAT.

PARRAT protests 'tis he, and only he,
 Can teach a man the art of memory.
 Believe him not; for he forgot it quite,
 Being drunke, who 'twas that can'd his ribs last
 night.

HOW HE WOULD DRINKE HIS WINE.

FILL me my wine in christall ; thus, and thus,
 I see't in's *puris naturalibus*,
 Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine ;
 'Tis sin I know, 'tis sin to throtle wine.
 What mad-man's he, that, when it sparkles so,
 Will coole his flames or quench his fires with snow !

HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW.

JEALOUS girles these sometimes were
 While they lived or lasted, here :
 Turn'd to flowers, still they be
 Yellow, markt for jealousy.

THE BROKEN CHRISTALL.

To fetch me wine my Lucia went,
 Bearing a christall continent : *
 But making haste, it came to passe
 She brake in two the purer glasse ;
 Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed,
 So with a blush, beshrew'd the deed.

* Vessel: (container.)

PRECEPTS.

Good precepts we must firmly hold :
By daily learning we wax old.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD, EARLE
OF DORSET.

IF I dare write to you, my lord, who are,
Of your own selfe, a public theater,
And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, walks of wit,
And give a righteous judgement upon it,
What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,
If Dorset say, what Herrick writes is good ?
We know y'are learn'd i'th'muses, and no lesse
In our state sanctions deep, or bottomlesse ;
Whose smile can make a poet, and your glance
Dash all bad poems out of countenance.
So that an author needs no other bayes
For coronation, then your onely praise,
And no one mischief greater then your frown,
To null his numbers and to blast his crowne.
Few live the life immortall. He ensures
His fame's long life, who strives to set up yours.

UPON HIMSELFE.

TH'ART hence removing like a shepherds tent,
And walk thou must the way that others went.
Fall thou must first; then rise to life with these,
Markt in thy book for faithfull witnesses.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL: OR FAIRE AFTEP
FOULE WEATHER.

WHAT though the heaven be lowring now,
And look with a contracted brow?
We shall discover by and by,
A repurgation of the skie;
And when those clouds away are driven,
Then will appeare a cheerful heaven.

UPON LOVE.

I HELD Love's head while it did ake,
But so it chanc't to be,
The cruell paine did his forsake,
And forthwith came to me.

Ai me! how shal my grieve be stil'd?
Or where else shall we find
One like to me, who must be kill'd
For being too-too kind?

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. PENELOPE WHEELER.

NEXT is your lot, faire, to be numbered one,
Here in my book's canonization :
Late you come in ; but you a saint shall be,
In chiefe, in this poetick liturgie.

ANOTHER UPON HER.

FIRST, for your shape, the curious cannot shew
Any one part that's dissonant in you :
And 'gainst your chast behaviour there's no plea,
Since you are known to be Penelope.
Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be
A mighty strife 'twixt forme and chastitie.

KISSING AND BUSSING.

KISSING and bussing differ both in this ;
We busse our wantons, but our wives we kisse.

CROSSE AND PILE.*

FAIRE and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile ; the
faire
Far lesse in number then our foul dayes are.

* The game now called *heads-and-tails*.

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH OF HER
CHILD.

WHY, madam, will ye longer weep,
When as your baby's lull'd asleep,
And, pretty child, feeles now no more
Those paines it lately felt before ?
All now is silent, groanes are fled ;
Your child lyes still, yet is not dead ;
But rather like a flower hid here
To spring again another yeare.

HIS WINDING-SHEET.

COME thou, who art the wine and wit
Of all I've writ ;
The grace, the glorie, and the best
Piece of the rest.
Thou art, of what I did intend,
The all and end ;
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee, my sheet.
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both bed and bride.
We two, as reliques left, will have
One rest, one grave ;
And, hugging close, we will not feare
Lust entring here,

Where all desires are dead, or cold
 As is the mould,
 And all affections are forgot,
 Or trouble not.
 Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
 From shackles free,
 And weeping widowes, long opprest,
 Doe here find rest.
 The wronged client ends his lawes
 Here, and his cause ;
 Here those long suits of Chancery lie
 Quiet, or die,
 And all Star-chamber bills doe cease,
 Or hold their peace.
 Here needs no court for our request,
 Where all are best ;
 All wise, all equall, and all just,
 Alike i'th' dust ;
 Nor need we heare to feare the frowne
 Of court, or crown ;
 Where fortune bears no sway o're things,
 There all are kings.
 In this securer place we'l keep,
 As lull'd asleep ;
 Or for a little time we'l lye,
 As robes laid by,
 To be another day re-worne,—
 Turn'd, but not torn :
 Or like old testaments, ingrost,
 Lockt up, not lost :

And for a while lye here conceal'd,
 To be reveal'd
 Next at that great Platonick yeere,
 And then meet here.

TO MISTRESSE MARY WILLAND.

ONE more by thee, love and desert have sent
 T' ensangle this expansive firmament.
 O flame of beauty, come, appeare, appeare
 A virgin taper, ever shining here!

CHANGE GIVES CONTENT.

WHAT now we like, anon we disapprove :
 The new successor drives away old love.

UPON MAGOT, A FREQUENTER OF ORDINARIES

MAGOT frequents those houses of good-cheere,
 Talkes most, eates most, of all the feeders there.
 He raves through leane, he rages through the
 fat :—

What gets the master of the meal by that?
 He who with talking can devoure so much,
 How wo'd he eate were not his hindrance such?

ON HIMSELFE.

BORNE I was to meet with age,
 And to walke life's pilgrimage.
 Much I know of time is spent,
 Tell I can't what's resident.
 Howsoever, cares, adue !
 Ile have nought to say to you ;
 But Ile spend my comming houres
 Drinking wine, and crown'd with flowres.

FORTUNES FAVOURS.

FORTUNE did never favour one
 Fully, without exception ;
 Though free she be, ther's something yet
 Still wanting to her favourite.

TO PHILLIS, TO LOVE AND LIVE WITH HIM.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
 The pleasures Ile prepare for thee.
 What sweets the country can afford
 Shall blesse thy bed, and blesse thy board.
 The soft sweet mosse shall be thy bed,
 With crawling woodbine over-spread ;
 By which the silver-shedding streames
 Shall gently melt thee into dreames

Thy clothing, next, shall be a gowne
Made of the fleeces purest downe.
The tongues of kids shall be thy meate;
Their milke thy drinke; and thou shalt **eate**
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
With daisies spread, and daffadils;
Where thou shalt sit, and red-brest by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
He give thee chaines and carkanets
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have;
That richly wrought, and this as brave
So that as either shall expresse
The wearer's no mean shepheardesse.
At shearing-times and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast and grace of it.
On holy-dayes, when virgins meet
To dance the heyes* with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare
The queen of roses for that yeere.
And having danc't, 'bove all the best
Carry the garland from the rest.
In wicker baskets maids shal bring
To thee, my dearest shepharling,

* A round country dance. Halliwell. "Rounds and **winding heys.**" Sir J. Davies, *apud* Nares.

The blushing apple, bashfull peare,
And shame-fac't plum, all simp'ring there.
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree ;
Where kissing that, Ile twice kisse thee.
To thee a sheep-hook I will send
Be-pranckt with ribbands to this end,—
This, this alluring hook might be
Lesse for to catch a sheep then me.
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spiced wine ;
To make thy maids and selfe free mirth,
All sitting neer the glitt-ring hearth.
Thou shalt have ribbands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shooes, and strings
Of winning colours, that shall move
Others to lust but me to love.
These, nay, and more, thine own shal be,
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE SUSANNA
HERRICK.

WHEN I consider, dearest, thou dost stay
But here awhile, to languish and decay
Like to these garden-glories, which here be
The flowrie-sweet resemblances of thee,
With griefe of heart, methinks, I thus do cry ;
Wo'd thou hast ne'r been born, or might'st not die

UPON MISTRESSE SUSANNA SOUTHWELL HER
CHEEKS.

RARE are thy cheeks, Susanna, which do show
Ripe cherries smiling, while that others blow

UPON HER EYES.

CLEERE are her eyes,
Like purest skies,
Discovering from thence
A babie there,
That turns each sphere
Like an intelligence.

UPON HER FEET.

HER pretty feet
Like snailes did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in agen.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MINCE.

FOR civill, cleane, and circumcised wit,
And for the comely carriage of it,

Thou art the man, the onely man best known,
Markt for the true-wit of a million :
From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but since
The calculation of thy birth, brave Mince.

UPON HIS GRAY HAIRE.

FLY me not, though I be gray,
Lady ; this I know you'l say :
Better look the roses red,
When with white commingled.
Black your haire are ; mine are white ;
This begets the more delight,
When things meet most opposite,
As in pictures we descry
Venus standing Vulcan by.

ACCUSATION.

If accusation onely can draw blood,
None shall be guiltlesse, be he ne'r so good.

PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS.

As thou deserv'st be proud ; then gladly let
The muse give thee the Delphick coronet.

A VOW TO MINERVA.

GODDESSE, I begin an art.
Come thou in, with thy best part,
For to make the texture lye
Each way smooth and civilly,
And a broad-fac't owle shall be
Offer'd up with vows to thee.

ON JONE.

JONE wo'd go tel her haire; and well she might.
Having but seven in all,—three black, four white.

UPON LETCHER. EPIG.

LETCHER was carted first about the streets,
For false position in his neighbours sheets;
Next hang'd for theeving: now the people say,
His carting was the prologue to this play.

UPON DUNDRIGE.

DUNDRIGE his issue hath; but is not styl'd,
For all his issue, father of one child.

TO ELECTRA.

'Tis ev'ning, my sweet,
And dark ; let us meet ;
Long time w'ave here been a toying :
And never, as yet,
That season co'd get,
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pittty or shame,
Then let not love's flame
Be ever and ever a spending ;
Since now to the port
The path is but short,
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flyes away fast,
Our houres doe waste,
The while we never remember,
How soone our life here
Growes old with the yeere,
That dyes with the next December.

DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

FORTUNE no higher project can devise,
Then to sow discord 'mongst the enemies.

ILL GOVERNMENT.

PREPOSTEROUS is that government and rude,
When kings obey the wilder multitude.

TO MARYGOLDS.

GIVE way and be ye ravisht by the sun,
And hang the head when as the act is done ;
Spread as he spreads, wax lesse as he do's wane
And as he shuts, close up to maids again.

TO DIANEME.

GIVE me one kisse
And no more ;
If so be this
Makes you poore,
To enrich you,
Ile restore
For that one two
Thousand score.

TO JULIA, THE FLAMINICA DIALIS, OR QUEEN-
PRIEST.

THOU know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne
 This mornings incense to prepare and burne.
 The chaplet and inarculum * here be,
 With the white vestures, all attending thee.
 This day the queen-priest thou art made, t'appease
 Love for our very many trespasses.
 One chiefe transgression is among the rest,
 Because with flowers her temple was not drest :
 The next, because her altars did not shine
 With daily fyers : the last, neglect of wine :
 For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume
 Us all, unlesse preserv'd by thy perfume.
 Take then thy censer ; put in fire, and thus,
 O pious-priestresse, make a peace for us.
 For our neglect, love did our death decree :
 That we escape, redemption comes by thee.

ANACREONTIKE.

BORN I was to be old,
 And for to die here :
 After that, in the mould
 Long for to lye here.

* A twig of a Pomgranat, which the queen-priest did use
to weare on her head at sacrificing.

But before that day comes,
Still I be bousing;
For I know in the tombs
There's no carousing.

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH.

EATEN I have, and though I had good cheere,
I did not sup, because no friends were there.
Where mirth and friends are absent when we
dine
Or sup, there wants the incense and the wine.

LARGE BOUNDS DOE BUT BURY US.

ALL things o'r-rul'd are here by chance;
The greatest mans inheritance,
Where ere the luckie lot doth fall,
Serves but for place of buriall.

UPON URSLEY.

URSLEY, she thinks those velvet patches grace
The candid temples of her comely face:
But he will say, who e'r those circlets seeth,
They be but signs of Ursleys hollow teeth.

AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSIBIE CREW.

HERE we securely live and eate
The creame of meat ;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and doe divine,
As wine
And rage inspires.

If full we charme, then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantick Thyrsē ;
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout,
To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which sung or seyde,
A goblet to the brim,
Of lyrick wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
A round
We quaffe to him.

Thus, thus we live, and spend the houres
In wine and flowers,
And make the frolick yeere,
The month, the week, the instant day,
To stay
The longer here.

Come then, brave knight, and see the cell
 Wherein I dwell,
 And my enchantments too,—
 Which love and noble freedome is,—
 And this
 Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come ; or be so kind,
 To send your mind,
 (Though but in numbers few)
 And I shall think I have the heart,
 Or part,
 Of Clipsey Crew.

TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR. STEPHEN SOAME.

NOR is my number full, till I inscribe
 Thee, sprightly Soame, one of my righteous
 tribe ;—
 A tribe of one lip, leven, and of one
 Civil behaviour and religion ;
 A stock of saints, where ev'ry one doth weare
 A stole of white, and canonized here :—
 Among which holies, be thou ever known,
 Brave kinsman, markt out with the whiter stone
 Which seals thy glorie, since I doe prefer
 Thee here in my eternall calendar.

TO HIS TOMB-MAKER.

Go I must ; when I am gone,
Write but this upon my stone :—
Chaste I liv'd, without a wife ;—
That's the story of my life :
Strewings need none ; every flower
Is in this word, Batchelour.

GREAT SPIRITS SUPERVIVE.

Our mortall parts may wrapt in seare-cloths lye :
Great spirits never with their bodies dye.

NONE FREE FROM FAULT.

Out of the world he must who once comes in :
No man exempted is from death or sinne.

UPON HIMSELFE BEING BURIED.

Let me sleep this night away
Till the dawning of the day :
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,
I and all the world shall rise.

PITIE TO THE PROSTRATE.

Tis worse then barbarous cruelty to show
No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

WAY IN A CROWD.

ONCE on a Lord Mayors day, in Cheapside, when
Skulls co'd not well passe through that scum of
men,
For quick dispatch, Skulls made no longer stay
Then but to breath, and every one gave way:
For as he breath'd, the people swore from thence
A fart flew out, or a sir-reverence.

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

HERE, here I live with what my board
Can with the smallest cost afford.
Though ne'r so mean the viands be,
They well content my Prew and me:
Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
What ever comes, content makes sweet.
Here we rejoyce, because no rent
We pay for our poore tenement,
Wherein we rest, and never feare
The landlord or the usurer.

The quarter-day do's ne'r affright
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night.
 We eate our own, and batten more
 Because we feed on no mans score ;
 But pitie those whose flanks grow great,
 Swel'd with the lard of others meat.
 We blesse our fortunes, when we see
 Our own beloved privacie,
 And like our living, where w'are known
 To very few, or else to none.

THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUEROR.

He who commends the vanquisht speaks the
 power
 And glorifies the worthy conqueror.

ON HIMSELFE.

SOME parts may perish ; dye thou canst not all ;
 The most of thee shall scape the funerall.

UPON ONE-EY'D BROOMSTED. EPIG.

BBOOMSTED a lameness got by cold and beere,
 And to the bath went, to be cured there :
 His feet were helpt, and left his crutch behind ;
 But home return'd, as he went forth, halfe blind

THE FAIRIES.

If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place :
Rake the fier up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set.
Wash your pailles, and clense your dairies ;
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies ;
Sweep your house ; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,
COUNCELLOUR.

DID I or love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged law,
The first foundation of that zeale sho'd be
By reading all her paragraphs in thee :
Who dost so fitly with the lawes unite,
As if you two were one hermophrodite.
Nor courts thou her because she's well attended
With wealth, but for those ends she was entended
Which were, and still her offices are known,
Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne :
To shore the feeble up against the strong,
To shield the stranger and the poore from wrong
This was the founders grave and good intent,
To keepe the out-cast in his tenement ;

To free the orphan from that wolfe-like man,
 Who is his butcher more then guardian ;
 To drye the widowes teares, and stop her swoonds,
 By pouring balme and oyle into her wounds.
 This was the old way ; and 'tis yet thy course,
 To keep those pious principles in force.
 Modest I will be but one word Ile say,—
 (Like to a sound that's vanishing away)
 Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow
 Hisped * and hairie, ere thy palm shall know
 A postern-bribe tooke, or a forked fee
 To fetter justice when she might be free.
 Eggs Ile not shave : but yet, brave man, if I
 Was destin'd forth to golden soveraignty,
 A prince I'de be, that I might thee preferre
 To be my counsell both and chancellor.

THE WATCH.

MAN is a watch, wound up at first, but never
 Wound up again : once down, he's down for ever.
 The watch once downe, all motions then do cease ;
 And mans pulse stopt, all passions sleep in peace.

LINES HAVE THEIR LININGS, AND BOOKES THEIR
 BUCKRAM.

As in our clothes, so likewise he who looks
 Shall find much farcing buckram in our books

* Shaggy

ART ABOVE NATURE. TO JULIA.

WHEN I behold a forrest spread
With silken trees upon thy head,
And when I see that other dresse
Of flowers set in comlinesse ;
When I behold another grace
In the ascent of curious lace,
Which like a pinnacle doth shew
The top, and the top-gallant too ;
Then, when I see thy tresses bound
Into an ovall, square, or round,
And knit in knots far more then I
Can tell by tongue, or true-love tie ;
Next, when those lawnie filmes I see
Play with a wild civility,
And all those airie silks to flow,
Alluring me, and tempting so :
I must confesse, mine eye and heart
Dotes less on nature then on art.

UPON SIBILLA.

WITH paste of almonds Syb her hands doth scoure,
Then gives it to the children to devoure.
In cream she bathes her thighs more soft then
silk,
Then to the poore she freely gives the milke.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MISTRESSE BRIDGET
HERRICK.

SWEET Bridget blusht, and therewithall
Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall.
I thought at first 'twas but a dream,
Till after I had handled them
And smelt them ; then they smelt to me
As blossomes of the almond tree.

UPON LOVE.

I PLAID with Love, as with the fire
The wanton Satyre did ;
Nor did I know or co'd descry
What under there was hid.

That Satyre he but burnt his lips,
But min's the greater smart ;
For kissing Loves dissembling chips,
The fire scorcht my heart.

UPON A COMELY AND CURIOUS MAIDE.

If men can say that beauty dyes,
Marbles will sweare that heare it lyes.

If, reader, then thou canst forbear
In publique loss to shed a teare,
The dew of griefe upon this stone
Will tell thee pitie thou hast none.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS FINGER.

ONE of the five straight branches of my hand
Is lopt already, and the rest but stand
Expecting when to fall, which soon will be :
First dyes the leafe, the bough next, next the tree.

UPON IRENE.

ANGRY if Irene be
But a minutes life with me,
Such a fire I espie
Walking in and out her eye,
As at once I freeze and frie.

UPON ELECTRA'S TEARES.

UPON her cheekes she wept, and from those
showers
Sprang up a sweet nativity of flowres.

UPON TOOLY.

THE eggs of pheasants wrie-nos'd Tooly sells,
But ne'r so much as licks the speckled shells :
Only, if one prove addled, that he eates
With superstition as the cream of meates.
The cock and hen he feeds ; but not a bone
He e'ver pickt as yet of any one.

A HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

WHEN I love, (as some have told,
Love I shall when I am old,)
O ye Graces ! make me fit
For the welcoming of it.
Clean my roomes as temples be,
T' entertain that deity.
Give me words wherewith to wooe,
Suppling and successefull too ;
Winning postures, and withall,
Manners each way musicall ;
Sweetnesse to allay my sowre
And unsmooth behaviour.
For I know you have the skill
Vines to prune, though not to kill,
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

TO SILVIA.

No more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray
For those good dayes that ne'r will come away
I want beliefe ; O gentle Silvia, be
The patient saint, and send up vowes for me.

UPON BLANCH. EPIG.

I HAVE seen many maidens to have haire,
Both for their comely need, and some to spare
But Blanch has not so much upon her head,
As to bind up her chaps when she is dead.

UPON UMBER. EPIG.

UMBER was painting of a lyon fierce,
And working, by chance from Umbers erse
Flew out a crack so mighty, that the fart
(As UMBER sweares) did make his lyon start.

THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I CANNOT pipe as I was wont to do ;
Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing too.
My wearied oat Ile hang upon the tree,
And give it to the silvan deitie.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WILT thou my true friend be?
Then love not mine, but me.

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESSE CALLING
HIM TO ELIZIUM.

Desunt nonnulla —

COME then, and like two doves with silv'rie wings,
Let our soules flie to the shades where ever springs
Sit smiling in the meads; where balme and oile,
Roses and cassia, crown the untill'd soyle;
Where no disease raignes or infection comes
To blast the aire, but amber-greece and gums.
This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire
More sweet then storax from the hallowed fire:
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or peares,
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like morning sun-shine tinsilling the dew.
Here in green meddowes sits eternall May.
Purfling * the margents, while perpetual day
So double gilds the aire, as that no night
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light.
Here naked younglings, handsome striplings, run
Their goales for virgins kisses; which when done,

* Embroidering or fringing.

Then unto dancing forth the learned round
Commixt they meet, with endlesse roses crown'd
And here we'll sit on primrose banks, and see
Love's chorus led by Cupid ; and we'll be
Two loving followers too unto the grove,
Where poets sing the stories of our love.
There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing
Of Hero and Leander ; then Ile bring
Thee to the stand where honour'd Homer reades
His Odisees and his Iliads ;
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue :
To Linus, then to Pindar ; and that done,
Ile bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning wine,
And in his raptures speaking lines of thine
Like to his subject ; and as his frantick-
Looks shew him truly Bacchanalian like,
Besmear'd with grapes, welcome he shall thee
thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance
together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply *
With yvorie wrists his laureat head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps.
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
And towring Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snakie Perseus ; these, and those whom rage

* Encircle.

(Dropt for the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage
 All times unto their frenzies, thou shalt there
 Behold them in a spacious theater.
 Among which glories, crown'd with sacred bayes
 And flatt'ring ivie, two recite their plaies,—
 Beumont and Fletcher, swans to whom all eares
 Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,
 Sing their Evadne. And still more for thee
 There yet remaines to know then thou can'st see
 By glim'ring of a fancie. Doe but come,
 And there Ile shew thee that capacious roome
 In which thy father Johnson now is plac't,
 As in a globe of radiant fire, and grac't
 To be in that orbe crown'd that doth include
 Those prophets of the former magnitude,
 And he one chiefe.—But harke, I heare the cock,
 The bell-man of the night, proclaime the clock
 Of late struck one ; and now I see the prime
 Of day break from the pregnant east, 'tis time
 I vanish. More I had to say ;
 But night determines here : away !

LIFE IS THE BODIES LIGHT.

LIFE is the bodies light ; which once declining,
 Those crimson clouds i'th'cheeks and lips leave
 shining.
 Those counter-changed tabbies in the ayre,
 The sun once set, all of one colour are.

So, when death comes, fresh tinctures lose their
place,
And dismall darknesse then doth smutch the face.

UPON URLES. EPIG.

URLES had the gout so that he co'd not stand;
Then from his feet, it shifted to his hand:
When 'twas in's feet, his charity was small;
Now tis in's hand, he gives no almes at all.

UPON FRANCK.

FRANCK ne'r wore silk she sweares; but I reply
She now weares silk to hide her blood-shot eye.

LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

LET faire or foule my mistresse be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me.
Or let her walk, or stand or sit,—
The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it.
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her.
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My love will fit each historie.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASKE me why I send you here
 This sweet infanta of the yeere ?
 Aske me why I send to you
 This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew ?
 I will whisper to your eares,
 The sweets of love are mixt with tears.
 Ask me why this flower do's show
 So yellow-green, and sickly too ?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break ?
 I will answer, these discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

THE TYTHE. TO THE BRIDE.

IF nine times you your bride-groome kisse,
 The tenth you know the Parsons is.
 Pay then your tythe, and doing thus,
 Prove in your bride-bed numerous.
 If children you have ten, Sir John
 Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

A FROLICK.

BRING me my rose-buds, drawer, come ;
 So while I thus sit crown'd,
 Ile drink the aged cecubum
 Untill the rooffe turne round.

CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

ALL things subjected are to fate ;
 Whom this morne sees most fortunate,
 The ev'ning sees in poore estate.

TO JULIA.

THE saints-bell calls ; and, Julia, I must read
 The proper lessons for the saints now dead :
 To grace which service, Julia, there shall be
 One holy Collect said or sung for thee.
 Dead when thou art, dear Julia, thou shalt have
 A Trentall * sung by virgins o're thy grave.
 Meane time we two will sing the dirge of these
 Who, dead, deserve our best remembrances.

NO LUCK IN LOVE.

I DOE love I know not what ;
 Sometimes this, and sometimes that ;
 All conditions I aime at.
 But, as lucklesse, I have yet
 Many shrewd disasters met
 To gaine her whom I wo'd get.
 Therefore now Ile love no more
 As I've doted heretofore :
 He who must be, shall be poore.

* Thirty masses.

IN THE DARKE NONE DAINTY.

NIGHT hides our thefts ; all faults then pardon'd
be ;

All are alike faire, when no spots we see.

Lais and Lucrece in the night time are

Pleasing alike, alike both singular.

Jone and my lady have at that time one,

One and the selfe-same priz'd complexion.

Then please alike the pewter and the plate,

The chosen rubie and the reprobate.

A CHARME OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

If so be a toad be laid

In a sheeps-skin newly flaid

And that ty'd to man, 'twil sever

Him and his affections ever.

UPON A FREE MAID, WITH A FOULE BREATH.

You say you'll kiss me, and I thanke you for it

But stinking breath, I do as hell abhorre it.

UPON COONE. EPIG.

WHAT is the reason Coone so dully smels ?

His nose is over-cool'd with isicles.

TO HIS BROTHER IN LAW, MASTER JOHN
WINGFIELD.

FOR being comely, consonant, and free
To most of men, but most of all to me ;
For so decreeing, that thy clothes expence
Keepes still within a just circumference ;
Then for contriving so to loade thy board,
As that the messes n'r o'r-laid the Lord ;
Next for ordaining, that thy words not swell
Lo any one unsobber syllable :
These I co'd praise thee for beyond another,
Wert thou a Winckfield onely, not a brother

THE HEAD-AKE.

My head doth ake :
O Sappho ! take
Thy fillit
And bind the paine
Or bring some bane
To kill it.

But lesse that part
Then my poore heart
Now is sick :
One kisse from thee
Will counsell be,
And physick.

ON HIMSELFE.

LIVE by thy muse thou shalt, when others die,
Leaving no fame to long posterity :
When monarchies trans-shifted are and gone,
Here shall endure thy vast dominion.

UPON A MAID.

HENCE a blessed soule is fled,
Leaving here the body dead :
Which, since here they can't combine,
For the saint we'l keep the shrine.

UPON SPALT.

OF pushes * Spalt has such a knottie race,
He needs a tucker † for to burle ‡ his face.

OF HORNE, A COMB-MAKER.

HORNE sells to others teeth ; but has not one
To grace his own gums, or of box or bone.

* Pimples. † Fuller. ‡ To remove the knots (from cloth.)

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O TIMES most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had !

Where shall I goe,
Or whither run
To shun
This publique overthrow ?

No places are
(This I am sure)
Secure
In this our wasting warre.

Some storms w'ave past ;
Yet we must all
Down fall
And perish at the last.

CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

NOTHING can be more loathsome, then to see
Power conjoyn'd with natures crueltie.

UPON A SOWRE-BREATH LADY. EPIG.

FIE, quoth my lady, what a stink is here!
When 'twas her breath that was the carrionere.

UPON LUCIA.

I ASKT my Lucia but a kisse,
And she with scorn deny'd me this.
Say then, how ill sho'd I have sped,
Had I then ask't her maidenhead?

LITTLE AND LOUD.

LITTLE you are; for womans sake be proud;
For my sake next, though little, be not loud.

SHIP-WRACK.

HE who has suffer'd ship-wrack feares to saile
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.

PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT.

ALONG lifes day I've taken paines
For very little or no gaines.
The ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,
And work no more, but shut up shop.

END OF VOL. I

HESPERIDES:
OR THE
WORKS BOTH HUMANE AND DIVINE
OF
ROBERT HERRICK, Esq.

VOLUME II.

HESPERIDES.

TO HIS BOOKE.

BE bold, my booke, nor be abasht or feare
The cutting thumb-naile, or the brow severa
But by the Muses sweare, all here is good,
If but well read ; or ill read, understood.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN. JOHNSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee
For old religions sake,
Saint Ben, to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyrick.

Candles Ile give to thee,
And a new altar ;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

GIVE want her welcome if she comes ; we find
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

AGAIN.

WHO with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment.

THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

LET's live with that smal pittance that we have ;
Who covets more is evermore a slave.

LAWES.

WHEN lawes full power have to sway, we see
Little or no part there of tyrannie.

OF LOVE.

ILE get me hence,
Because no fence
Or fort that I can make here,

But love by charmes,
Or else by armes,
Will storme, or, starving, take here.

UPON COCK.

COCK calls his wife his hen : when cock goes
too't,
Cock treads his hen, but treads her under-foot.

TO HIS MUSE.

Go wooe young Charles no more to looke
Then but to read this in my booke ;
How Herrick beggs, if that he can-
Not like the Muse, to love the man,
Who by the shepheards sung, long since,
The starre-led birth of Charles the Prince.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

DULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses ;
Lost to all musick now, since every thing
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the land to'th' heart, and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.

But if that golden age wo'd come again,
 And Charles here rule as he before did raigñ ;
 If smooth and unperplext the seasons were,
 As when the sweet Maria lived here ;
 I sho'd delight to have my curles halfe drown'd
 In Tyrian dewes, and head with roses crown'd,
 And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)
 Knock at a starre with my exalted head.

TO VULCAN.

THY sooty godhead I desire
 Still to be ready with thy fire,
 That sho'd my book despised be,
 Acceptance it might find of thee.

LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

THIS is the height of justice, that to doe
 Thy selfe which thou put'st other men unto.
 As great men lead, the meaner follow on,
 Or to the good, or evil action.

PURPOSES.

No wrath of men or rage of seas
 Can shake a just mans purposes:

No threats of tyrants, or the grim
Visage of them can alter him ;
But what he doth at first entend,
That he holds firmly to the end.

TO THE MAIDS, TO WALK ABROAD.

Come sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'll be ;
And as on primroses we sit,
We'll venter (if we can) at wit :
If not, at draw-gloves we will play,
So spend some minutes of the day :
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at questions and commands,
Or tell what strange tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talke ; but tell
No cruell truths of Philomell,
Or Phillis, whom hard fate forc't on,
To kill her selfe for Demophon.
But fables we'll relate : how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a love ;
As now a satyr, then a swan ;
A bull but then, and now a man.
Next we will act how young men wooe,
And sigh, and kiss, as lovers do ;
And talke of brides, and who shall make
That wedding-smock, this bridal-cake ;

That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
That smooth and silken columbine.
This done, we'll draw lots who shall buy
And guild the baies and rosemary ;
What posies for our wedding rings,
What gloves we'll give, and ribanings ;
And smiling at our selves, decree
Who then the joyning priest shall be ;
What short sweet prayers shall be said,
And how the posset shall be made
With cream of lillies, (not of kine,)
And maiden's blush, for spiced wine.
Thus having talkt, we'll next commend
A kiss to each, and so we'll end.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As wearied pilgrims once possèst
Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest,
So I now, having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staffe and stay.
Youth, I confess, hath me mis-led ;
But age hath brought me right to bed.

A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH
LEE, NOW LADY TRACIE.

SPRING with the larke, most comely bride, and
meet
Your eager bridegroom with auspicious feet.
The morn's farre spent, and the immortall sunne
Corrols * his cheeke, to see those rites not done
Fie, lovely maid ; indeed you are too slow,
When to the temple love sho'd runne, not go.
Dispatch your dressing then, and quickly wed
Then feast, and coy't a little ; then to bed.
This day is loves day, and this busie night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easie foe,
As will, if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.
The field is pitch't ; but such must be your warres,
As that your kisses must out-vie the starres.
Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye
Drown'd in the bloud of rubies there, not die.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting starres attend thee ;

* Rolls together, wrinkles for vexation or impatience.

And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o'th Wispe mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber
What though the moon do's slumber ?
The starres of the night,
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare without number.

Then Julia let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me ;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soule I'll pour into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

GIVE me wine and give me meate,
To create in me a heate,
That my pulses high may beate.

Cold and hunger never yet
Co'd a noble verse beget ;
But your boules with sack repleat.

Give me these, my knight, and try
In a minutes space how I
Can runne mad, and prophesie.

Then if any peece proves new
And rare, Ile say, my dearest Crew,
It was full enspir'd by you.

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

If well the dice runne, lets applaud the cast :
The happy fortune will not always last.

A KISSE.

WHAT is a kisse? Why this, as some approve ;
The sure sweet sement, glue, and lime of love.

GLORIE.

I MAKE no haste to have my numbers read :
Seldom comes glorie till a man be dead.

POETS.

WANTONS we are ; and though our words be such,
Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living, not the dead
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

TO HIS VERSES.

WHAT will ye, my poor orphans, do,
When I must leave the world and you ?
Who'l give ye then a sheltering shed,
Or credit ye, when I am dead ?
Who'l let ye by their fire sit,
Although ye have a stock of wit,
Already coin'd to pay for it ?
I cannot tell ; unlesse there be
Some race of old humanitie
Left, of the large heart, and long hand,
Alive, as noble Westmoreland,
Or gallant Newark, which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not, expect to be no less
Ill us'd then babes left fatherless.

HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

DEAREST of thousands, now the time drawes
neere

That, with my lines, my life must full-stop here.
Cut off thy haire, and let thy teares be shed
Over my turfe, when I am buried.
Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
Or other rites that doe belong to me,
As love shall help thee, when thou do'st go hence
Unto thy everlasting residence.

UPON LOVE.

IN a dreame, love bad me go
To the gallies there to rowe.
In the vision I askt why?
Love as briefly did reply,
'Twas better there to toyle then prove
The turmoiles they endure that love.
I awoke, and then I knew
What love said was too-too true:
Henceforth therefore I will be,
As from love, from trouble free.
None pities him that's in the snare,
And, warn'd before, wo'd not beware.

THE COBLER'S CATCH.

COME sit we by the fires side,
 And roundly drinke we here,
 Till that we see our cheekes ale-dy'd
 And noses tann'd with beere.

UPON BRAN. EPIG.

WHAT made that mirth last night? The neigh-
 bours say,
 That Bran, the baker, did his breech bewray.
 I rather thinke, though they may speak the worst,
 'Twas to his batch but leaven laid there first.

UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

SNARE, ten i'th' hundred calls his wife, and why?
 She brings in much by carnall usury:
 He by extortion brings in three times more.
 Say, who's the worst, th' exactor, or the whore?

UPON GRUDGINGS.

GRUDGINGS turnes bread to stones, when to the
 poore
 He gives an almes, and chides them from his doore.

CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT
WEDDINGS.

CHORUS SACERDOTUM.

FROM the temple to your home
May a thousand blessings come,
And a sweet concurring stream
Of all joyes, to joyn with them !

CHORUS JUVENUM.

Happy day,
Make no long stay
Here
In thy sphere ;
But give thy place to night,
That she,
As thee,
May be
Partaker of this sight.
And since it was thy care
To see the younglings wed,
'Tis fit that night the paire
Sho'd see safe brought to bed.

CHORUS SENUM.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight,
So as to rise still with an appetite.

Love is a thing most nice, and must be fed
 To such a height, but never surfeited.
 What is beyond the mean is ever ill:
 'Tis best to feed love, but not over-fill.
 Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure,
 And this remember, Vertue keeps the measure.

CHORUS VIRGINUM.

Luckie signes we have discri'd
 To encourage on the bride;
 And to these we have espi'd,
 Not a kissing Cupid flies
 Here about but has his eyes,—
 To imply your love is wise.

CHORUS PASTORUM.

Here we present a fleece,
 To make a peece
 Of cloth;
 Nor, faire, must you be loth
 Your finger to apply
 To huswiferie.
 Then, then begin
 To spin,
 And, sweetling, marke you what a web will
 come
 Into your chests, drawn by your painfull
 thumb.

CHORUS MATRONARUM.

Set you to your wheele, and wax
Rich by the ductile wool and flax.
Yarne is an income, and the huswives thread
The larder fills with meat, the bin with bread.

CHORUS SENUM.

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any sordid shift:
 'Tis haste
 Makes waste.
Extreames have still their fault;
The softest fire makes the sweetest mault.
Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,
Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.

CHORUS VIRGINUM.

Goddesse of pleasure, youth, and peace,
Give them the blessing of encrease:
And thou Lucina, that do'st heare
The vows of those that children beare,
When as her Aprill houre drawes neare,
Be thou then propitious there.

CHORUS JUVENUM.

Farre hence be all speech that may anger move:
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.

CHORUS OMNIUM.

Live in the love of doves, and having told
The ravens yeares, go hence more ripe then old.

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

ONE night i'th'yeare, my dearest beauties come
And bring those dew drink-offerings to my tomb.
When thence ye see my reverend ghost to rise,
And there to lick th' effused sacrifice,
Though palenes be the livery that I weare,
Looke ye not wan or colourlesse for feare.
Trust me, I will not hurt ye, or once shew
The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you:
Nor shall the tapers, when I'm there, burn blew.
This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,
Cast on my girles a glance and loving eye:
Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost,
The world so soon, and in it you, the most.
Then these, no feares more on your fancies fall,
Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

UPON LOVE.

A CHRISTALL violl Cupid brought,
Which had a juice in it,
Of which who drank, he said no thought
Of love he sho'd admit.

I, greedy of the prize, did drinke,
And emptied soon the glasse;
Which burnt me so, that I do thinke
The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again,
The christall I contemne;
Which, though enchas'd with pearls, contain
A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid! come not to
My threshold, since I see,
For all I have, or else can do,
Thou still wilt cozen me.

UPON GANDER. EPIG.

SINCE Gander did his prettie youngling wed,
Gander, they say, doth each night pisse a bed.
What is the cause? Why, Gander will reply,
No goose layes good eggs that is trodden drye.

UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

LUNGS, as some say, ne'er sets him down to eate
But that his breath do's fly-blow all the meate.

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

PLEASE your grace, from out your store
Give an almes to one that's poore,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat :
Give me then an ant to eate,
Or the cleft eare of a mouse
Over-sowr'd in drink of souce :
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee ;
Or commend a cricket ship,
Or his huckson,* to my scrip.
Give, for bread, a little bit
Of a pease that 'gins to chit,†
And my full thanks take for it.
Floure of fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood :
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man.
Any orts the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggars use.
But if this may seem too much
For an almes, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ners panier.

* Hock.

† To shoot as a seed.

So a blessing light upon
 You and mighty Oberon,
 That your plenty last till when
 I return your almes agen.

AN END DECREED.

LET's be jocund while we may:
 All things have an ending day;
 And when once the work is done,
 Fates revolve no flax th'ave spun.

UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies
 Sung asleep with lullabies:
 Pray be silent, and not stirre
 Th' easie earth that covers her.

PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

If nature do deny
 Colours, let art supply.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME SPRING.

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appeare
Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper :
Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty spring
Gives to each mead a neat enameling :
The palms put forth their gemmes, and every tree
Now swaggers in her leavy gallantry,
The while the Daulian minstrell * sweetly sings,
With warbling notes, her Tyrrean sufferings.
What gentle winds perspire ! As if here
Never had been the northern plunderer,
To strip the trees and fields to their distresse,
Leaving them to a pitied nakednesse.
And look how when a frantick storme doth tear
A stubborn oake, or holmie long growing there ;
But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees.
So when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil
Our salt, our corn, our honie, wine, and oile,
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate frenzie off, at last,
'The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her bill once more the branch of peace.

* The Swallow.

THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The devile and shee together,
Through thick, and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur,
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through bryars,
O're ditches and mires,
She followes the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But husht in his laire he lies lurking :
While mischeifs by these,
On land and on seas,
At noone of night are a working.

The storme will arise
And trouble the skies
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Cal'd out by the clap of the thunder.

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENCIARIE

TREAD, sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice fortie, bating but one year,
And thrice three weekes, he lived here
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy residence.
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,
(Which from his ghost a promise is,)
If here ye will some few teares shed,
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

UPON TEARES.

TEARES, though th'are here below the sinners
brine,
Above they are the angels spiced wine.

PHYSITIANS.

PHYSITIANS fight not against men ; but these
Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR household-gods our parents be,
And manners good require that we
The first fruits give to them, who gave
Us hands to get what here we have.

UPON COB. EPIG.

COB clouts his shooes, and as the story tells,
His thumb-nailes par'd, afford him sperrables.*

UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND teeth has Lucie, pure as pearl, and small,
With mellow lips and luscious there withall.

UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

SKOLES stinks so deadly, that his breeches loath
His dampish buttocks furthermore to cloath.
Cloy'd they are up with arse; but hope one blast
Will whirl about and blow them thence at last.

* Shoemakers' nails.

TO SILVIA.

I **AM** holy while I stand
 Circum-crost by thy pure hand ;
 But when that is gone, again,
 I, as others, am prophane.

TO HIS CLOSET-GODS.

WHEN I goe hence, ye closet-gods, I feare
 Never againe to have ingression here ;
 Where I have had what ever things co'd be
 Pleasant and precious to my Muse and me.
 Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
 Co'd read the intext but my selfe alone.
 About the cover of this book there went
 A curious-comely, clean compartiment ;
 And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set
 A blushing, pretty-peeping rubelet.
 But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut and seal'd,
 Be it, O be it never more reveal'd !
 Keep here still, closet-gods, 'fore whom I've set
 Oblations oft of sweetest marmelet.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowle
 Up to the brim,
 That I may drink
 Unto my Jonsons soule.

Crowne it agen, agen,
 And thrice repeat
 That happy heat,
 To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaffe, I see,
 To th' number five,
 Or nine ; but thrive
 In frenzie ne'r like thee.

LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, yeeres may repay the debt ;
 None loseth that which he in time may get.

TO YOUTH.

DRINK wine, and live here blithefull, while ye
 may :
 The morrowes life too late is ; live to day.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

No man comes late unto that place from whence
 Never man yet had a regredience.

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O YOU the virgins nine,
 That doe our soules encline
 To noble discipline,
 Nod to this vow of mine !
 Come then, and now enspire
 My violl and my lyre
 With your eternall fire,
 And make me one entire
 Composer in your quire.
 Then Ile your altars strew
 With roses sweet and new,
 And ever live a true
 Acknowledger of you.

ON HIMSELFE.

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write
 Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight :
 Ile sing no more of frosts, snowes, dewes and
 showers ;
 No more of groves, meades, springs, and wreaths
 of flowers :
 Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing
 Of Cupid and his wittie coozning :
 Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave
 No more my dirges and my trentalls have.

UPON JONE AND JANE.

JONE is a wench that's painted;
Jone is a girle that's tainted;
 Yet Jone she goes
 Like one of those
Whom purity had sainted.

Jane is a girle that's prittie;
Jane is a wench that's wittie;
 Yet who would think
 Her breath do's stinke
As so it doth? That's pittie.

TO MOMUS.

WHO read'st this book that I have writ,
And can'st not mend, but carpe at it,
By all the Muses! thou shalt be
Anathema to it and me.

AMBITION.

IN wayes to greatnesse think on this,
That slippery all ambition is.

THE COUNTRY LIFE. TO THE HONOURED M.
END. PORTER, GROOME OF THE BED-
CHAMBER TO HIS MAJ.

SWEET country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others, not their own !
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plow'st the oceans foame,
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west.
No, thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;
Or how to pay thy hinds,* and cleere
All scores, and so to end the yeere :
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds :
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the plow-mans horne,
Calls forth the lilly-wristed morne,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know

* Farm laborers.

That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise masters feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy teame,
With a hind whistling there to them,
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdoms portion is the plow.
This done, then to th' enameld meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herbe and flower,
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Sweet as the blossomes of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat,
Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steere,
The heifer, cow, and oxe draw neere
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolfe and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grasse as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pagentrie, and playes,
Thou hast thy eves and holydayes;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffadils and daisies crown'd.

Thy wakes, thy quintels,* here thou hast,
The May-poles too with garlands grac't ;
Thy morris-dance ; thy Whitsun-ale ;
Thy sheering-feast ; which never faile :
Thy Harvest Home ; thy wassaile bowle,
That's tost up after Fox i'th' Hole ;
Thy mummeries ; thy Twelfe-tide kings
And queenes ; thy Christmas revellings ;
Thy nut-browne mirth ; thy russet wit,
And no man payes too deare for it.
To these thou hast thy times to goe
And trace the hare i'th' trecherous snow ;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The larke into the trammell net ;
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious phesant made ;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then,
To catch the pilfiring birds, not men.
O happy life ! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood :
Who all the daye themselves doe please,
And younglings, with such sports as these ;
And, lying down have nought t'affright
Sweet sleep that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt.

* *Quintel*, or *quintain*, is a figure (or simply a plank) set up for tilters to run at, in mock resemblance of a tournament.

TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kisse ;
I dare not beg a smile ;
Lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be,
Onely to kisse that aire
That lately kissed thee.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

WHEN after many lusters thou shalt be
Wrapt up in seare-cloth with thine ancestrie ;
When of thy ragged escutcheons shall be seene
So little left, as if they ne'er had been ;
Thou shalt thy name have and thy fames best
trust,
Here with the generation of my just.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the mistresse of my choice
Cleane in manners, cleere in voice ;
Be she witty, more than wise ;
Pure enough, though not precise :

Be she shewing in her dresse,
 Like a civill wilderness ;
 That the curious may detect
 Order in a sweet neglect :
 Be she rowling in her eye,
 Tempting all the passers by ;
 And each ringlet of her haire
 An enchantment, or a snare
 For to catch the lookers on,
 But her self held fast by none.
 Let her Lucrece all day be,
 Thais in the night, to me.
 Be she such, as neither will
 Famish me, nor over-fill.

UPON ZELOT.

Is Zelos pure? He is : ye see he weares
 The signe of circumcision in his eares.

THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

Grow for two ends ; it matters not at all,
 Be't for my bridall or my buriall.

UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

For ropes of pearles, first Madam Ursly shewes
 A chaine of cornes, pickt from her eares and toes

Then next to match Tradescant's curious shels,
 Nails from her fingers mew'd,* she shewes: what
 els?

Why then, forsooth, a carcanet is shown
 Of teeth, as deaf† as nuts, and all her own.

UPON CRAB. EPIGR.

CRAB faces gowned with sundry furies; 'tis
 known,
 He keeps the fox-furre for to face his own.

A PARANETICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS
 FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep?
 To rise as soon as day doth peep?
 To tire thy patient oxe or asse
 By noone, and let thy good dayes passe.
 Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
 Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries?
 No; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,
 Without extortion, from thy soyle;
 Thy faithful fields to yeeld thee graine,
 Although with some, yet little paine;
 To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,
 With feares and cares uncumbered;

* Moulded, shed.

† Decayed.

A pleasing wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a bride.
This is to live, and to endeere
Those minutes Time has lent us here.
Then, while fates suffer, live thou free
As is that ayre that circles thee,
And crown thy temples too, and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut * thy barnes with sheafs of wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them.
No sound recalls the houres once fled,
Or roses, being withered :
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
Like to a deaw or melted frost.
Then live we mirthfull, while we should,
And turn the iron age to gold.
Let's feast and frolick, sing and play,
And thus lesse last, then live, our day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last :
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well.
And that we'll do; as men who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the urn,
From whence there's never a return.

* Stretch, stuff.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day passe by, which wee,
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

LOVE.

THIS axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd then fear'd.

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM

OR lookt I back unto the times hence flown,
To praise those Muses and dislike our own?
Or did I walk those pean-gardens through,
To kick the flow'rs and scorn their odours too?
I might, and justly, be reputed here
One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.
But by Apollo! as I worship wit,
Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it,
So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well
In our high art, although we can't excell
Like thee, or dare the buskins to unloose
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian Muse.
But since I'm cal'd, rare Denham, to be gone,
Take from thy Herrick this conclusion:
'Tis dignity in others, if they be
Crown'd poets; yet live princes under thee:

The while their wreaths and purple robes do
shine,
Less by their own jemms then those beams of
thine.

A HYMNE TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,
With crowns of greenest parsley,
And garlick chives not scarcely:
For favours here to warme me,
And not by fire to harme me;
For gladding so my hearth here,
With inoffensive mirth here;
That while the wassaile bowle here
With North-down ale doth troule **here**,
No sillable doth fall here,
To marre the mirth at all here.
For which, o chimney-keepers!
(I dare not call ye sweepers)
So long as I am able
To keep a countrey-table,
Great be my fare, or small cheere,
I'll eat and drink up all here.

DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTENING TO
MEN.

WOMEN, although they ne're so goodly make it,
Their fashion is but to say no to take it.

ADVERSITY.

LOVE is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

TO FORTUNE.

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruines, smiling yet :
Teare me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessitie :
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
Me as a fear'd infection :
Yet scare-crow like I'll walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.

TO ANTHEA.

COME, Anthea, know thou this :
Love at no time idle is.

Let's be doing, though we play
But at push-pin half the day.
Chains of sweet bents * let us make,
Captive one or both to take ;
In which bondage we will lie,
Souls transfusing thus and die.

CRUELITIES.

NERO commanded, but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding death and cruelties.

PERSEVERANCE.

HAST thou begun an act ? Ne're then give o're
No man despaire to do what's done before.

UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT off-spring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not.
These are the children I have left ;
Adopted some, none got by theft :
But all are toucht, like lawfull plate,
And no verse illegitimate.

* A coarse grass.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

KINGS must not oft be seen by public eyes :
State at a distance adds to dignities.

HEALTH.

HEALTH is no other, as the learned hold,
But a just measure both of heat and cold.

TO DIANEME. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER.

ILE to thee a simnell * bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering ; †
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way ; now, now my Charles
shines here,
A publike light in this immensive sphere.
Some starres were fixt before ; but these are dim,
Compar'd in this my ample orbe to him.

* A kind of rich cake.

† A custom of visiting parents on Mid-lent Sunday, and making them a present.

Draw in your feeble fiers, while that he
Appeares but in his meaner majestie ;
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame !
Princes, and such like public lights as these,
Must not be lookt on but at distances :
For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too neer,
Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer

THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE rose was sick, and smiling di'd ;
And, being to be sanctifi'd,
About the bed there sighing stood
The sweet and flowrie sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring.
Some laid her forth, while others wept ;
But all a solemne fast there kept.
The holy sisters, some among,
The sacred Dirge and Trentall sung.
But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And rites were all accomplished,
They, weeping, spread a lawnie loome,
And clos'd her up as in a tombe.

THE RAINBOW: OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine,
 And as they thus did entertaine
 The gentle beams from Julia's sight
 To mine eyes level'd opposite,
 O thing admir'd ! there did appeare
 A curious rainbow smiling there ;
 Which was the covenant that she
 No more wo'd drown mines eyes or me.

THE LAST STROKE STRIKE SURE.

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w'ave past,
 That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE's a blind profuser of her own ;
 Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

STOOL-BALL.

AT stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
 For sugar-cakes and wine ;
 Or for a transie let us pay,
 The losse or thine or mine.

If thou, my deere, a winner be
 At trundling of the ball,
 The wager thou shalt have, and me,
 And my misfortunes all.

But if, my sweetest, I shall get,
 Then I desire but this ;
 That likewise I may pay the bet,
 And have for all a kisse.

TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time and play,
 Love and live here while we may ;
 Drink rich wine, and make good cheere
 While we have our being here ;
 For, once dead and laid i'th grave,
 No return from thence we have.

ON POET PRAT. EPIGR

PRAT he writes satyres ; but herein's the fault,
 In no one satyre there's a mite of salt.

BITING OF BEGGARS.

WHO, railing, drives the lazar from his door,
 Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

UPON TUCK. EPIGR.

AT Post and Paire,* or Slam,* Tom Tuck would
play
This Christmas, but his want wherewith says nay.

THE MAY-POLE.

THE May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands a-round it ;
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girles,
Whose husbands may Earles
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)
And when that ye wed
To the bridall bed,
Then multiply all like to fishes.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

THAT flow of gallants, which approach
To kisse thy hand from out the coach ;

* A game at cards.

That fleet of lackeyes, which do run
Before thy swift postilion ;
Those strong-hoof'd mules, which we behold
Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the axeltree ;
Thy wife, thy children, and the state
Of Persian loomes and antique plate :
All these and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee their sickly lord.

ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY hurts none, but onely such
Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

WANT.

NEED is no vice at all ; though here it be
With men a loathed inconveniencie.

GRIEFE.

SORROWES divided amongst many lesse
Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

LOVE PALPABLE.

I PREST my Julia's lips, and in the kisse
Her soule and love were palpable in this.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

NOTHING hard or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o're-
thrown:
He's lord of thy life who contemnes his own.

UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

TRIGG having turn'd his sute, he struts in state,
And tells the world he's now regenerate.

UPON SMEATON.

How co'd Luke Smeaton weare a shoe or boot!
Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot.

THE BRACELET OF PEARLE : TO SILVIA

I BRAKE thy bracelet 'gainst my will ;
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposed then, and still
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost ; and I will get
A richer pearle for thee,
Then ever, dearest Silvia, yet
Was drunk to Antonie.

Or, for revenge, Ile tell thee what
Thou for the breach shalt do ;
First, crack the strings, and after that,
Cleave thou my heart in two.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as Cupid danc't among
The gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

KINGS.

MEN are not born kings, but are men renown'd ;
Chose first, confirm'd next, and at last are crown'd.

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

PREPOST'ROUS is that order, when we run
To ask our wages e're our work be done.

TEARES AND LAUGHTER.

KNEW'ST thou one moneth wo'd take thy life away,
Thou'dst weep ; but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

GLORY.

GLORY no other thing is, Tullie sayes,
Then a mans frequent fame spoke out with praise.

POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-liv'd are,
Into the which we come by warre.

LAXARE FIBULAM.

To loose the buttons is no lesse
Then to cast off all bashfulnesse.

HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

From the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
To thee, blest place of my nativitie !
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful genius ! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
O place ! O people ! manners ! fram'd to please
All nations, customes, kindreds, languages !
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then,
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment ;
Yet since cal'd back ; henceforward let me be,
O native countrey, repossess by thee !
For, rather then I'll to the west return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
Give thou my sacred reliques buriall.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Tis not ev'ry day that I
 Fitted am to prophesie :
 No ; but when the spirit fils
 The fantastick pannicles *
 Full of fier, then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
 Like the sybells, through the world.
 Look how next the holy fier
 Either slakes, or doth retire ;
 So the fancie cooles, till when
 That brave spirit comes agen.

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortall men great loads allotted be ;
 But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

- 1 COME, blithfull Neatherds, let us lay
 A wager who the best shall play,
 Of thee, or I, the roundelay,
 That fits the businesse of the day.

* Membranes (of the brain.)

Chor. And Lallage the judge shall be,
To give the prize to thee, or me.

2 Content ; begin, and I will bet
A heifer smooth and black as jet,
In every part alike compleat,
And wanton as a kid as yet.

Chor. And Lallage, with cow-like eyes,
Shall be disposeresse of the prize.

1 Against thy heifer, I will here
Lay to thy stake a lustie steere,
With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

Chor. Why then begin, and let us heare
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purles from eithers oat.

2 The stakes are laid : let's now apply
Each one to make his melody.

Lal. The equall umpire shall be I,
Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

Chor. Much time is spent in prate ; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win.

[*He playes.*

1 That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse :
Thou art a man of worthinesse.

But hark how I can now expresse
My love unto my Neatherdesse.

[*He sings.*]

Chor. A suger'd note, and sound as sweet
As kine when they at milking meet.

1 Now for to win thy heifer faire,
I'll strike thee such a nimble ayre,
That thou shalt say thy selfe 'tis rare,
And title me without compare.

Chor. Lay by a while your pipes and rest,
Since both have here deserved best.

2 To get thy steerling, once again
I'll play thee such another strain,
That thou shalt swear my pipe do's raigne
Over thine oat as soveraigne.

[*He sings.*]

Chor. And Lallage shall tell by this,
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1 Give me the prize. 2. The day is mine.

1 Not so; my pipe has silenc't thine:
And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love com-
bine.

Chor. And lay we down our pipes together,
As wearie, not o'recome by either.

TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the walls, or purple, that defends
A prince from foes ; but 'tis his fort of friends.

A PROGNOSTICK.

As many lawes and lawyers do expresse
Nought but a kingdoms ill-affectednesse,
Ev'n so those streets and houses do but show
Store of diseases, where physitians flow.

UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

Wo'd ye oyle of blossomes get ?
Take it from my Julia's sweat.
Oyle of lillies, and of spike ?
From her moysture take the like.
Let her breath, or let her blow,
All rich spices thence will flow.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle streame, that glides,
Shov'd on by quick succeeding tides :

Trie if this sober streame you can
Follow to th' wilder ocean;
And see, if there it keeps unspent
In that congesting element.
Next, from that world of waters, then
By poares and cavernes back agen
Induct that inadultrate same
Streame to the spring from whence it came.
This with a wonder * when ye do,—
As easie, and els easier too,
Then may ye recollect the graines
Of my particular remaines,
After a thousand lusters hurld
By ruffling winds about the world.

FAME

'Tis still observ'd, that fame ne're sings
The order but the sum of things.

BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

OfT bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do
What others can't with all their strength put to.

* Miracle.

TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the rooffe, great Genius, and from
 thence
 Into this house powre downe thy influence,
 That through each room a golden pipe may run
 Of living water by thy benizon.
 Fulfill the larders, and with strengthning bread
 Be evermore these bynns replenished.
 Next, like a bishop, consecrate my ground,
 That luckie fairies here may dance their round:
 And after that, lay downe some silver pence,
 The masters charge and care to recompence.
 Charme then the chambers; make the beds for
 ease,
 More then for peevish pining sicknesses.
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the rooffe
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-prooffe.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH clock
 To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,
 A cock
 I have, to sing how day drawes on.
 I have
 A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
 To save
 That little fates me gave or lent.

A hen

I keep, which, creaking day by day,
Tells when

She goes her long white egg to lay.

A goose

I have, which, with a jealous eare,
Lets loose

Her tongue to tell what danger's neare.

A lamb

I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
Whose dam

An orphan left him (lately dead.)

A cat

I keep, that playes about my house,
Grown fat

With eating many a miching* mouse,
To these,

A Trasy† I do keep, whereby
I please

The more my rurall privacie :

Which are

But toyes, to give my heart some ease :

Where care

None is, slight things do lightly please.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL

In all thy need, be thou possest

Still with a well-prepared brest,

* Thieving.

† His Spaniel

Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;
 Thou canst but have, what others had.
 And this for comfort thou must know,
 Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.
 Clouds will not ever powre down raine ;
 A sullen day will cleere againe.
 First peales of thunder we must heare,
 Then lutes and harpes shall stroke the eare.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

WHEN all birds els do of their musick faile,
 Money's the still sweet-singing nightingale.

UP TAILLES ALL.

BEGIN with a kisse,
 Go on too with this :
 And thus, thus, thus let us smother
 Our lips for a while,
 But let's not beguile
 Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,
 Long enough has endur'd,
 Since more and more is exacted ;
 For Love he doth call
 For his uptailes-all ;
 And that's the part to be acted.

UPON FRANCK.

FRANCK wo'd go scoure her teeth ; and setting to't,
Twice two fell out, all rotten at the root.

UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

My Lucia in the deaw did go,
And prettily bedabled so,
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall
Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.
I follow'd after to descrie
Part of the nak't sincerity ;
But still the envious scene * between
Deni'd the mask I wo'd have seen.

CHARON AND PHYLOMEL. A DIALOGUE SUNG.

Ph. CHARON ! O gentle Charon ! let me wooe
thee,

By teares and pitie now to come unto mee.

Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I
heare ?

Say what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw
neare.

Ch. A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see.

Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O Charon, pittie
me !

* Veil, screen.

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say I'm Phylomel.

Ch. What's that to me? I wast nor fish or fowles,
Nor beasts, fond thing, but only humane soules

Ph. Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching
note,

'That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my
boat.

But Ile return; what mischief brought thee
hither?

Ph. A deal of love, and much, much grieve to-
gether,

Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's
now beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.

Ch. And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love I
pray thee—

Ch. Talk not of love: all pray, but few soules pay
me.

Ph. Ile give thee vows and tears. *Ch.* Can tears
pay skores

For mending sails, for patching boat and
oares?

Ph. I'll beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,
Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song.

Ch. Why then begin, and all the while we make
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian lake,
Thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades
merry,

Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my
ferry.

UPON PAUL. EPIGR.

PAULS hands do give. What give they ; bread,
or meat,
Or money? No, but onely deaw and sweat.
As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so
Pauls hands do give; nought else for ought we
know.

UPON SIBB. EPIGR.

SIBB when she saw her face how hard it was,
For anger spat on thee, her looking-glasse.
But weep not, christall; for the shame was meant
Not unto thee, but that thou didst present.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF
JELLIE SENT TO A LADY.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine,
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soyle,
A little trade best fits a little toyle,
As my small jarre best fits my little oyle.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head,
As my small stuffe best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chappell fits a little quire,
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little streame best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jellie.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

THRICE happie roses, so much grac't to have
Within the bosome of my love your grave,
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne ;
Your grave her bosome is, the lawne the stone.

MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

MAIDS nay's are nothing ; they are shie
But to desire what they denie.

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

THE gods require the thighs
Of beeves for sacrifice ;
Which rosted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them :
Who, though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

LOVERS, HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A GYGES ring they beare about them still,
To be, and not, seen when and where they will.
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes
fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
So silently they one to th' other come,
As colours steale into the peare or plum ;
And, aire-like, leave no presson to be seen,
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

TO WOMEN. TO HIDE THEIR TEETH, IF THEY
BE ROTTEN OR RUSTY.

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you meane
To be accounted inside cleane :
For if you cleave them, we shall see
There in your teeth much leprosie.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

O JUPITER, sho'd I speake ill
Of woman-kind, first die I will;
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
Of creatures, woman is the best.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather flowers Sappho went,
And homeward she did bring,
Within her lawnie continent,
The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She lookt as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.

Her apron gave, as she did passe,
An odor more divine,
More pleasing too, then ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

THE CANDOR OF JULIA'S TEETH.

WHITE as Zenobias teeth, the which the girles
Of Rome did wear for their most precious pearls

UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,
She seeme'd to quench loves fires that there **did**
glow.

ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE by the river sate, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

DELAY.

BREAK off delay, since we but read of one
That ever prosper'd by cunctation.

TO SIR JOHN BERKELEY, GOVERNOUR OF
EXETER.

STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made thee
here

The Hector over aged Exeter;
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a poore lady lost in widdowhood:
But feares not now to see her safety sold
(As other towns and cities were) for gold,

By those ignoble births which shame the stem
That gave progermination unto them:
Whose restlesse ghosts shall heare their children
sing,

Our sires betrayd their countrey and their king.
True, if this citie seven times rounded was
With rock, and seven times circumflankt with
brasse.

Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall prooffe,
The senators, down tumbling with the rooffe,
Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,
Leaving no shew where stood the capitoll.
But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please
Thy genius with two strength'ning buttresses,
Faith, and Affection : which will never slip
To weaken this thy great dictatorship.

TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

LOVE love begets; then never be
 Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee :
 Tygers and beares, I've heard some say,
 For profer'd love will love repay.
 None are so harsh, but, if they find
 Softnesse in others, will be kind.
 Affection will affection move :
 Then you must like, because I love.

REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

HAST thou attempted greatnesse? Then go on;
Back-turning slackens resolution.

CONTENTION.

DISCREET and prudent we that discord call,
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

CONSULTATION.

CONSULT ere thou begin'st: that done, go on
With all wise speed for execution.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see,
Rich or poore although it be,
'Tis a mistresse unto mee.

Be my girle or faire or browne,
Do's she smile, or do's she frowne,
Still I write a sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough or smooth of skin,
When I touch, I then begin
For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or do's she weare
Locks incurld of other haire,
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancie be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,
Be she sluttish, be she cleane,
I'm a man for ev'ry sceane

OUR OWN SINS UNSEEN.

OTHER mens sins wee ever beare in mind :
None sees the fardell of his faults behind.

NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

IF little labour, little are our gaines :
Man's fortunes are according to his paines.

UPON SLOUCH.

SLOUCH, he packs up, and goes to sev'rall faires
And weekly markets, for to sell his wares.
Mean time that he from place to place do's rome,
His wife her own ware sells as fast at home.

VERTUE BEST UNITED.

By so much vertue is the lesse,
By how much neere to singlenesse.

THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye
Betrayes the hearts adulterie.

TO PRINCE CHARLES, UPON HIS COMING TO
EXETER.

WHAT fate decreed, time now ha's made us see ;—
A renovation of the west by thee.
That preternaturall fever, which did threat
Death to our countrey, now hath lost his heat ;
And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
Th' unequall pulse to beat as heretofore.

Something there yet remaines for thee to do :
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.
Go on with Sylla's fortune ; let thy fate
Make thee, like him, this, that way fortunate.
Apollos image side with thee to blesse
Thy warre, discreetly made, with white successe !
Mean time thy prophets, watch by watch, shall
 pray,
While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the
 day.
That done, our smooth-pac't poems all shall be
Sung in the high doxologie of thee.
Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curles from
 them
Receive, with songs, a flowrie diadem.

A SONG.

BURNE, or drowne me ; choose ye whether,
So I may but die together :
Thus to slay me by degrees,
Is the height of cruelties.
What needs twenty stabs when one
Strikes me dead as any stone ?
O shew mercy then, and be
Kind at once to murder mee.

PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

PRINCES and fav'rites are most deere, while they,
By giving and receiving, hold the play :
But the relation then of both growes poor,
When these can aske, and kings can give no more.

EXAMPLES : OR LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE.

EXAMPLES lead us, and wee likely see,
Such as the prince is, will his people be.

POTENTATES.

LOVE and the Graces evermore do wait
Upon the man that is a potentate.

THE WAKE.

COME, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes
Are the junketts still at wakes :
Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the businesse is the sport.

Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in pagentrie,
And a mimick to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action, as in clothes :
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious villages.
Neer the dying of the day,
There will be a cudgell-play,
Where a coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke :
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in ale, or drown'd in beere.
Happy rusticks ! best content
With the cheapest merriment :
And possesse no other feare,
Then to want the wake next yeare.

THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH strowlings allow
To my sepulcher now,
To make my lodging the sweeter ;
A staffe or a wand
Put then in my hand,
With a penny to pay S. Peter.

Who has not a crosse,
Must sit with the losse,

And no whit further must venture ;
 Since the porter, he
 Will paid have his fee,
 Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
 Cant send for a gift
 A pig to the priest for a roster,
 Shall heare his clarke say,
 By yea and by nay,
 No pennie, no pater noster.

TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

NOR art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd
 Amongst mine honour'd thee almost the last.
 In great processions many lead the way
 To him who is the triumph of the day ;
 As these have done to thee, who art the one,
 One onely glory of a million.
 In whom the spirit of the gods do's dwell,
 Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell
 When this or that vast dinastie must fall
 Downe to a fillit* more imperiall ;
 When this or that horne shall be broke, and when
 Others shall spring up in their place agen ;
 When times and seasons and all yeares must lie
 Drown'd in the sea of wild eternitie ;

* A victor's wreath. (?)

When the black dooms-day bookes (as yet unseal'd)
Shall by the mighty angell be reveal'd ;
And when the trumpet which thou late hast found
Shall call to judgment. Tell us when the sound
Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,
And next the gospell wee will credit thee.
Meane time like earth-wormes we will craule below,
And wonder at those things that thou dost know.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

HERE lies a virgin, and as sweet
As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.
Her name if next you wo'd have knowne;
The marble speaks it Mary Stone :
Who dying in her blooming yeares,
This stone, for names sake, melts to teares.
If, fragrant virgins, you'l but keep
A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
And praying, strew some roses on her,
You'l do my neice abundant honour.

FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE.

OF both our fortunes, good and bad, we find
Prosperitie more searching of the mind :
Felicitie flies o're the wall and fence,
While misery keeps in with patience.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

TIME is the bound of things, where e're we go :
Fate gives a meeting, Death's the end of woe.

A CONJURATION : TO ELECTRA.

By those soft tods of wooll
With which the aire is full ;
By all those tinctures there,
That paint the hemisphere ;
By dewes and drisling raine,
That swell the golden graine ;
By all those sweets that be
I'th flowrie nunnerie ;
By silent nights, and the
Three formes of Heccate ;
By all aspects that blesse
The sober sorceresse,
While juice she straines, and pith,
To make her philters with ;
By time, that hastens on
Things to perfection ;
And by your self, the best
Conjurement of the rest ;
O my Electra ! be
In love with none but me.

COURAGE COOL'D.

I CANNOT love as I lov'd before ;
For I'm grown old, and with mine age, grown poore
Love must be fed by wealth : this blood of mine
Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

THE SPELL.

HOLY water come and bring ;
Cast in salt, for seasoning ;
Set the brush for sprinkling ;
Sacred spittle bring ye hither ;
Meale and it now mix together,
And a little oyle to either :
Give the tapers here their light ;
Ring the saints-bell, to affright
Far from hence the evill sp'rite.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

GIVE me a cell,
To dwell
Where no foot hath
A path :
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied yeares
In teares.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A MASTER of a house (as I have read)
 Must be the first man up, and last in bed.
 With the sun rising he must walk his grounds ;
 See this, view that, and all the other bounds :
 Shut every gate, mend every hedge that's torne,
 Either with old, or plant therein new thorne :
 Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where
 He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

I SING thy praise, Iacchus,
 Who with thy thyrses doth thwack us :
 And yet thou so dost back us
 With boldness, that we feare
 No Brutus entring here,
 Nor Cato the severe.
 What though the lictors threat us,
 We know they dare not beat us,
 So long as thou dost heat us.
 When we thy orgies sing,
 Each cobbler is a king,
 Nor dreads he any thing :
 And though he doe not rave,
 Yet he'll the courage have
 To call my Lord Maior knave.

Besides too, in a brave,*
 Although he has no riches,
 But walks with dangling breeches,
 And skirts that want their stiches,
 And shewes his naked flitches,
 Yet he'le be thought or seen
 So good as George-a-Green; †
 And calls his blouze ‡ his queene,
 And speaks in language keene.
 O Bacchus! let us be
 From cares and troubles free;
 And thou shalt heare how we
 Will chant new hymnes to thee.

UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

PUSSE and her prentice both at draw-gloves play
 That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day.
 At night they draw to supper; then, well fed,
 They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

AMONG disasters that discention brings,
 This not the least is, which belongs to kings.
 If wars goe well, each for a part layes claime:
 If ill, then kings, not souldiers, beare the blame.

* In a flourishing mood, or, on an occasion of display.

† The doughty Pinner of Wakefield.

‡ Red-faced wench.

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

KINGS must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

ANGER.

WRONGS, if neglected, vanish in short time ;
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

A PSALME OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces !
That doe in publike places .
Drive thence what ere encumbers
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces !
Who doe with sweet embraces
Shew they are well contented
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces !
Who do from sowre faces,
And lungs that wo'd infect me,
For evermore protect me.

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

HONOUR to you who sit
Neere to the well of wit,
And drink your full of it !

Glory and worship be
To you, sweet Maids thrice three !
Who still inspire me,

And teach me how to sing
Upon the lyrick string
My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,
My priest-hood crown with bayes
Green, to the end of dayes.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHEN as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, me thinks, how sweetly flowes
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O how that glittering taketh me !

MODERATION.

In things a moderation keepe :
Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.

TO ANTHEA.

LETS call for Hymen, if agreed thou art :
Delays in love but crucifie the heart.
Loves thornie tapers yet neglected lye :
Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.
The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,
And genius waits to have us both to bed.
Behold, for us the naked Graces stay
With maunds * of roses for to strew the way :
Besides, the most religious prophet stands
Ready to joyne as well our hearts as hands.
Juno yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroome and the bride.
Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
The loss of what we call a maydenhead ?
Come, Ile instruct thee : know, the vestall fier
Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

* Baskets.

UPON PREW, HIS MAID.

IN this little urne is laid
 Prewdence Baldwin, once my maid;
 From whose happy spark here let
 Spring the purple violet.

THE INVITATION.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite,
 And mad'st a promise that mine appetite
 Sho'd meet and tire on such lautitious * meat,
 The like not Heliogabalus did eat:
 And richer wine wo'dst give to me, thy guest,
 Then Roman Sylla powr'd out at his feast.
 I came, tis true, and lookt for fowle of price,—
 The bastard phenix, bird of paradise;
 And for no less then aromatick wine
 Of maydens-blush, commixt with jessimine.
 Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet,
 Which wanting Lar and smoke, hung weeping wet.
 At last, i'th'noone of winter, did appeare
 A ragd soust neats-foot with sick vineger;
 And in a burnisht flagonet stood by
 Beere small as comfort, dead as charity.

* Magnificent.

At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,
How cold it was, and how it chill'd my blood,
I curst the master, and I damn'd the souce,
And swore I got the ague of the house.
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
I'll bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

COME, bring with a noise,
My merrie merrie boyes,
The Christmas log to the firing ;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeeres brand
Light the new block, And
For good successe in his spending,
On your psalties play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending.*

Drink now the strong beere,
Cut the white loafe here,
The while the meate is a shredding
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

* Kindling, burning.

CHRISTMASSE-EVE : ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

COME guard this night the Christmas-pie,
 That the thiefe, though ne'r so slie,
 Wi' a his flesh-hooks, don't come nie
 To catch it

From him who all alone sits there,
 Having his eyes still in his eare,
 And a deale of nightly feare
 To watch it.

ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

WASH your hands, or else the fire
 Will not teend to your desire.
 Unwasht hands, ye maidens, know,
 Dead the fire, though ye blow.

ANOTHER.

WASSAILE * the trees, that they may beare
 You many a plum and many a peare :
 For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
 As you doe give them wassailing.

* A custom practised on New Year's Eve, and still remembered in some parts of England. A troop of boys visit the orchards, and encircling the trees, repeat certain verses.

POWER AND PEACE.

'Tis never or but seldome knowne,
Power and peace to keep one throne.

TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE MARGARET FALCONBRIDGE.

Now is your turne, my dearest, to be set
A jem in this eternall coronet.
'Twas rich before ; but since your name is downe,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crowne.
Blaze by this sphere for ever : or this doe ;
Let me and it shine evermore by you.

TO OENONE.

SWEET Oenone, doe but say
Love thou dost, though Love sayes nay.
Speak me faire ; for lovers be
Gently kill'd by flatterie.

VERSES.

WHO will not honour noble numbers, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men ?

HAPPINESSE.

THAT happines do's still the longest thrive,
Where joyes and griefs have turns alternative.

THINGS OF CHOICE LONG A COMMING.

WE pray 'gainst warre, yet we enjoy no peace ;
Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

HERE I my selfe might likewise die,
And utterly forgotten lye,
But that eternall poetrie
Repullulation gives me here
Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,
When all now dead shall re-appeare.

UPON BICE.

BICE laughs when no man speaks ; and doth
protest
It is his own breech there that breaks the jest.

UPON TRENCHERMAN.

TOM shifts the trenchers ; yet he never can
Endure that lukewarm name of serving man.
Serve or not serve, let Tom doe what he can,
He is a serving, who's a trencherman.

KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a guest :
Kisses are but dry banquets to a feast.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went (as poets tell)
'To fetch Euridice from hell ;
And had her ; but it was upon
This short, but strict, condition :
Backward he should not looke while he
Led her through hells obscuritie.
But ah ! it hapned as he made
His passage through that dreadfull shade,
Revolve he did his loving eye,
For gentle feare, or jelousie,
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and Euridice for ever.

UPON COMELY, A GOOD SPEAKFR BUT AN ILL
SINGER. EPIG.

COMELY acts well, and when he speaks his part,
He doth it with the sweetest tones of art :
But when he sings a psalme, ther's none can be
More curst for singing out of tune then he.

ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

E'ENE all religious courses to be rich
Hath been reherst by Joell Michelditch :
But now perceiving that it still do's please
The sterner fates to cross his purposes,
He tacks about, and now he doth profess
Rich he will be by all unrighteousness.
Thus if our ship fails of her anchor hold,
We'l love the divell, so he lands the gold.

UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD widdow Prouse to do her neighbours evill
Wo'd give, some say, her soule unto the devill.
Well, when sh'as kild that pig, goose, cock, or
hen,
What wo'd she give to get that soule agen?

UPON PEARCE. EPIG.

THOU writes in prose, how sweet all virgins be ;
But ther's not one doth praise the smell of thee.

TO SAPHO.

SAPHO, I will chuse to go
Where the northern winds do blow
Endlesse ice and endlesse snow,
Rather then I once wo'd see
But a winters face in thee,
To benumme my hopes and me.

TO HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN
CROFTS, CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.

FOR all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have, my Crofts, to send to thee
For the requitall, save this only one
Halfe of my just remuneration.
For since I've travail'd all this realm throughout,
To seeke and find some few immortals out
To circumsangle this my spacious sphere,
As lamps for everlasting shining here,
And having fixt thee in mine orbe a starre,
Amongst the rest both bright and singular,

The present age will tell the world thou art,
If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.
As for the rest, being too great a summe
Here to be paid, Ile pay't i'th'world to come.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

THIS day, my Julia, thou must make
For Mistresse Bride the wedding cake.
Knead but the dow, and it will be
To paste of almonds turn'd by thee :
Or kisse it thou but once or twice,
And for the bride-cake ther'l be spice.

TO BE MERRY.

LETS now take our time,
While w'are in our prime,
And old, old age is a farre off;
For the evill, evill dayes
Will come on apace,
Before we can be aware of.

BURIALL.

MAN may want land to live in ; but for all,
Nature finds out some place for buriall.

LENITIE.

Tis the chyrurgions praise, and height of art,
Not to cut off, but cure, the vicious part.

PENITENCE.

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is halfe, or altogether, innocent.

GRIEFE.

CONSIDER sorrowes, how they are aright:
Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermillion;
So cherries blush, and Kathern * peares,
And apricocks, in youthfull yeares;
So corrolls looke more lovely red,
And rubies, lately polished;

* Catherine

So purest diaper doth shine,
 Stain'd by the beams of clarret wine,
 As Julia looks when she doth dress
 Her either cheek with bashfulness.

THE MEANE.

IMPARITIE doth ever discord bring:
 The mean the musique makes in every thing.

HASTE HURTFULL.

HASTE is unhappy; what we rashly do
 Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too.
 Where war with rashnesse is attempted, there
 The soldiers leave the field with equall feare.

PURGATORY.

READERS, wee entreat ye pray
 For the soule of Lucia,
 That in little time she be
 From her purgatory free:
 In th' interim she desires
 That your teares may coole her fires.

THE CLOUD.

SEEST thou that cloud that rides in state,
 Part ruby-like. part candidate? *
 It is no other then the bed
 Where Venus sleeps, halfe smothered.

UPON LOACH.

SEEAL'D up with night-gum, Loach each morning
 lyes,
 Till his wife, licking, so unglews his eyes.
 No question then, but such a lick is sweet,
 When a warm tongue do's with such ambers meet.

THE AMBER BEAD.

I SAW a flie within a beade
 Of amber cleanly buried:
 The urne was little, but the room
 More rich then Cleopatræ's tombe.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCIE HERRICK.

WHEN ere I go, or what so ere befalls
 Me in mine age, or forraign funeralls,

* White.

This blessing I will leave thee, ere I go :—
 Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dow.
 Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
 And bake the floure of amber for thy bread.
 Balm may thy trees drop, and thy springs runne
 oyle,
 And everlasting harvest crown thy soile.
 These I but wish for ; but thy selfe shall see
 The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IMMORTALL clothing I put on,
 So soone as Julia, I am gon
 To mine eternall mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane sight
 Cloth'd all with incorrupted light :
 But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
 In thy refulgent thronelet,
 That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit ?

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Do's fortune rend thee ? Beare with thy hard
 fate :
 Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.

Say, do's she frown? Still countermand her
threats:

Vertue best loves those children that she beates.

TO THE PASSENGER.

If I lye unburied, sir,
These my reliques, pray interre.
'Tis religious part to see
Stones, or turfes to cover me.
One word more I had to say,
But it skills not;* go your way.
He that wants a buriall roome,
For a stone ha's heaven his tombe.

UPON NODES.

WHERE ever Nodes do's in the summer come,
He prayes his harvest may be well brought home.
What store of corn has carefull Nodes, thinke you,
Whose field his foot is, and whose barn his shooe?

TO THE KING, UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

THIS day is yours, Great Charles! and in this
war
Your fate and ours alike victorious are.

* It is no matter.

In her white stole now victory do's rest
Enspher'd with palm on your triumphant crest.
Fortune is now your captive : other kings
Hold but her hands ; you hold both hands and
wings.

TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN OR DAY-BREAKE.

By the next kindling of the day,
My Julia, thou shalt see,
Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say
He come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy glasse,
Appeare thou to mine eyes
As smooth and nak't as she that was
The prime of Paradice.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A lawn, that thou mayst looke
As purest pearles or pebles do,
When peeping through a brooke,

As lillies shrin'd in christall, so
Do thou to me appeare ;
Or damask roses when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

COUNSELL.

'Twas Cesars saying, kings no lesse conquerors
are
By their wise counsell, then they be by warre.

BAD PRINCES PILL THEIR PEOPLE.

Like those infernall deities which eate
The best of all the sacrificed meate,
And leave their servants but the smoak and sweat,
So many kings, and primates, too, there are,
Who claim the fat and fleshie for their share,
And leave their subjects but the starved ware.

MOST WORDS, LESSE WORKES.

In desp'rate cases, all or most are known
Commanders ; few for execution.

TO DIANE.

I co'd but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretfull bee,
And I the javelin suckt away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns and bryars and stings
I have in my poore brest,
Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings
My passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire
How thou canst sit and smile
To see me bleed, and not desire
To stench the blood the while.

If thou, compos'd of gentle mould,
Art so unkind to me,
What dismall stories will be told
Of those that cruell be?

UPON TAP.

TAP, (better known than trusted,) as we heare,
Sold his old mothers spectacles for beere :
And not unlikely ; rather too then fail,
He'l sell her eyes and nose for beere and ale.

HIS LOSSE.

ALL has been plundered from me but my wit ;
Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

DRAW AND DRINKE.

MILK stil your fountains and your springs; for
why?

The more th'are drawn, the lesse they wil grow
dry.

UPON PUNCHIN. EPIG.

GIVE me a reason why men call
Punchin a dry plant-animall.
Because, as plants by water grow,
Punchin by beere and ale spreads so.

TO OENONE.

THOU sayest Loves dart
Hath prickt thy heart,
And thou do'st languish too:
If one poor prick
Can make thee sick,
Say, what wo'd many do?

UPON BLINKS. EPIG.

TOM BLINKS his nose is full of wheales, and these
Tom calls not pimples, but pimpleides.

Sometimes in mirth he sayes each whelk's a sparke,
When drunke with beere, to light him home i'th'
dark.

UPON ADAM PEAPES. EPIG.

PEAPES, he do's strut and pick his teeth, as if
His jawes had tir'd on some large chine of beefe.
But nothing so : the dinner Adam had
Was cheese full ripe with teares, with bread as
sad.

TO ELECTRA.

SHALL I go to Love and tell
Thou art all turn'd isicle ?
Shall I say her altars be
Disadorn'd and scorn'd by thee ?
O beware ! in time submit ;
Love has yet no wrathfull fit :
If her patience turns to ire,
Love is then consuming fire.

TO MISTRESSE AMIE POTTER.

At me ! I love : give him your hand to kisse
Who both your wooer and your poet is.

Nature has pre-compos'd us both to love ;
 Your part's to grant, my sceam must be to move.
 Deare, can you like, and liking love your poet ?
 If you say I,* blush-guiltinesse will shew it.
 Mine eyes must wooe you, though I sigh the
 while :

True love is tonguelesse as a crocodile,
 And you may find in love these differing parts ;
 Woovers have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

UPON A MAIDE.

HERE she lyes, in bed of spice,
 Faire as Eve in Paradise.
 For her beauty, it was such
 Poets co'd not praise too much.
 Virgins, come, and in a ring
 Her supreamest † requiem sing ;
 Then depart, but see ye tread
 Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE is a circle and an endlesse sphere,
 From good to good revolving here and there.

* i. e. ay.

† i. e. last.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTI'S no other but a lovely grace
Of lively colours flowing from the face.

UPON LOVE.

SOME salve to every sore we may apply,
Only for my wound there's no remedy :
Yet if my Julia kisse me, there will be
A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

UPON HANCH, A SCHOOLMASTER. EPIG.

HANCH, since he lately did interre his wife,
He weepes and sighs, as weary of his life.
Say, is't for reall griefe he mourns? Not so :
Teares have their springs from joy as well as woe.

UPON PEASON, EPIG.

LONG locks of late our zealot Peason weares :
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares ;
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen
That stubble stands, where once large eares have
been.

TO HIS BOOKE.

MAKE haste away, and let one be
 A friendly patron unto thee :
 Lest, rapt from hence, I see thee lye
 Torn for the use of pasterie ;
 Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well
 To make loose gownes for mackarell ;
 Or see the grocers in a trice,
 Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

READINESSE.

THE readinesse of doing doth expresse
 No other but the doer's willingnesse.

WRITING.

WHEN words we want, Love teacheth to endite,
 And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

SOCIETY.

TWO things do make society to stand ;
 The first commerce is, and the next command.

UPON A MAID

GONE she is a long, long way,
But she has decreed a day
Back to come, and make no stay.
So we keepe, till her returne,
Here her ashes, or her urne.

SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS

FOR all our workes a recompence is sure :
'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

WHY so slowly do you move
To the centre of your love ?
On your niceness though we wait,
Yet the houres say 'tis late.
Coynesse takes us, to a measure,
But o'racted deads the pleasure.
Go to bed, and care not when
Cheerfull day shall spring agen.
One brave captain did command,
By his word, the sun to stand :
One short charme, if you but say,

Will enforce the moon to stay,
Till you warn her hence away,
T'ave your blushes seen by day.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COM-
POSER OF HIS LYRICKS.

TOUCH but thy lire, my Harrie, and I heare
From thee some raptures of the rare gotire :
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I heare in thee the Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson. Tell me, can'st thou be
Less then Apollo, that usurp'st such three ?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;
Yet their three praises praise but one ; that's
Lawes.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old.
Let me in my glasse behold
Whether smooth or not I be,
Or if haire remaines to me.
Well, or be't, or be't not so,
This for certainty I know ;
Ill it fits old men to play,
When that death bids come away.

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

THOU hast made many houses for the dead ;
When my lot calls me to be buried,
For love or pittie, prethee let there be
• I'th' church-yard made one tenement for me.

TO ANTHEA.

ANTHEA, I am going hence
With some small stock of innocence,
But yet those blessed gates I see
Withstanding entrance unto me.
To pray for me doe thou begin,
The porter then will let me in.

NEED.

WHO begs to die for feare of humane need
Wisheth his body, not his soule, good speed.

TO JULIA.

I AM zeallesse ; prethee pray
For my well-fare, Julia,

For I thinke the gods require
Male perfumes, but female fire.

ON JULIA'S LIPS.

SWEET are my Julia's lips, and cleane
As if o're washt in Hippocrene.

TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT no other thing is, poets say,
Then the last part of night and first of day.

TO HIS FRIEND, MASTER J. JINCKS.

LOVE, love me now, because I place
Thee here among my righteous race.
The bastard slips may droop and die,
Wanting both root and earth ; but thy
Immortall selfe shall boldly trust
To live for ever with my just.

ON HIMSELFE.

IF that my fate has now fulfill'd my yeere,
And so soone stopt my longer living here,

What was't, ye gods ! a dying man to save,
But while he met with his paternall grave.
Though while we living 'bout the world do roame,
We love to rest in peacefull urnes at home,
Where we may snug, and close together lye,
By the dead bones of our deare ancestrie.

KINGS AND TYRANTS.

'TwiXT kings and tyrants there's this difference
known ;
Kings seek their subjects good, tyrants their owne.

CROSSES.

OUR crosses are no other then the rods,
And our diseases vultures, of the gods :
Each griefe we feele, that likewise is a kite
Sent forth by them our flesh to eate or bite.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE brought me to a silent grove,
And shew'd me there a tree
Where some had hang'd themselves for love
And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold
 That he reacht forth unto me,
 No otherwise then if he would
 By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that neck-lace use,
 And told me too, he maketh
 A glorious end by such a noose,
 His death for love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream ; but had I been
 There really alone,
 My desp'rate feares in love had seen
 Mine execution.

NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK.

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the priest and
 clark ;
 Jone as my lady is as good i'th' dark.

THE BODY.

THE body is the soules poor house or home,
 Whose ribs the laths are and whose flesh the
 loame.

TO SAPHO.

THOU saist thou lov'st me, Sapho : I say no :
But would to Love I could beleeve 'twas so !
Pardon my feares, sweet Sapho ; I desire
That thou be righteous found, and I the lyer.

OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE.

WE blame, nay, we despise, her paines
That wets her garden when it raines :
But when the drought has dri'd the knot,*
Then let her use the watring pot.
We pray for showers at our need,
To drench, but not to drown, our seed.

TO HIS BOOKE.

TAKE mine advise, and go not neere
Those faces sower as vineger.
For these, and nobler numbers, can
Ne'r please the supercillious man.

* Parterre.

TO HIS HONOUR'D FRIEND, SIR THOMAS HEALE.

STAND, by the magick of my powerfull rhymes,
 'Gainst all the indignation of the times.
 Age shall not wrong thee, or one jot abate
 Of thy both great and everlasting fate.
 While others perish, here's thy life decreed,
 Because begot of my immortall seed.

THE SACRIFICE: BY WAY OF DISCOURSE
 BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND JULIA.

Herr. COME and let's in solemn wise
 Both addresse to sacrifice.
 Old religion first commands
 That we wash our hearts and hands.
 Is the beast exempt from staine,
 Altar cleane, no fire prophane?
 Are the garlands, is the nard
 Ready here?

Jul. All well prepar'd .
 With the wine that must be shed,
 Twixt the hornes, upon the head
 Of the holy beast we bring
 For our trespasse-offering.

Herr. All is well ; now next to these
 Put we on pure surplices,
 And, with chaplets crown'd, we l rost
 With perfumes the holocaust;

And, while we the gods invoke,
Reade acceptance by the smoake.

TO APOLLO.

THOU mighty lord and master of the lyre,
Unshorn Apollo, come and re-inspire
My fingers so the lyrick-strings to move,
That I may play and sing a hymne to love

ON LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of warre : hence those who feare
No cowards must his royall ensignes beare.

ANOTHER.

WHERE love begins, there dead thy first desire
A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.

AN HYMNE TO CUPID

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway,
With whom the sea-nimphs play,
And Venus, every way ;

When I embrace thy knee,
And make short pray'rs to thee,
In love then prosper me.
This day I goe to wooe;
Instruct me how to doe
This worke thou put'st me too.
From shame my face keepe free,
From scorne I begge of thee,
Love, to deliver me:
So shall I sing thy praise,
And to thee altars raise
Unto the end of daies.

TO ELECTRA.

LET not thy tomb-stone e're be laid by me,
Nor let my herse be wept upon by thee;
But let that instant when thou dy'st be known
The minute of mine expiration:
One knell be rung for both, and let one grave
To hold us two an endlesse honour have.

HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED.

MY soule would one day goe and seeke
For roses, and in Julia's cheek
A richness of those sweets she found,
As in an other Rosamond.

But gathering roses as she was,
 Not knowing what would come to passe,
 It chanst a ringlet of her haire
 Caught my poore soule as in a snare ;
 Which ever since has been in thrall ;
 Yet freedome shee enjoyes withall.

FACTIONS.

THE factions of the great ones call
 To side with them, the commons all.

KISSES LOATHSOME.

I ABHOR the slimie kisse,
 Which to me most loathsome is.
 Those lips please me which are plac't
 Close, but not too strictly lac't.
 Yeilding I wo'd have them, yet
 Not a wimbling * tongue admit :
 What sho'd poking-sticks † make there,
 When the ruffe is set elsewhere ?

* Boring, like an auger.

† Sticks for adjusting the plaits of a ruff.

UPON REAPE.

REAPES eyes so rawe are, that it seems the flies
Mistake the flesh, and fly-blow both his eyes ;
So that an angler, for a daies expence,
May baite his hooke with maggots taken thence.

UPON TEAGE.

TEAGE has told lyes so long, that when Teage
tells
Truth, yet Teages truths are untruths, nothing
else.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE, BUNDLED UP IN A
GOLDEN NET.

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,
These golden toyles and trammel-nets,
To take thine haires, when they are knowne
Already tame, and all thine owne?
'Tis I am wild, and more then haires
Deserve these mashes and those snares.
Set free thy tresses ; let them flow
As aires doe breathe or winds doe blow ;
And let such curious net-works be
Lesse set for them then spred for me.

UPON TRUGGIN.

TRUGGIN a footman was ; but now, growne lame,
Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES.

LOVE in a showre of blossomes came
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same.
The blooms that fell were white and red ;
But with such sweets commingled,
As whether, this I cannot tell,
My sight was pleas'd more or my smell :
But true it was, as I rowl'd there
Without a thought of hurt or feare,
Love turn'd himselfe into a bee,
And with his javelin wounded me.
From which mishap this use I make :
Where most sweets are, there lyes a snake :
Kisses and favours are sweet things,
But those have thorns and these have stings.

UPON SPENKE.

SPENKE has a strong breath, yet short prayers
saith ;
Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN.

NAUGHT are all women: I say no,
Since for one bad one good I know.
For Clytemnestra most unkind,
Loving Alcestis there we find:
For one Medea that was bad,
A good Penelope was had:
For wanton Lais, then we have
Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave:
And thus through woman-kind we see
A good and bad.Sirs, credit me.

UPON LULLS.

LULLS swears he is all heart, but you'll suppose
By his probossis that he is all nose.

SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one lord, but he
Who many serves serves base servility.

CHARMES.

BRING the holy crust of bread,
Lay it underneath the head;

'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away while children sleep.

ANOTHER.

LET the superstitious wife
Neer the child's heart lay a knife ;
Point be up, and haft be downe :
While she gossips in the towne,
This, 'mongst other mystic charms,
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

To house the hag, you must doe this :
Commix with meale a little pisse
Of him bewicht, then forthwith make
A little wafer or a cake ;
And this, rawly bak't, will bring
The old hag in : no surer thing.

ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES.

HANG up hooks and sheers to scare
Hence the hag that rides the mare,
Till they be all over wet
With the mire and the sweat :
This observ'd, the manes shall be
Of your horses all knot-free.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE.

Down with the rosemary and bayes,
Down with the misleto ;
In stead of holly, now up-raise
The greener box for show.

The holly hitherto did sway ;
Let box now domineere,
Until the dancing Easter-day
Or Easters eve appeare.

Then youthfull box, which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne
To honour Whitsontide.

Green rushes then and sweetest bents,
With cooler oken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments
To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's
hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunne-set let it burne ;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend *
The Christmas log next yeare ;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY.

END now the white loafe and the pye,
And let all sports with Christmas dye.

SURFEITS.

BAD are all surfeits ; but physitians call
That surfeit tooke by bread the worst of all

* Kindle.

UPON NIS.

NIS, he makes verses ; but the lines he writes
Serve but for matter to make paper-kites.

TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM.

WO'D I wooe thee, and wo'd I winne,
Wo'd I well my worke begin?
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound?
Wo'd I frustrate or prevent
All aspects malevolent ;
Thwart all wizzards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies ;
Place my words, and all works else,
In most happy parallels?
All will prosper, if so be
I be kist or blest by thee.

JULIA'S CHURCHING OR PURIFICATION.

PUT on thy holy fillitings, and so
To th' temple with the sober midwife go.
Attended thus in a most solemn wise
By those whc serve the child-bed misteries,

Burn first thine incense ; next, when as thou see'st
The candid * stole thrown ore the pious priest,
With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring
Thy free and not decurted offering.
All rites well ended, with fair auspice come,
As to the breaking of a bride-cake, home ;
Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
Provide a second epithalamie.
She who keeps chastly to her husband's side
Is not for one, but every night his bride ;
And stealing still with love and feare to bed,
Brings him not one, but many a maiden-head.

TO HIS BOOK.

BEFORE the press scarce one co'd see
A little peeping part of thee ;
But since th'art printed, thou dost call
To shew thy nakedness to all.
My care for thee is now the less,
Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness :
Go with thy faults and fates ; yet stay
And take this sentence, then away ;
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
She'l runne to all adulteries.

* White.

TEARES.

TEARES most prevaile ; with teares too thou mayst
move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

TO HIS FRIEND, TO AVOID CONTENTION OF
WORDS.

WORDS beget anger, anger brings forth blowes,
Blowes make of dearest friends immortall foes.
For which prevention, sociate, let there be
Betwixt us two no more logomachie :
Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,
Then for to murder friendship by dispute.

TRUTH.

TRUTH is best found out by the time and eyes :
Falsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.

UPON PRICKLES. EPIG.

PRICKLES is waspish, and puts forth his sting
For bread, drinke, butter, cheese ; for every thing
That Prickles buys puts Prickles out of frame :
How well his nature's fitted to his name !

THE EYES BEFORE THE EARES.

WE credit most our sight: one eye doth please
Our trust farre more than ten eare-witnesses.

WANT.

WANT is a softer wax, that takes thereon
This, that, and every base impression.

TO A FRIEND.

LOOKE in my book, and herein see
Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me.
We o're the tombes and fates shall flye,
While other generations dye.

UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSITIAN.

SHO'D I not put on blacks, when each one here
Comes with his cypresse and devotes a teare?
Sho'd I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,
Violl, and voice is by thy losse struck mute?
Thy loss, brave man, whose numbers have been
hurl'd,
And no less prais'd then spread throughout the
world.

Some have thee call'd Amphion ; some of us
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus ;
Some this, some that ; but all in this agree,
Musique had both her birth and death with thee.

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my Silvia ranne away,
And running therewithall
A primrose banke did cross her way.
And gave my love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say
What I by chance did see ;
But such the drap'ry did betray
That fully ravisht me.

THE HONY-COMBE.

IF thou hast found an honie-combe,
Eate thou not all, but taste on * some :
For if thou eat'st it to excess,
That sweetness turnes to loathsomness.
Taste it to temper ; † then 'twill be
Marrow and manna unto thee.

* Qu. of. † i. e. to moderation.

VPON BEN. JOHNSON.

HERE lyes Johnson with the rest
Of the poets, but the best.
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known?
Aske his story, not this stone.
That will speake what this can't tell
Of his glory : so farewell.

AN ODE FOR HIM.

AH BEN !
Say how or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyrick feasts
Made at the sun,
The dog, the triple tunne ?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben !
Or come agen,
Or send to us
Thy wits great over-plus ;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it ;

Lest we that tallent spend,
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
 Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

UPON A VIRGIN.

SPEND, harmless shade, thy nightly houres
 Selecting here both herbs and flowers ;
 Of which make garlands here and there,
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.
 Nor do thou feare the want of these
 In everlasting properties :
 Since we fresh strewings will bring hither
 Farre faster than the first can wither.

BLAME.

IN battailes what disasters fall,
 The king he bears the blame of all.

A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

PONDER my words, if so that any be
 Known guilty here of incivility :
 Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude
 With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.

Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew
Demure, but yet full of temptation too.
Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please
Unless they have some wanton carriages.
This if ye do, each piece will here be good
And graceful made by your neate sisterhood.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold
I freeze as fast and shake for cold.
And in good faith I'd thought it strange
T'ave found in me this sudden change,
But that I understood by dreames,
These only were but Loves extreames;
Who fires with hope the lover's heart,
And starves with cold the self-same part.

MULTITUDE.

WE trust not to the multitude in warre,
But to the stout, and those that skilfull are.

FEARE.

MAN must do well out of a good intent;
Not for the servile feare of punishment.

TO M. KELLAM.

WHAT ! can my Kellam drink his sack
 In goblets to the brim,
 And see his Robin Herrick lack,
 Yet send no boules to him ?

For love or pitie to his Muse,
 That she may flow in verse,
 Contemne to recommend a cruse,
 But send to her a tearce.

HAPPINESSE TO HOSPITALITIE, OR A HEARTY
 WISH TO GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring
 Into the daily offering
 Of full provision such a store,
 Till that the cooke cries Bring no more.
 Upon your hogsheads never fall
 A drought of wine, ale, beere at all ;
 But like full clouds may they from thence
 Diffuse their mighty influence.
 Next, let the lord and ladie here
 Enjoy a christning yeare by yeare ;
 And this good blessing back them still,
 T'ave boyes, and gyrles too, as they will.

Then from the porch may many a bride
Unto the holy temple ride,
And thence return, short prayers sey'd,
A wife most richly married.
Last, may the bride and bridegroome be
Untoucht by cold sterility ;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in lusters few they may,
By laughing too and lying downe,
People a city or a towne.

CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

THE lictors bundl'd up their rods ; beside,
Knit them with knots, with much adoe unty'd ;
That if, unknitting, men wo'd yet repent,
They might escape the lash of punishment.

PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

MEN are suspicious, prone to discontent :
Subjects still loath the present government.

REST REFRESHES.

LAY by the good a while ; a resting field
Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield.

Trees this yeare beare ; next, they their wealth
with-hold ;
Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.

REVENGE.

MANS disposition is for to requite
An injurie before a benefite :
Thanksgiving is a burden and a paine ;
Revenge is pleasing to us as our gaine.

THE FIRST MARRS OR MAKES.

IN all our high designments, 'twill appeare
The first event breeds confidence or feare.

BEGINNING DIFFICULT.

HARD are the two first staires unto a crowne ;
Which got, the third bids him a king come downe.

FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

FAITH is a thing that's four-square ; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

PRAISE they that will times past, I joy to see
My selfe now live : this age best pleaseth mee.

CLOATHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

THOUGH from without no foes at all we feare,
We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.

CRUELTY.

Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad kings
For to delight in wounds and murderings.
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blows,
So kings by killing doe encrease their foes.

FAIRE AFTER FOULE.

TEARES quickly drie ; griefes will in time decay
A cleare will come after a cloudy day.

HUNGER.

ASKE me what hunger is, and Ile reply
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.

BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

IN this misfortune kings doe most excell;
To heare the worst from men when they doe well

THE END.

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

THE BONDMAN.

BIND me but to thee with thine haire,
And quickly I shall be
Made by that fetter or that snare
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
Then bore me through the eare;
And by the law I ought to stay
For ever with thee here.

CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

GIVE house-roume to the best: 'tis never known
Vertue and pleasure both to dwell in one.

TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespasses, Silvia ; I confesse
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastness.
None is discreet at all times ; no, not Jove
Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and love.

FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE.

SMOOTH was the sea, and seem'd to call
To prettie girles to play withall ;
Who padling there, the sea soone frown'd,
And on a sudden both were drown'd.
What credit can we give to seas,
Who, kissing, kill such saints as these ?

HIS WISH.

FAT be my hinde ; unlearned be my wife ;
Peaceful my night ; my day devoid of strife :
To these a comely off-spring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

UPON JULIA'S WASHING HER SELF IN THE
RIVER.

How fierce was I, when I did see
My Julia wash her self in thee !

So lillies thorough christall look,
 So purest pebbles in the brook,
 As in the river Julia did,
 Halfe with a lawne of water hid.
 Into thy streames my self I threw,
 And struggling there I kist thee too ;
 And more had done, it is confest,
 Had not the waves forbad the rest.

A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

THOUGH frankinsense the deities require,
 We must not give all to the hallowed fire :
 Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,
 As for our selves to leave some frankinsence.

UPON CLUNN.

A ROWLE of parchement Clunn about him beares,
 Charg'd with the armes of all his ancestors ;
 And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon
 That bar, this bend ; that fess, this cheveron ;
 This manch, that moone ; this martlet, and that
 mound ;
 This counterchange of perle and diamond.
 What joy can Clunn have in that coat or this,
 When as his owne still out at elboes is ?

UPON CUPID.

Love like a beggar came to me
With hose and doublet torne ;
His shirt bedangling from his knee,
With hat and shoes out-worne.

He askt an almes ; I gave him bread,
And meat too for his need ;
Of which when he had fully fed,
He wisht me all good speed.

Away he went ; but as he turn'd,
In faith I know not how,
He toucht me so, as that I burn
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames and fires obscure
Then crept into my heart,
And though I saw no bow, I'm sure
His finger was the dart.

VPON BLISSE.

BLISSE, last night drunk, did kisse his mother's
knee :
Where he will kisse next drunk conjecture ye.

VPON BURR.

BURR is a smell-feast, and a man alone
That where meat is will be a hanger on.

VPON MEGG.

MEGG yesterday was troubled with a pose,*
Which this night hardned, sodders up her nose

AN HYMNE TO LOVE.

I WILL confesse
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day
He kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry
It ah! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.

* Rheum.

No, no, Ile be
 In fetters free ;
 While others they sit wringing
 Their hands for paine,
 Ile entertaine
 The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers and wine,
 And cakes divine,
 To strike me I will tempt thee :
 Which done, no more
 Ile come before
 Thee and thine altars emptie.

TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS
 FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON.

FOR brave comportment, wit without offence,
 Words fully flowing, yet of influence,
 Thou art that man of men, the man alone,
 Worthy the publique admiration :
 Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe
 write,
 And giv'st our numbers euphonie and weight ;
 Tel'st when a verse springs high, how understood
 To be, or not, borne of the royall-blood.
 What state above, what symmetrie below,
 Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst
 show.

For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be,
Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.
Long may I live so, and my wreath of bayes
Be lesse anothers laurell then thy praise.

WOMEN USELESSE.

WHAT need we marry women, when
Without their use we may have men,
And such as will in short time be
For murder fit, or mutinie?
As Cadmus once a new way found,
By throwing teeth into the ground,
From which poore seed, and rudely sown,
Sprung up a war-like nation,—
So let us yron, silver, gold,
Brasse, leade, or tinne throw into th' mould,
And we shall see in little space
Rise up of men a fighting race.
If this can be, say then, what need
Have we of women or their seed?

LOVE IS A SIRRUP.

LOVE is a sirrup, and who er'e we see
Sick and surcharg'd with this satietie,
Shall by this pleasing trespassse quickly prove,
Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.

LEVEN.

LOVE is a leven, and a loving kisse
The leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

REPLETION.

PHYSITIANS say repletion springs
More from the sweet then sower things.

ON HIMSELFE.

WEEPE for the dead, for they have lost this light
And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night :
Or mourne, or make a marble verse for me
Who writ for many. Benedicite.

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY

No man such rare parts hath that he can swim,
If favour or occasion helpe not him.

ON HIMSELFE.

LOST to the world, lost to my selfe, alone
Here now I rest under this marble stone,
In depth of silence, heard and seene of none.

TO M. LEONARD WILLAN, HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live thou throughout the world :
Who art a man for all sceanes ; unto whom,
What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome ;
Can'st write the comick, tragick straine, and fall
From these to penne the pleasing pastorall ;
Who fl'i'st at all heights, prose and verse run'st
through,
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespassse too.
For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,
Because thy selfe art comming to the presse ;
And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. JOHN HALL,
STUDENT OF GRAYES-INNE.

TELL me, young man, or did the Muses bring
Thee lesse to taste then to drink up their spring,

That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be,
 A poet, or a poet like, but thee?
 What was thy birth, thy starre that makes thee
 knowne
 At twiœ ten yeares a prime and publike one?
 Tell us thy nation, kindred, or the whence
 Thou had'st and hast thy mighty influence,
 That makes thee lov'd and of the men desir'd,
 And no lesse prais'd then of the maides admir'd.
 Put on thy laurell then, and in that trimme
 Be thou Apollo, or the type of him;
 Or let the unshorne god lend thee his lyre,
 And next to him be master of the quire.

TO JULIA.

OFFER thy gift; but first the law commands
 Thee, Julia, first to sanctifie thy hands.
 Doe that, my Julia, which the rites require;
 Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M.
ELIZABETH FINCH.

HANDSOME you are, and proper you will be,
 Despight of all your infortunitie.
 Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse
 In that your owne prefixed comelinesse.

Spend on that stock, and when your life must fall,
Leave others beauty to set up withall.

UPON RALPH.

RALPH pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes,
and Ralph
In sev'rall tills and boxes keepes 'em safe,
Instead of harts-horne, if he speakes the troth,
To make a lustie gellie for his broth.

TO HIS BOOKE.

If hap it must that I must see thee lye,
Absyrtus-like, all torne confusedly,
With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart,
Ile re-collect thee, weeping, part by part,
And having washt thee, close thee in a chest
With spice : that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMP-
TON-COURT.

Set and Sung.

WELCOME, great Cesar, welcome now you are,
As dearest peace after destructive warre ;

Welcome as slumbers, or as beds of ease
 After our long and peevish sicknesses.
 O pompe of glory! welcome now, and come
 To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.
 A thousand altars smoake, a thousand thighes
 Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice.
 Enter and prosper, while our eyes doe waite
 For an ascendent throughly auspicate;*
 Under which signe we may the former stone
 Lay of our safeties new foundation.
 That done, O Cesar! live, and be to us
 Our fate, our fortune, and our genius,
 To whose free knees we may our temples tye
 As to a still protecting deitie:
 That sho'd you stirre, we and our altars too
 May, Great Augustus, goe along with you.
Chor. Long live the king! and to accomplish
 this,
 We'l from our owne adde far more years to his.

ULTIMUS HEROUM: OR, TO THE MOST LEARNED
 AND TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY,
 MARQUESSE OF DORCHESTER.

AND as time past when Cato the severe
 Entred the circumspacious theater,
 In reverence of his person every one
 Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone
 E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be
 If but lookt on; struck dead, if scan'd by thee.

* Auspicious.

TO HIS MUSE: ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

TELL that brave man, fain thou wo'dst have access
To kiss his hands ; but that for fearfullness,
Or else because th'art like a modest bride,
Ready to blush to death sho'd he but chide.

UPON VINEGER.

VINEGER is no other, I define,
Then the dead corps or carkase of the wine.

UPON MUDGE.

MUDGE every morning to the postern comes,
His teeth all out, to rince and wash his gummes.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND, M. JO. HARMAR, PHISITIAN TO THE COLLEDGE OF WESTMINSTER.

WHEN first I find those numbers thou do'st write
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite ;
Next, when I see thee towring in the skie
In an expansion no less large then high ;
Then in that compass sayling here and there,
And with circumgyration every where

Following with love and active heate thy game,
 And then at last to truss the epigram ;
 I must confess, distinction none I see
 Between Domitians Martiall then and thee.
 But this I know, should Jupiter agen
 Descend from heaven to re-converse with men,
 The Romane language, full and superfine,
 If Jove wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see
 For shape and service spaniell like to thee.
 This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one
 Teare that deserves of me a million.

THE DELUGE.

DROWNING, drowning I espie
 Coming from my Julia's eye.
 'Tis some solace in our smart
 To have friends to beare a part ;
 I have none ; but must be sure
 Th' inundation to endure.
 Shall not times hereafter tell
 This for no meane miracle,
 When the waters by their fall
 Threatn'd ruine unto all ?
 Yet the deluge here was known
 Of a world to drowne but one.

UPON LUPES.

LUPES for the outside of his suite has paide,
But for his heart, he cannot have it made;
The reason is, his credit cannot get
The inward carbage for his cloathes as yet.

RAGGS.

WHAT are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents,
But the base dregs and lees of vestiments?

STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVERAIGNTY.

LET kings and rulers learne this line from me :
Where power is weake, unsafe is majestie.

UPON TUBBS.

FOR thirty yeares Tubbs has been proud and
poor;
Tis now his habit, which he can't give ore.

CRUTCHES.

THOU seest me, Lucia, this yeare droope;
Three zodiaks fill'd more I shall stoope.

Let crutches then provided be
To shore up my debilitie :
Then while thou laugh'st, Ile sighing **crie,**
A ruine underpropt am I.
Do'n will I then my beadsman's gown,
And when so feeble I am grown,
As my weake shoulders cannot beare .
The burden of a grasshopper,
Yet with the bench of aged sires,
When I and they keep tearmly fires,
With my weake voice I'le sing or say
Some odes I made of Lucia.
Then will I heave my wither'd hand
To Jove the mighty for to stand
Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe
Upon thee many a benizon.

TO JULIA.

HOLY waters hither bring
For the sacred sprinkling ;
Baptize me and thee, and so
Let us to the altar go,
And, ere we our rites commence,
Wash our hands in innocence.
Then I'le be the *Rex Sacrorum*,
Thou the queen of peace and quorum.

UPON CASE.

CASE is a lawyer that near pleads alone ;
But when he hears the like confusion
As when the disagreeing commons throw
About their house their clamorous I or no,
Then Case, as loud as any serjant there,
Cries out, My Lord, my Lord, the case is clear.
But when all's husht, Case, then a fish more mute,
Bestirs his hand but starves in hand the suite.

TO PERENNA.

I A DIRGE will pen for thee,
Thou a trentall make for me ;
That the monks and fryers together
Here may sing the rest of either.
Next, I'm sure, the nuns will have
Candlemas to grace the grave.

TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA HERRICK

THE person crowns the place ; your lot doth fall
Last, yet to be with these a principall.
How ere it fortun'd, know for truth I meant
You a fore-leader in this testament.

UPON THE LADY CREW.

THIS stone can tell the storie of my life :
What was my birth, to whom I was a wife,
In teeming years how soon my sun was set,
Where now I rest, these may be known by jet
For other things, my many children be
The best and truest chronicles of me.

ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

GROW up in beauty as thou do'st begin,
And be of all admired, Tomasin.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

DOWN with the rosemary, and so
Down with the baies and misletoe ;
Down with the holly, ivie, all
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas hall ;
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind :
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

HE that will live of all cares dispossess,
Must shun the bad, I,* and suspect the best.

UPON SPOKES.

SPOKES, when he sees a roasted pig, he swears
Nothing he loves on't but the chaps and ears:
But carve to him the fat flanks, and he shall
Rid these, and those, and part by part eat all.

TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO: HERRICK, WHO
DESIRED TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

WELCOME to this my colledge, and though late
Th'ast got a place here, standing candidate,
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.

A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO: LACON AND
THYRSIS.

Lacon. FOR a kiss or two, confesse
What doth cause this pensiveness,

* Ay.

Thou most lovely neat-heardesse ?
Why so lonely on the hill ?
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That ere while was heard so shrill ?

Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfill the milkin-paile ?
Say, what is't that thou do'st aile ?

Thyr. None of these ; but out, alas !
A mischance is come to pass,
And I'll tell thee what it was.
See ! mine eyes are weeping ripe,

Lacon. Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steere,
That to me was far more deer
Then these kine which I milke here.
Broad of fore-head, large of eye,
Party colour'd like a pie ;
Smooth in each limb as a die,
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn,
Sharply pointed as a thorn,
With a neck by yoke unworn ;
From the which, hung down by strings
Balls of cowslips, daisie rings,
Enterplac't with ribbanings.
Faultless every way for shape ;
Not a straw co'd him escape ;
Ever gamesome as an ape,

But yet harmless as a sheep.
 Pardon, Lacon, if I weep ;
 Tears will spring, where woes are deep.
 Now, ai me ! ai me ! last night
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,
 I, and kil'd my dear delight.

Lacon. Alack, for grief !

Thyr. But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
 Me and my sad play-mates all,
 To his ev'ning funerall.
 Live long, Lacon, so adew !

Lacon. Mournfull maid, farewell to you :
 Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

UPON SAPHO.

Look upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear
 There is a love-like leven rising there.

UPON FAUNUS.

WE read how Faunus, he the shepheards god
 His wife to death whipt with a mirtle rod.
 The rod, perhaps, was better'd by the name ;
 But had it been of birch, the death's the same

THE QUINTELL.*

UP with the quintill, that the rout
 May fart for joy as well as shout:
 Either's welcome, stinke or civit,
 If we take it as they give it.

A BACHANALIAN VERSE.

DRINKE up
 Your cup,
 But not spill wine;
 For if you
 Do,
 'Tis an ill signe,
 That we
 Foresee
 You are cloy'd here:
 If so, no
 Hoe,
 But avoïd here.

CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

CARE keeps the conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne
 To keepe a citie, then to winne a towne.

* Quintain.

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

MEN must have bounds how farre to walke, for we
Are made farre worse by lawless liberty.

TO BIANCHA.

AH Biancha ! now I see
It is noone and past with me.
In a while it will strike one ;
Then, Biancha, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have
Offer'd on my holy grave ;
Then, Biancha, let me rest
With my face towards the east.

TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE POTTER.

As is your name so is your comely face,
Tought every where with such diffused grace,
As that in all that admirable round
There is not one least solecisme found ;
And as that part, so every portion else,
Keepes line for line with beauties parallels.

ANACREONTIKE.

I MUST
Not trust
Here to any ;
Bereav'd,
Deceiv'd
By so many.
As one
Undone
By my losses,
Comply
Will I
With my crosses.
Yet still
I will
Not be grieving,
Since thence
And hence
Comes relieving.
But this
Sweet is
In our mourning,
Times bad
And sad
Are a turning ;
And he
Whom we

See dejected,
 Next day
 Wee may
 See erected.

MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are
 That are most modest ere they come to warre.

NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS THE
 CHARGE.

WHY sho'd we covet much, when as we know
 W'ave more to beare our charge then way to go?

ANACREONTICK VERSE.

BRISK methinks I am and fine,
 When I drinke my capring wine:
 Then to love I do encline,
 When I drinke my wanton wine:
 And I wish all maidens mine,
 When I drinke my sprightly wine:
 Well I sup, and well I dine,
 When I drinke my frolick wine:
 But I languish, lowre, and pine,
 When I want my fragrant wine.

UPON PENNIE.

BROWN bread Tom Pennie eates, and must of
right,
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

KINGS must not use the axe for each offence :
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

FEARE GETS FORCE.

DESPAIRE takes heart when ther's no hope to
speed :
The coward then takes armes and do's the deed

PARCELL-GIL'T POETRY.

LET's strive to be the best ; the gods, we know it
Pillars, and men, hate an indifferent poet.

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND
ANSWER.

I BRING ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Like and dislike ye.

I bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Stroake ye to strike ye.

I bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Love will befoole ye.

I bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Heate ye to coole ye.

I bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Love gifts will send ye.

I bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Stock ye to spend ye.

I bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Love will fulfill ye.

I bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do?

Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN
CORNWALL.

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that
Which wee and times to come shall wonder at.
Lift up thy sword ; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that one blow set an end to all.

HIS GRANGE.

How well contented in this private Grange
 Spend I my life that's subject unto change;
 Under whose roofe with mosse-worke wrought
 there I
 Kisse my brown wife and black posterity.

LEPROSIE IN HOUSES.

WHEN to a house I come and see
 The genius wastefull more then free;
 The servants thumblesse, yet to eat
 With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate;
 The sonnes to suck the milke of kine,
 More then the teats of discipline;
 The daughters wild and loose in dresse;
 Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse;
 The husband drunke; the wife to be
 A baud to incivility;
 I must confesse, I there descrie
 A house spred through with leprosie.

GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

THIS rule of manners I will teach my guests:
 To come with their own bellies unto feasts;

Not to eat equall portions, but to rise
Farc't * with the food that may themselves suffice.

ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

ANTHEA laught, and fearing lest excesse
Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse,
She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face,
And cal'd each line back to his rule and space.

COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe;
Thy fall is but the rising to a crowne.

SEEKE AND FINDE.

ATTEMPT the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

REST.

ON with thy worke, though thou beest hardly
 prest;
Labour is held up by the hope of rest.

* Stuffed.

LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES.

WHEN flowing garments I behold
Enspir'd with purple, pearle, and gold,
I think no other but I see
In them a glorious leprosie
That do's infect and make the rent
More mortall in the vestiment.
As flowrie vestures doe descrie
The wearers rich immodestie,
So plaine and simple cloathes doe show
Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.

UPON BUGGINS.

BUGGINS is drunke all night, all day he sleepes ;
This is the levell-coyle * that Buggins keeps.

GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

To an old soare a long cure must goe on ;
Great faults require great satisfaction.

* Riotous noise ; properly the name of a rough game.

HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

YOU aske me what I doe and how I live?
 And, noble friend, this answer I must give:
 Drooping I draw on to the vaults of death,
 Or'e which you'l walk when I am laid beneath.

THE BEGGER.

SHALL I a daily begger be,
 For loves sake asking almes of thee?
 Still shall I crave, and never get
 A hope of my desired bit?
 Ah cruell maides! Ile goe my way
 Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may
 Finde out a threshold or a doore
 That may far sooner speed the poore:
 Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,
 Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

BASTARDS.

OUR bastard-children are but like to plate
 Made by the coyner illegitimate.

HIS CHANGE.

My many cares and much distress
 Has made me like a wilderness;
 Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude
 And all confused multitude;
 Out of my comely manners worne,
 And, as in meanes, in minde all torne.

THE VISION.

ME thought I saw, as I did dreame in bed,
 A crawling vine about Anacreon's head.
 Flusht was his face; his haire with oyle did shine
 And, as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine
 Tipl'd he was, and tipling lispt withall,
 And lisp'g reeld, and reeling, like to fall.
 A young enchantresse close by him did stand
 Tapping his plump thighs with a mirtle wand.
 She smil'd, he kist; and kissing cull'd * her too;
 And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.
 For which, me thought, in prittie anger she
 Snatcht off his crown and gave the wreath to
 me:
 Since when, me thinks, my braines about doe
 swim,
 And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

* Embraced.

A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight
Of my dearest deare last night ;
Make her this day smile on me,
And Ile roses give to thee.

ON HIS BOOKE.

THE bound, almost, now of my book I see,
But yet no end of those therein or me.
Here we begin new life ; while thousands quite
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

A SONNET OF PERILLA.

THEN did I live when I did see
Perilla smile on none but me ;
But ah ! by starres malignant crost,
The life I got I quickly lost :
But yet a way there doth remaine
For me embalm'd to live againe ;
And that's to love me, in which state
Ile live as one regenerate.

BAD MAY BE BETTER.

MAN may at first transgress but next do well :
Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.

POSTING TO PRINTING.

LET others to the printing presse run fast :
Since after death comes glory, Ile not haste.

RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

WHAT's got by justice is establisht sure :
No kingdomes got by rapine long endure.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS
LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints ?
In endlesse mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.

She sees no teares,
 Or any tone
 Of thy deep grone
 She heares :
 Nor do's she minde,
 Or think on't now,
 That ever thou
 Wast kind.
 But chang'd above,
 She likes not there,
 As she did here,
 Thy love.
 Forbeare therefore,
 And lull asleepe
 Thy woes, and weep
 No more.

UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

BOREMAN takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes; yet
 Boreman,
 For all the divell helps, will be a poore man.

 SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY, OR THE MORROW AFTER
 TWELTH DAY.

PARTLY worke and partly play
 Ye must on S. Distaffs day :

From the plough soone free your teame,
 Then come home and fother them.
 If the maides a spinning goe,
 Burne the flax and fire the tow :
 Scorch their plackets, but beware
 That ye singe no maiden-haire.
 Bring in pailles of water then,
 Let the maides bewash the men.
 Give S. Distaffe all the right,
 Then bid Christmas sport good night :
 And next morrow, every one
 To his owne vocation.

SUFFERANCE.

IN the hope of ease to come,
 Let's endure one martyrdome.

HIS TEARES TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
 To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.
 No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
 Whereon so many stately structures stand :
 Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,
 To bath in thee, as thousand others doe :
 No more shall I a long thy christall glide,
 In barge with boughes and rushes beautif'd.

With soft-smooth virgins for our chaste disport,
 To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-Court:
 Never againe shall I with finnie ore
 Put from or draw unto the faithfull shore,
 And landing here, or safely landing there,
 Make way to my beloved Westminster,
 Or to the golden Cheap-side, where the earth
 Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
 May all clean nimphs and curious water dames
 With swan-like state flote up and down thy
 streams:

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
 To make them leane, and languishing at all:
 No ruffling winds come hither to discease *
 Thy pure and silver-wristed Naides.
 Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye spring,
 Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
 Grow young with tydes, and though I see ye never,
 Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever.

PARDONS.

THOSE ends in war the best contentment bring
 Whose peace is made up with a pardoning.

PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

GREAT cities seldome rest: if there be none
 T'invade from far, they'l find worse foes at home.

* Disturb (*disease*); or dispossess, (*disseize*.)

TRUTH AND ERROUR.

TWIXT truth and errour there's this difference
known ;
Errour is fruitfull, truth is onely one.

THINGS MORTALL STILL MUTABLE.

THINGS are uncertain, and the more we get,
The more on ycie pavements we are set.

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

STUDIES themselves will languish and decay,
When either price or praise is ta'ne away.

WIT PUNISHT PROSPERS MOST.

DREAD not the shackles ; on with thine intent ;
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

TWELFE NIGHT OR KING AND QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,

Where beane's * the King of the sport here ;
 Beside we must know,
 The pea also
 Must revell as Queene in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
 This night as ye use,
 Who shall for the present delight here
 Be a King by the lot,
 And who shall not
 Be Twelfe-day Queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
 Joy-sops with the cake ;
 And let not a man then be seen here,
 Who unurg'd will not drinke,
 To the base from the brink,
 A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
 With gentle lambs-wool ; †
 Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
 With store of ale too ;
 And thus ye must doe
 To make the wassaile a swinger.

* A bean and a pea were put into the Twelfth Cake, and the persons who found these in their slices were to be King and Queen for the night.

† The pulp of roasted apples worked up with ale.

Give then to the King
And Queene wassailing,
And though with ale ye be whet **here**,
Yet part ye from hence
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

HIS DESIRE.

GIVE me a man that is not dull
When all the world with rifts is full,
But, unamaz'd, dares clearely sing
When as the roof's a tottering,
And though it falls, continues still
Tickling the citterne with his quill.

CAUTION IN COUNCELL.

KNOW when to speake; for many times it brings
Danger to give the best advice to kings.

MODERATION.

LET moderation on thy passions waite:
Who loves too much too much the lov'd will hate.

ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

STILL take advice; though counsels, when they flye
At randome, sometimes hit most happily.

CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

CONFORMITY gives comelinesse to things,
And equall shares exclude all murmerings.

LAWES.

WHO violates the customes hurts the health
Not of one man, but all the commonwealth.

THE MEANE.

Tis much among the filthy to be clean;
Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

LIKE will to like, each creature loves his kinde;
Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull minde.

HIS HOPE OR SHEAT-ANCHOR.

AMONG these tempests great and manifold
My ship has here one only anchor-hold ;
That is my hope ; which if that slip, I'm one
Wildred in this vast watry region.

COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,
When the great crack not crushes one, but all.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is no other thing we say,
Then night now gone, and yet not sprung the day

FALSE MOURNING.

HE who wears blacks, and mournes not for the
dead,
Do's but deride the party buried.

THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR CONSENT
MAKES THE CURE.

No grief is grown so desperate but the ill
Is halfe way cured, if the party will.

DIET.

IF wholesome diet can re-cure a man,
What need of physick or physitian?

SMART.

STRIPES justly given yerke * us with their fall,
But causelesse whipping smarts the most of all.

THE TINKERS SONG.

ALONG, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
 Here of tinkers,
And quaffe up a bowle
As big as a cowle
 To beer-drinkers.
The pole of the hop
Place in the ale-shop
 To bethwack us,
If ever we think
So much as to drink
 Unto Bacchus.
Who frolick will be,
For little cost he
 Must not vary

* Make us wince.

From beer-broth at all,
So much as to call
For Canary.

TO ANTHEA.

SICK is Anthea, sickly is the spring,
The primrose sick, and sickly every thing.
The while my deer Anthea do's but droop,
The tulips, lillies, daffadills do stoop;
But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,
Each bending then will rise a proper flower

HIS COMFORT.

THE only comfort of my life
Is that I never yet had wife;
Nor will hereafter; since I know
Who weds ore-buyes his weal with woe.

NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

Now if you love me, tell me;
For, as I will not sell ye,
So not one cross * to buy thee
Ile give, if thou deny me.

* Any piece of money was so called, coins being often marked with a cross on one side.

SINCERITY.

WASH clean the clean vessell, lest ye soure
What ever liquor in ye powre.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JO. WICKS.

SINCE shed or cottage I have none,
I sing the more that thou hast one ;
To whose glad threshold and free door
I may a poet come, though poor,
And eat with thee a savory bit,
Paying but common thanks for it.
Yet sho'd I chance, my Wicks, to see
An over-leven look in thee,
To soure the bread, and turn the beer
To an exalted vineger ;
Of thrice boyl'd worts, or third days fish ;
Or sho'dst thou prize me as a dish
I'de rather hungry go and come,
Then to thy house be burdensome.
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be
One that sho'd drop his beads for thee.

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFULL.

WHO may do most, do's least : the bravest will
Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER.

DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall ;
After leáves, the tree must fall.

A GOOD DEATH.

FOR truth I may this sentence tell :
No man dies ill that liveth well.

RECOMPENCE.

WHO plants an olive but to eate the oile ?
Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.

ON FORTUNE.

THIS is my comfort, when she's most unkind ;
She can but spoile me of my meanes, not mind.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF THE
CIVILL LAW.

I HAVE my laurel chaplet on my head,
If 'mongst these many numbers to be read
But one by you be hug'd and cherished.

Peruse my measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgement finds a guilty poem, there
Be you a judge ; but not a judge severe.

The meane passe by, or over ; none contemne ;
The good applaud ; the peccant lesse condemne,
Since absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth, brave man, here to the publique fight,
And in my booke now claim a two-fold right ;
The first as Doctor, and the last as Knight.

CHARMES.

THIS Ile tell ye by the way,
Maidens, when ye leavens lay ;
Crosse your dow, and your dispatch
Will be better for your batch.

ANOTHER.

IN the morning when ye rise,
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes.
Next be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water farre :
For as farre as that doth light,
So farre keepes the evill spright.

ANOTHER.

IF ye feare to be affrighted,
 When ye are by chance benighted,
 In your pocket, for a trust,
 Carrie nothing but a crust :
 For that holy piece of bread
 Charmes the danger and the dread.

GENTLENESS.

THAT prince must govern with a gentle hand,
 Who will have love comply with his command.

A DIALOGUE BETWINT HIMSELFE AND. MIS-
 TRESSE ELIZA. WHEELER, UNDER THE
 NAME OF AMARILLIS.

MY dearest love, since thou wilt go
 And leave me here behind thee,
 For love or pitie let me know
 The place where I may find thee.

Amaril. In country meadowes pearl'd with dew,
 And set about with lillies ;
 There filling maunds * with cowslips you
 May find your Amarillis.

* Baskets.

Her. What have the meades to do with thee,
Or with thy youthfull houres?
Live thou at court, where thou mayst be
The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
With poesies; since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest jemmes to shine,
And like the starres to glitter.

Amaril. You set too high a rate upon
A shepheardess so homely.

Her. Believe it, dearest, ther's not one
I'th' court that's halfe so comly.

I prithee stay. *Amaril.* I must away.
Lets kiss first, then we'l sever.

Ambo. And though we bid adieu to day,
We shall not part for ever.

TO JULIA.

HELP me, Julia, for to pray,
Mattens sing, or mattens say:
This I know, the fiend will fly
Far away, if thou beest by.
Bring the holy-water hither;
Let us wash and pray together:
When our beads are thus united,
Then the foe will fly affrighted.

UPON GORGONIUS.

UNTO Pastillus ranke Gorgonius came,
To have a tooth twicht out of's native frame.
Drawn was his tooth; but stanke so, that some
say
The barber stopt his nose and ranne away.

TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

Roses, you can never die ;
Since the place wherein ye lye,
Heat and moisture mixt are so,
As to make ye ever grow.

TO THE HONOURED, MASTER ENDIMION PORTER

WHEN to thy porch I come, and ravisht see
The state of poets there attending thee,
Those bardes and I all in a chorus sing,
We are thy prophets, Porter, thou our king.

SPEAKE IN SEASON.

WHEN times are troubled, then forbear; but speak
When a cleare day out of a cloud do's break.

OBEDIENCE.

THE power of princes rests in the consent
Of onely those who are obedient:
Which if away, proud scepters then will lye
Low, and of thrones the ancient majesty.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

No man so well a kingdome rules as he
Who hath himselfe obaid the soveraignty.

OF LOVE.

1. INSTRUCT me now what love will do.
2. 'Twill make a tongless man to wooe.
1. Inform me next what love will do.
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of too.
1. Teach me besides what love wil do.
2. 'Twill quickly mar and make ye too.
1. Tell me now last what love will do.
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

UPON DOL.

No question but Dols cheeks wo'd soon rost dry,
Were they not basted by her either eye.

UPON TRAP.

TRAP, of a player, turn'd a priest now is ;
Behold a suddaine metamorphosis.
If tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the scean,
And from a priest turne player once again.

UPON GRUBS.

GRUBS loves his wife and children, while that they
Can live by love, or else grow fat by play :
But when they call or cry on Grubs for meat,
Instead of bread, Grubs gives them stones to eat.
He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,
His wife and children fast to death for fear.

UPON HOG.

HOG has a place i'th' kitchen, and his share
The flimsie livers and blew gizzards are.

THE SCHOOL OR PERL OF PUTNEY, THE MIS-
TRESSE OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS,
MISTRESSE PORTMAN.

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see
Out of my self that glorious hierarchie,
Or whether those, in orders rare, or these
Made up one state of sixtie Venuses,

Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphs they were,
Or muses, on their mountaine sitting there,
Or some enchanted place, I do not know,
Or Sharon, where eternall roses grow.
This I am sure: I ravisht stood, as one
Confus'd in utter admiration.
Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move,
And look as all were capable of love,
And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
Enspir'd by th' sun-beams after dews and showers.
There did I see the reverend Rectresse stand,
Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,
Those spirits rais'd, and with like precepts then,
As with a magick, laid them all agen.
A happy realme, when no compulsive law,
Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe.
Live you, great mistresse of your arts, and be
A nursing mother so to majesty,
As those your ladies may in time be seene,
For grace and carriage, every one a queene.
One birth their parents gave them, but their new
And better being they receive from you.
Mans former birth is gracelesse; but the state
Of life comes in when he's regenerate.

TO PERENNA.

THOU say'st I'm dull; if edge-lesse so I be,
Ile whet my lips and sharpen love on thee.

ON HIMSELFE.

LET me not live, if I not love ;
Since I as yet did never prove
Where pleasures met, at last doe find
All pleasures meet in woman-kind.

ON LOVE.

THAT love 'twixt men do's ever longest last
Where war and peace the dice by turns doe cast.

ANOTHER ON LOVE.

LOVE's of it self too sweet ; the best of all
Is when loves honey has a dash of gall.

UPON GUT.

SCIENCE puffs up, sayes Gut, when either pease
Make him thus swell, or windy cabbages.

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

WHERE pleasures rule a kingdome, never there
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

UPON CHUB.

WHEN Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries,
Aha, my boyes, heres wheat for Christmas pies !
Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat,
That at the tide he has not bread to eate.

ON HIMSELF.

A WEARIED pilgrim, I have wandered here
Twice five and twenty, bate me but one year.
Long I have lasted in this world, tis true,
But yet those yeers that I have liv'd but few.
Who by his gray haire doth his lusters tell
Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them well.
One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he
Of all those three-score has not liv'd halfe three :
He lives, who lives to virtue : men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.

READ thou my lines, my Swetnaham ; if there be
A fault, 'tis hid if it be voic't by thee.
Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please ;
How will it drop pure hony, speaking these ?

HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

WHY do'st thou wound and break my heart,
As if we sho'd for ever part ?
Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
After a day, or two, or three,
I wo'd come back and live with thee ?
Take, if thou do'st distrust that vowe,
This second protestation now.
Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd teare
Which sits as dew of roses there,
That teare shall scarce be dri'd before
Ile kisse the threshold of thy dore.
Then weepe not, sweet, but thus much know :
I'm halfe return'd before I go.

ON HIMSELFE.

I WILL no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay ;
The way of all flesh is
That I must go this day.
Since longer I can't live,
My frolick youths, adieu !
My lamp to you Ile give,
And all my troubles too.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN,
MASTER MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

NOR thinke that thou in this my booke art worst,
Because not plac't here with the midst or first:
Since fame that sides with these, or goes before
Those, that must live with thee for evermore.
That fame, and fames rear'd pillar, thou shalt see
In the next sheet, brave man, to follow thee.
Fix on that columnne then and never fall,
Held up by Fames eternall pedestall.

TO HIS GIRLES, WHO WOULD HAVE HIM
SPORTFULL.

ALAS! I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome, aged now.
Besides, ye see me daily grow
Here, winter-like, to frost and snow;
And I ere long, my girles, shall see
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

TRUTH by her own simplicity is known:
Falsehood by varnish and vermillion.

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold I feare,
To chafe o're much the virgins cheek or eare.
Beg for my pardon, Julia ; he doth winne
Grace with the gods who's sorry for his sinne.
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
And go with me to chuse my buriall roome.
My fates are ended ; when thy Herrick dyes,
Claspe thou his book, then close thou up his eyes.

ON HIMSELFE.

ONE eare tingles : some there be,
That are snarling now at me.
Be they those that Homer bit,
I will give them thanks for it.

UPON SPUR.

SPUR jingles now, and sweares by no meane oathes,
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay cloathes,
Most like his suite, and all commend the trim,
And thus they praise the sumpter, but not him :
As to the goddessse people did conferre
Worship, and not to th' asse that carried her.

UPON KINGS.

KINGS must be dauntlesse; subjects will contemne
Those who want hearts and weare a diadem.

TO HIS GIRLES.

WANTON wenches, do not bring
For my haire black colouring:
For my locks, girles, let 'em be
Gray or white, all's one to me.

TO HIS BROTHER NICHOLAS HERRICK.

WHAT others have with cheapnesse seene and ease
In varnisht maps, by'th' helpe of compasses,
Or reade in volumes, and those bookes, with all
Their large narrations, incanonnicall,
Thou hast beheld those seas and countries farre,
And tel'st to us what once they were, and are.
So that with bold truth thou canst now relate
This kingdomes fortune and that empire's fate;
Canst talke to us of Sharon, where a spring
Of roses have an endlesse flourishing;
Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,
Make knowne to us the new Jerusalem;

The Mount of Olives, Calverie, and where
Is, and hast seene, thy Saviours sepulcher.
So that the man that will but lay his eares,
As mapostate, to the thing he heares,
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see
The truth of travails lesse in bookes then thee.

THE VOICE AND VIOLL.

RARE is the voice it selfe; but when we sing
To'th' lute or violl, then 'tis ravishing.

WARRE.

IF kings and kingdoms once distracted be,
The sword of war must trie the soveraignty.

A KING AND NO KING.

THAT prince who may doe nothing but what's just
Rules but by leave, and takes his crowne on trust

PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

ALL are not ill plots that doe sometimes faile,
Nor those false vows which oft times don't prevaile

FLATTERIE.

WHAT is't that wasts a prince? Example shoves
'Tis flatterie spends a king more then his foes.

UPON RUMPE.

RUMPE is a turne-broach, yet he seldome can
Steale a swolne sop out of the dripping pan.

UPON SHOPTER.

OLD Widow Shopper, when so ere she cries,
Lets drip a certain gravie from her eyes.

UPON DEB.

IF felt and heard, unseen, thou dost me please;
If seen, thou lik'st me, Deb, in none of these.

EXCESSE.

EXCESSE is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why?
Vertue's clean conclave is sobriety.

UPON CROOT.

ONE silver spoon shines in the house of Croot,
Who cannot buie or steale a second to't.

THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

THE body's salt, the soule is; which when gon,
The flesh soone sucks in putrification.

UPON FLOOD: OR A THANKFULL MAN.

FLOOD, if he has for him and his a bit,
He sayes his fore and after grace for it:
If meate he wants, then grace he sayes to see
His hungry belly borne by legs jaile-free.
Thus have, or have not, all alike is good
To this our poore, yet ever patient, Flood.

UPON LUSKE.

IN Den'shire kerzie Lusk, when he was dead,
Wo'd shrouded be, and therewith buried.
When his assignes askt him the reason why,
He said, because he got his wealth thereby.

UPON PIMPE.

WHEN Pimpes feet sweat, as they doe often use,
There springs a sope-like lather in his shoos.

FOOLISHNESSE.

IN's Tusc'lanes, Tullie doth confesse
No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

UPON RUSH

RUSH saves his shooes in wet and snowie wether,
And feares in summer to weare out the lether.
This is strong thrift that warie Rush doth use,
Summer and winter still to save his shooes.

ABSTINENCE.

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive vertue, abstinence.

NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

WHEN feare admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

SAUCE FOR SORROWES.

ALTHOUGH our suffering meet with no reliefe,
An equall mind is the best sauce for griefe.

TO CUPID.

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold :
Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with coid
Let's trie of us who shall the first expire ;
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire.
Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike,
And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike

DISTRUST.

WHAT ever men for loyalty pretend,
'Tis wisdomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.

THE HAGG.

THE staffe is now greas'd,
And very well pleas'd,
She cocks out her arse at the parting,
To an old ram goat,
That rattles i' th' throat,
Half choakt with the stink of her farting.

In a dirtie haire lace,
 She leads on a brace
 Of black bore-cats to attend her,
 Who scratch at the moone,
 And threaten at noone
 Of night from heaven for to rend her.

A hunting she goes,
 A crackt horne she blowes,
 At which the hounds fall a bounding;
 While th' moone in her sphere
 Peepes, trembling for feare,
 And night's afraid of the sounding.

THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

AFTER thy labour, take thine ease
 Here with the sweet Pierides.
 But if so be that men will not
 Give thee the laurell crowne for lot,
 Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one
 Not subject to corruption.

ON HIMSELFE.

IL'E write no more of love, but now repent
 Of all those times that I in it have spent.
 Ile write no more of life, but wish twas ended,
 And that my dust was to the earth commended.

TO HIS BOOKE.

GOE thou forth, my booke, though late,
 Yet be timely fortunate.
 It may chance good-luck may send
 Thee a kinsman, or a friend
 That may harbour thee, when I
 With my fates neglected lye.
 If thou know'st not where to dwell,
 See, the fier's by : Farewell.

THE END OF HIS WORKE.

PART of the worke remaines ; one part is past,
 And here my ship rides having anchor cast.

TO CROWNE IT.

MY wearied barke, O let it now be crown'd !
 The haven reacht to which I first was bound.

ON HIMSELFE.

THE worke is done. Young men and maidens
 set
 Upon my curles the mirtle coronet,
 Washt with sweet ointments: thus at last I come

To suffer in the muses martyrdome :
 But with this comfort ; if my blood be shed,
 The muses will weare blackes when I am dead.

THE PILLAR OF FAME. .

FAMES pillar here at last we set,
 Out-during marble, brasse, or jet ;
 Charm'd and enchanted so,
 As to withstand the blow
 Of overthrow :
 Nor shall the seas,
 Or outrages
 Of storms orebear
 What we up-rear.
 Tho kingdoms fal,
 This pillar never shall
 Decline or waste at all,
 But stand for ever by his owne
 Firme and well fixt foundation.

To his book's end this last line he'd have plac't :
 Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chast.

FINIS.

III

NOBLE NUMBERS,

OR

HIS PIOUS PIECES:

Wherein (amongst other things)

He sings the Birth of his CHRIST:

and sighes for his Saviours

suffering on the

Crosse.

HESIOD.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοία.

Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μνησασθαι.

HIS NOBLE NUMBERS, OR HIS PIOUS PIECES.

HIS CONFESSION.

LOOK how our foule dayes do exceed our faire :
And as our bad more then our good works are,
Ev'n so those lines, pen'd by my wanton wit,
Treble the number of these good I've writ.
Things precious are least num'rous: men are
prone
To do ten bad, for one good action.

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

FOR those my unbaptized rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times ;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book, that is not thine.
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

TO FINDE GOD.

WEIGH me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watrie theater,
And tast thou them as saltlesse there,
As in their channell first they were;
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdomes of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud againe,
Beshiver'd into seeds of raine;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares
Of corn, when summer shakes his eares;
Shew me that world of starres, and whence
They noiselesse spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then shew me him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

WHAT GOD IS.

GOD is above the sphere of our esteem,
And is the best known, not defining him.

UPON GOD.

GOD is not onely said to be
An ens, but supraentitie.

MERCY AND LOVE.

GOD hath two wings which He doth ever move,
The one is Mercy, and the next is Love :
Under the first the Sinners ever trust,
And with the last he still directs the Just.

GODS ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

GOD, when he's angry here with any one,
His wrath is free from perturbation ;
And when we think his looks are sowre and grim,
The alteration is in us, not him.

GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED.

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend
Him as he is is labour without end.

AFFLICTION.

GOD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,
Though he may seem to over-act his part :
Sometimes he strikes us more then flesh can beare,
But yet still lesse then grace can suffer here.

GODS PART.

PRAYERS and praises are those spotlesse two
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

THREE FATALL SISTERS.

THREE fatall sisters wait upon each sin :
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

SILENCE.

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue, to walk :
God, the most wise, is sparing of his talk.

MIRTH.

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin :
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

LOADING AND UNLOADING.

GOD loads and unloads : thus his work begins ;
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

GODS MERCY.

Gods boundlesse mercy is to sinfull man
Like to the ever wealthy ocean ;
Which, though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis
 ne're
Known, or els seen, to be the emptier ;
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more
Full, and fil'd-full, then when full-fil'd before.

PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE.

GOD he rejects all prayers that are sleight
And want their poise : words ought to have their
 weight.

TO GOD: AN ANTHEM SUNG IN THE CHAPPEL.
AT WHITE-HALL, BEFORE THE KING.

Verse. MY God, I'm wounded by my sin,
And sore without, and sick within :

Ver. Chor. I come to thee, in hope to find
Salve for my body and my mind.

Verse. In Gilead though no balme be found,
To ease this smart, or cure this wound,

Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with thee
All saving health and help for me.

Verse. Then reach thou forth that hand of
thine

That powres in oyle, as well as wine,

Ver. Chor. And let it work, for I'll endure

The utmost smart, so thou wilt cure.

UPON GOD.

GOD is all fore-part ; for we never see
Any part backward in the Deitie.

CALLING AND CORRECTING.

GOD is not onely mercifull, to call
Men to repent, but when he strikes withall.

NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING.

GOD scourgeth some severely, some he spares ;
But all in smart have lesse or greater shares.

THE ROD.

GODS rod doth watch while men do sleep, and then
The rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART.

GOD, when for sin he makes his children smart,
His own he acts not, but anothers part:
But when by stripes he saves them, then 'tis
known
He comes to play the part that is his own.

GOD IS ONE.

GOD, as he is most holy knowne,
So he is said to be most one.

PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE.

AFFLICTIONS, they most profitable are
To the beholder, and the sufferer;
Bettering them both, but by a double straine;
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

TO GOD.

Do with me, God! as thou didst deal with John,
Who writ that heavenly Revelation.
Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder heare,
Then let the harps inchantments strike mine eare:

Here give me thornes, there, in thy kingdome set
Upon my head the golden coronet :
There give me day, but here my dreadfull night :
My sackcloth here, but there my stole of white.

WHIPS.

GOD has his whips here to a twofold end,
The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

GODS PROVIDENCE.

If all transgressions here should have their pay
What need there then be of a reckning day ?
If God should punish no sin here of men,
His providence who would not question then ?

TEMPTATION.

THOSE saints which God loves best,
The devill tempts not least.

HIS EJACULATION TO GOD.

MY God! looke on me with thine eye
Of pittie, not of scrutinie ;
For if thou dost, thou then shalt see
Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.

O then, for mercies sake, behold
These my irruptions manifold,
And heale me with thy looke or touch :
But if thou wilt not deigne so much,
Because I'm odious in thy sight,
Speake but the word, and cure me quite.

GODS GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED.

GOD heares us when we pray, but yet defers
His gifts to exercise petitioners ;
And though a while he makes requesters stay,
With princely hand he'l recompence delay.

PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE.

GOD strikes his church ; but 'tis to this intent,
To make, not marre her, by this punishment.
So where He gives the bitter pills, be sure
'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

PARDON.

GOD pardons those who do through frailty sin,
But never those that persevere therein.

AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

IN numbers, and but these few,
I sing thy Birth, Oh JESU!
Thou prettie Babie, borne here
With sup'rabundant scorn here,
Who, for thy princely port here,
 Hadst for thy place
 Of birth a base
Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat inclosures
Of inter-woven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffadills, and roses,
Thy cradle, kingly Stranger,
 As gospell tells,
 Was nothing els
But here a homely manger.

But we with silks, not cruells,
With sundry precious jewells
And lilly-work will dresse thee:
And as we dispossesse thee
Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,
 Sweet Babe, for thee,
 Of ivorie,
And plaistered round with amber.

The Jewes they did disdain thee,
But we will entertaine thee
With glories, to await here
Upon thy princely state here,
And more for love then pittie.

From yeere to yeere,

Wee'l make thee here

A free-born of our citie.

LIP-LABOUR.

IN the old Scripture I have often read
The calfe without meale n'ere was offered ;
To figure to us nothing more then this,
Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

THE HEART.

IN prayer the lips ne're act the winning part
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

EARE-RINGS.

WHY wore th' Egyptians jewells in the eare ?
But for to teach us, all the grace is there,
When we obey by acting what we heare.

SIN SEEN.

WHEN once the sin has fully acted been,
Then is the horror of the trespass seen.

UPON TIME.

TIME was upon
The wing to flie away,
And I cal'd on
Him but a while to stay ;
But he'd be gone,
For ought that I could say.

He held out then
A writing, as he went,
And askt me when
False man would be content
To pay agen
What God and nature lent.

An houre-glasse,
In which were sands but few,
As he did passe
He shew'd, and told me too
Mine end near was,
And so away he flew.

HIS PETITION

IF warre or want shall make me grow so poore
As for to beg my bread from doore to doore,
Lord! let me never act that beggars part
Who hath thee in his mouth, not in his heart.
He who asks almes in that so sacred name,
Without due reference, playes the cheaters game

TO GOD.

THOU hast promis'd, Lord, to be
With me in my miserie:
Suffer me to be so bold
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

HIS LETANIE TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artlesse doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the furies in a shole
Come to fright a parting soule,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burne blew,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more then true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath praid,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decaid,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knowes, I'm tost about,
Either with despaire or doubt,
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And halfe damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine eares and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprize,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING for a former doth invite
God to bestow a second benefit.

COCK-CROW.

BELL-MAN of night, if I about shall go
For to denie my Master, do thou crow !

Thou stop'st S. Peter in the midst of sin ;
 Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin.
 Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun
 A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS

ADVERSE and prosperous fortunes both work on
 Here for the righteous mans salvation.
 Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,
 All serve to th' augmentation of his good.

PAINE ENDS IN PLEASURE.

AFFLICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,
 When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

TO GOD.

I'LE come, I'le creep, though thou dost threat,
 Humbly unto thy mercy-seat,
 When I am there, this then I'le do ;
 Give thee a dart, and dagger too :
 Next, when I have my faults confest,
 Naked I'le shew a sighing brest,
 Which, if that can't thy pittie wooe,
 Then let thy justice do the rest,
 And strike it through.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof,
Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft and drie ;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poore,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchin's small ;
A little butterie, and therein
A little byn
Which keeps my little loafe of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some little sticks of thorne or briar
Make me a fire,

Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too when I dine
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that bee
There plac'd by thee ;
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
Of water-cresse,
Which of thy kindnesse thou hast sent ;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirth,
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,
Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne,
Twice ten for one.
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day,
Besides my healthful ewes to beare
Me twins each yeare ;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run creame, for wine.
All these, and better, thou dost send
Me to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfull heart ;

Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne
As wholly thine ;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by thee.

TO GOD.

MAKE, make me thine, my gracious God,
Or with thy staffe, or with thy rod ;
And be the blow too what it will,
Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill.
Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,
Yet in torments I'll commend thee ;
Examine me with fire, and prove me
To the full, yet I will love thee ;
Nor shalt thou give so deep a wound,
But I as patient will be found.

ANOTHER TO GOD.

LORD, do not beat me !
Since I do sob and crie,
And swowne away to die,
Ere thou dost threat me.
Lord, do not scourge me,
If I by lies and oaths
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,
But rather purge me.

NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE.

HAPPY's that man to whom God gives
A stock of goods, whereby he lives
Neer to the wishes of his heart:
No man is blest through ev'ry part.

TO HIS EVER LOVING GOD.

CAN I not come to thee, my God, for these
So very many meeting hindrances
That slack my pace, but yet not make me stay?
Who slowly goes rids in the end his way.
Cleere thou my paths, or shorten thou my miles
Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles;
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
And take me up, or els prevent the fall.
I kenn my home, and it affords some ease
To see far off the smoaking villages:
Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die,
For feare of future-biting penurie.
No, no, my God, thou know'st my wishes be
To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU bidst me come: I cannot come: for why?
Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.
To mount my soule, she must have pineons given
For tis no easie way from earth to heaven.

TO DEATH.

THOU bidst me come away,
And I'll no longer stay
Then for to shed some teares
For faults of former yeares,
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times ;
And next, to take a bit
Of bread and wine with it,
To d'on my robes of love,
Fit for the place above,
To gird my loynes about
With charity throughout,
And so to travaile hence
With feet of innocence.
These done, I'll onely crie
God mercy, and so die.

NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME.

GOD will have all, or none : serve him, or fall
Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial.
Either be hot, or cold : God doth despise,
Abhorre, and spew out all neutralities.

WELCOME WHAT COMES.

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall:
Among God's blessings there is no one small.

TO HIS ANGRIE GOD.

THROUGH all the night
Thou dost me fright,
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping;
And day by day,
My cup can say
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread
With ashes knead,
Each evening and each morrow;
Mine eye and eare
Do see and heare
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,
Ay me! I feele
Upon me beating ever;
While my sick heart
With dismal smart
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,
This can't endure ;
But in short time 'twill please thee,
My gentle God,
To burn the rod,
Or strike so as to ease me.

PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,
Yet none of these have made me sad :
For why? my Saviour with the sense
Of suffering, gives me patience.

ETERNITIE.

O YEARES and age, farewell!
Behold, I go
Where I do know
Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
• All times, how they
Are lost i' th' sea
Of vast eternitie.

Where never moone shall sway
The starres, but she
And night shall be
Drown'd in one endlesse day.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD, A PRESENT BY A
CHILD.

Go, prettie child, and beare this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his bibb or stomacher,
And tell him for good handsell too
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charme his cries at time of need.
Tell him, for corall, thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, he sho'd have one;
But poore thou art, and knowne to be
Even as monillesse as he.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse
From those mellifluous lips of his,
Then never take a second on,
To spoile the first impression.

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT.

LET others looke for pearle and gold,
Tissues or tabbies manifold:
One onely lock of that sweet hay
Whereon the blessed babie lay,

Or one poore swaddling-clout, shall be
The richest New-yeeres gift to me.

TO GOD.

If any thing delight me for to print
My book, 'tis this, that thou, my God, art in't.

GOD AND THE KING.

How am I bound to Two! God, who doth give
The mind, the King, the meanes whereby I live.

GODS MIRTH, MANS MOURNING.

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy fears:
What he with laughter speaks, heare thou with
tears.

HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES.

GIVE me honours, what are these
But the pleasing hindrances,
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
In the way 'twixt me and home?
Clear the walk, and then shall I
To my heaven lesse run then flie.

THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

To a love-feast we both invited are.
The figur'd damask, or pure diaper
Over the golden altar now is spread,
With bread, and wine, and vessells furnished :
The sacred towell, and the holy eure
Are ready by, to make the guests all pure. .
Let's go, my Alma ; yet, e're we receive,
Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve :
Who to that sweet bread unprepar'd doth come,
Better he starv'd then but to tast one crumme.

TO GOD.

GOD gives not onely corne for need,
But likewise sup'rabundant seed :
Bread for our service, bread for shew ;
Meat for our meales, and fragments too.
He gives not poorly, taking some
Between the finger and the thumb,
But, for our glut and for our store,
Fine flowre prest down and running o're.

A WILL TO BE WORKING.

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit
Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it ;

And howsoe're we have the conquest mist,
'Tis for our glory that we did resist.

CHRISTS PART.

CHRIST, he requires still, wheresoere he comes
To feed or lodge, to have the best of roomes.
Give him the choice, grant him the nobler part
Of all the house ; the best of all's the heart.

RICHES AND POVERTY

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore ;
But why he did not, let me tell wherefore.
Had all been rich, where then had patience been ?
Had all been poore, who had his bounty seen ?

SOBRIETY IN SEARCH.

To seek of God more then we well can find
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

ALMES.

GIVE, if thou canst, an almes ; if not, afford
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word.
God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere he sees
On our part wanting all abilities.

TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
My private protonotarie ?
Can I not wooe thee to passe by
A short and sweet iniquity ?
I'll cast a mist and cloud upon
My delicate transgression,
So utter dark, as that no eye
Shall see the hug'd impietie.
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please
And winde all other witnesses ;
And wilt not thou with gold be ti'd
To lay thy pen and ink aside,
That in the mirk and tonguelesse night
Wanton I may, and thou not write ?
It will not be : and, therefore, now
For times to come, I'll make this vow,
From aberrations to live free :
So I'll not feare the Judge, or thee.

TO HIS SAVIOUR.

LORD, I confesse that thou alone art able
To purifie this my Augean stable :
Be the seas water, and the land all sope,
Yet if thy bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

TO GOD.

GOD is all-sufferance here: here he doth show
No arrow nockt,* onely a stringlesse bow.
His arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd
Against the wicked, in another world.

HIS DREAME.

I DREAMT last night thou didst transfuse
Oyle from thy jarre into my creuze,
And powring still thy wealthy store,
The vessell full did then run ore.
Methought I did thy bounty chide,
To see the waste; but 'twas repli'd
By thee, deare God, God gives man seed
Oft-times for wast, as for his need.
Then I co'd say, that house is bare
That has not bread, and some to spare.

GODS BOUNTY.

GODS bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse
As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

* Notched, i. e., the notch of the arrow placed upon the string.

TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR.

NIGHT hath no wings to him that cannot sleep,
And time seems then not for to flie, but creep :
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.
Just so it is with me, who, listning, pray
The winds to blow the tedious night away,
That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
Sick is my heart ! O Saviour ! do thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses ;
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death.
Let me thy voice betimes i'th'morning heare ;
Call, and I'll come, say thou the when, and where
Draw me but first, and after thee I'll run,
And make no one stop till my race be done.

HIS CREED.

I DO believe that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust :
I do believe that when I rise,
Christ I shall see with these same eyes :
I do believe that I must come
With others to the dreadfull doome .
I do believe the bad must goe
From thence to everlasting woe :

I do believe the good and I
Shall live with him eternally :
I do believe I shall inherit
Heaven by Christs mercies, not my merit :
I do believe the One in Three,
And Three in perfect Unitie :
Lastly, that Jesus is a deed
Of gift from God : And heres my creed.

TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse
Satan o'ercomes none but by willingnesse.

THE LAMP.

WHEN a man's faith is frozen up as dead,
Then is the lamp and oyle extinguished.

SORROWES.

SORROWES our portion are: ere hence we goe,
Crosses we must have, or hereafter woe.

PENITENCIE.

A MANS transgression God do's then remit,
When man he makes a penitent for it.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAHS DAUGHTER: SUNG BY
THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes!
O paragon, and pearle of praise!
O virgin-martyr! ever blest

Above the rest
Of all the maiden-traine, we come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground.
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffadill
And other flowers lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou, wonder of all maids li'st here,
Of daughters all the deerest deere,
The eye of virgins, nay, the queen
Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meades from whence we get
The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too deere did Jephthah bay,
By thy sad losse, our liberty:
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet
Thou paid'st the debt,
Lamented maid! He won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch and victors song :
He slew the Ammonites, we know,
But to thy woe ;
And in the purchase of our peace,
The cure was worse then the disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine,
We offer here before thy shrine
Our sighs for storax, teares for wine;
 And to make fine
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here
Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

Receive for this thy praise our teares ;
Receive this offering of our haire ;
Receive these christall vialls, fil'd
 With tears distil'd
From teeming eyes. To these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe ; besides, these caules,
 These laces, ribbands, and these faules,*
 These veiles, wherewith we use to hide
 The bashfull bride,
 When we conduct her to her groome,
 All, all we lay upon thy tombe.

* Qu. Lat. *falda*, *fauda*, an apron (see Ducange,) or *mis-*
print for *paules*, palls?

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
 Shall we ere bring coy brides to bed ;
 No more, at yeerly festivalls,

We cowslip balls

Or chaines of columbines shall make,
 For this or that occasions sake.

No, no ; our maiden-pleasures be
 Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee :
 'Tis we are dead, though not i'th'grave ;

Or if we have

One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
 A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
 And make this place all paradise.
 May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence

Fat frankincense :

Let balme and cassia send their scent
 From out thy maiden-monument !

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir
 A wing about thy sepulcher !
 No boysterous winds or stormes come hither

To starve or wither

Thy soft sweet earth ! but, like a spring,
 Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie maids at wonted hours
 Come forth to strew thy tombe with flow'rs !

May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-incense burn
Upon thine altar, then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn!

TO GOD, ON HIS SICKNESSE.

WHAT though my harp and viol be
Both hung upon the willow-tree?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darknesse have?
What though my healthfull dayes are fled,
And I lie numbred with the dead?
Yet I have hope by thy great power
To spring, though now a wither'd flower.

SINS LOATH'D AND YET LOV'D.

SHAME checks our first attempts; but then 'tis
prov'd,
Sins first dislik'd are after that belov'd.

SIN.

SIN leads the way, but, as it goes, it feels
The following plague still treading on his heels.

UPON GOD.

GOD, when he takes my goods and chattels hence,
Gives me a portion, giving patience.
What is in God is God; if so it be
He patience gives, he gives himselfe to me.

FAITH.

WHAT here we hope for we shall once inherit.
By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

HUMILITY.

HUMBLE we must be, if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.
When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye:
Grace is increased by humility.

TEARES.

OUR present teares here, not our present laughter
Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

SIN AND STRIFE.

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife
Must last with Satan to the end of life.

AN ODE OR PSALME TO GOD.

DEER God,
If thy smart rod
Here did not make me sorrie,
I sho'd not be
With thine or thee,
In thy eternall glorie.

But since
Thou didst convince
My sinnes, by gently striking,
Add still to those
First stripes new blowes,
According to thy liking.

Feare * me,
Or scourging teare me,
That thus from vices driven,
I may from hell
Flie up, to dwell
With thee and thine in heaven.

* Make me fear.

GRACES FOR CHILDREN.

WHAT God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ his sake:
Be the meale of beanes and pease,
God be thank'd for those and these;
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are fragments from his dish.
He his church save, and the king,
And our peace here, like a spring,
Make it ever flourishing!

GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D.

HONOUR thy parents; but good manners call
Thee to adore thy God the first of all.

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD.

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

A CHRISTMAS CAROLL: SUNG TO THE KING IN
THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL.

Chor. WHAT sweeter musick can we bring
Then a caroll for to sing
The Birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
Heart, eare, and eye, and every thing
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

From the flourish they came to the Song.

- 1 Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
And give the honour to this day,
That sees December turn'd to May.
- 2 If we may ask the reason, say
The why and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the yeere?
- 3 Why do's the chilling winters morne
Smile like a field beset with corne?
Or smell like to a meade new-shorne,
Thus on the sudden? 4. Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be.
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning birth
Gives life and luster, publike mirth,
To heaven and the under-earth.

Chor. We see him come, and know him ours,
 Who with his sun-shine and his showers,
 Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1 The Darling of the world is come,
 And fit it is we finde a roome
 To welcome him. 2. The nobler part
 Of all the house here is the heart :

Chor. Which we will give him, and bequeath
 This hollie and this ivie wreath
 To do him honour, who's our King,
 And Lord of all this revelling.

The musickall part was composed by M. Henry Lawes

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISIONS
 SONG: SUNG TO THE KING IN THE
 PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL.

1 PREPARE for songs! He's come! He's
 come!

And be it sin here to be dumb,
 And not with lutes to fill the roome.

2 Cast holy water all about,
 And have a care no fire gos out;
 But 'cense the porch and place throughout.

3 The altars all on fier be ;
The storax fries ; and ye may see
How heart and hand do all agrée
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less sweet
then he.

4 Bring him along, most pious priest,
And tell us then, when as thou seest
His gently-gliding, dove-like eyes,
And hear'st his whimpering and his cries,
How canst thou this Babe circumcise ?

5 Ye must not be more pitifull then wise ;
For now unlesse ye see him bleed,
Which makes the bapti'me, 'tis decreed,
The birth is fruitlesse. *Chor.* Then the work
God speed.

1 Touch gently, gently touch, and here
Spring tulips up through all the yeere ;
And from his sacred bloud here shed
May roses grow, to crown his owne deare head.

Chor. Back, back again : each thing is done
With zeale alike as 'twas begun.

Now, singing, homeward let us carrie
The Babe unto his mother Marie ;
And when we have the child commended
To her warm bosome, then our rites are ended.

Composed by M. Henry Lawes.

ANOTHER NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR SONG FOR
THE CIRCUMCISION.

1 HENCE, hence, prophane! and none ap-
peare
With any thing unhallowed here.
No jot of leven must be found
Conceal'd in this most holy ground.

2 What is corrupt, or sowr'd with sin,
Leave that without, then enter in.

Chor. But let no Christmas mirth begin
Before ye purge and circumcise
Your hearts and hands, lips, eares, and
eyes.

3 Then, like a perfum'd altar, see
That all things sweet and clean may be :
For, here's a Babe that, like a bride,
Will blush to death, if ought be spi'd
Ill-scenting or unpurifi'd.

Chor. The room is cens'd : help, help, t'invoke
Heaven to come down, the while we choke
The temple with a cloud of smoke.

4 Come then, and gently touch the birth
Of Him who's Lord of heav'n and earth.

5 And softly handle him: y'ad need,
Because the prettie Babe do's bleed.
Poore pittied Child! who from thy stall
Bring'st in thy blood a balm, that shall
Be the best New-yeares gift to all.

1 Let's blesse the Babe: and as we sing
His praise, so let us blesse the King.

Chor. Long may he live, till he hath told
His new-yeeres trebled to his old:
And when that's done, to re-aspire
A new-borne Phœnix from his own chast fire.

GODS PARDON.

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespass here;
For once in hell, none knowes remission there.

SIN.

SIN once reacht up to Gods eternall sphere,
And was committed, not remitted there.

EVILL.

EVILL no nature hath: the losse of good
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

THE STAR-SONG: A CAROLL TO THE KING,
SUNG AT WHITE-HALL.

The flourish of musick : then followed the Song

1 TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies he the lillie-banks among?

2 Or say if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with deaw-light? Thou canst
cleere
All doubts and manifest the where.

3 Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
Him in the mornings blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out?

Star. No, this ye need not do:
But onely come, and see him rest
A princely Babe in's mothers brest.

Chor. He's seen! he's seen! Why then a round,
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground,
And all rejoyce that we have found
A King, before conception crown'd.

4 Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King
Each one his severall offering.

Chor. And when night comes, wee'l give him was-
sailing ;
And that his treble honours may be seen.
Wee'l chuse him King, and make his mother
queen.

TO GOD.

WITH golden censers and with incense here
Before thy virgin-altar I appeare,
To pay thee that I owe, since what I see,
In or without, all, all belongs to thee.
Where shall I now begin to make for one
Least loane of thine half restitution ?
Alas ! I cannot pay a jot : therefore
I'le kisse the tally, and confesse the score.
Ten thousand talents lent me, thou dost write :
'Tis true, my God, but I can't pay one mite.

TO HIS DEERE GOD.

I'LE hope no more
For things that will not come,
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome.
Wealth brings much woe ;
And since it fortunes so,
'Tis better to be poore,
Than so t'abound
As to be drown'd
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care avant!
 I'll learn to be content
 With that small stock thy bounty gave or lent.
 What may conduce
 To my most healthfull use,
 Almighty God, me grant:
 But that or this,
 That hurtfull is,
 Denie thy suppliant!

TO GOD: HIS GOOD WILL.

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,
 O thou that crown'st the will where wants the
 deed!

Where rams are wanting, or large bullocks thighs,
 There a poor lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.
 Take then his vov'es who, if he had it, would
 Devote to thee both incense, myrrhe and gold
 Upon an altar rear'd by him, and crown'd
 Both with the rubie, pearle and diamond.

ON HEAVEN.

PERMIT mine eyes to see
 Part or the whole of thee,
 O happy place!
 Where all have grace

And garlands shar'd,
For their reward;
Where each chaste soule,
In long white stole
And palmes in hand,
Do ravisht stand;
So in a ring,
The praises sing
Of Three in One,
That fill the throne,
While harps and violls then
To voices say Amen.

THE SUMME AND THE SATISFACTION.

LAST night I drew up mine account
And found my debits to amount
To such a height, as for to tell
How I sho'd pay 's impossible.
Well, this I'll do: my mighty score
Thy mercy-seat I'll lay before;
But therewithall I'll bring the band
Which in full force did daring * stand,
Till my Redeemer on the tree
Made void for millions, as for me.
Then, if thou bidst me pay or go
Unto the prison, I'll say no:
Christ having paid, I nothing owe:

* Terrifying.

For, this is sure, the debt is dead
By law, the bond once cancelled.

GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST.

GOD makes not good men wantons, but doth bring
Them to the field, and there, to skirmishing:
With trialls those, with terrors these he proves,
And hazards those most whom the most he loves.
For Sceva, darts; for Cocles, dangers; thus
He finds a fire for mighty Mutius;
Death for stout Cato; and besides all these,
A poyson too he has for Socrates;
Torments for high Attilius; and with want
Brings in Fabricius for a combatant:
But bastard slips, and such as he dislikes,
He never brings them once to th' push of pikes.

GOOD CHRISTIANS.

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,
Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE.

WHEN man is punisht, he is plagued still
Not for the fault of nature, but of will.

TO HEAVEN.

OPEN thy gates
To him who weeping waits,
And might come in,
But that held back by sin.
Let mercy be
So kind to set me free,
And I will strait
Come in, or force the gate.

THE RECOMPENCE.

ALL I have lost that co'd be rapt from me,
And fare it well! yet, Herrick, if so be
Thy dearest Saviour renders thee but one
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

TO GOD.

PARDON me God, once more I thee intreat,
That I have plac'd thee in so meane a seat,
Where round about thou seest but all things vaine,
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.
But as heavens publike and immortall eye
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby,
So thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
But take no tincture from my sinfull book.

Let but one beame of glory on it shine,
And that will make me and my work divine.

TO GOD.

LORD, I am like to misletoe,
Which has no root, and cannot grow
Or prosper, but by that same tree
It clings about: so I by thee.
What need I then to feare at all,
So long as I about thee craule?
But if that tree sho'd fall and die,
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

HIS WISH TO GOD.

I WOULD to God that mine old age might have
Before my last but here a living grave,
Some one poore almes-house, there to lie or stir,
Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher:
A little piggin and a pipkin by,
To hold things fitting my necessity,
Which, rightly us'd both in their time and place,
Might me excite to fore and after grace.
Thy crosse, my Christ, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd
be,
Not to adore that, but to worship thee:
So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,
Reading thy Bible and my book:—so end.

SATAN.

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more
He teares and tugs us then he did before ;
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those
Whom ease makes his without the help of blowes.

HELL.

HELL is no other but a soundlesse pit,
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it

THE WAY.

WHEN I a ship see on the seas
Cuft with those watrie savages,
And therewithall behold it hath
In all that way no beaten path,
Then with a wonder I confesse
Thou art our way i'th wilderness,
And while we blunder in the dark,
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY.

THE lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease,
The more our crownes of glory there increase.

HELL.

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,
But no one jailor there to wash the wounds.

THE BELL-MAN.

ALONG the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell :
Death and dreadfulness call on
To the gen'rall session,
To whose dismall barre we there
All accompts must come to cleere :
Scores of sins w'ave made here many
Wip't out few, God knowes, if any.
Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall
To make paiment while I call :
Ponder this when I am gone ;
By the clock 'tis almost one.

THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD.

WHEN winds and seas do rage,
And threaten to undo me,
Thou dost their wrath asswage,
If I but call unto thee.

A mighty storm last night
Did seek my soule to swallow,
But by the peep of light
A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,
Though ills stand round about me,
Since mischiefs neither dare
To bark or bite, without thee?

THE WIDDOWES TEARES, OR DIRGE OF DORCAS

COME pitie us, all ye who see
Our harps hung on the willow-tree ;
Come pitie us, ye passers by,
Who see or heare poor widdowes crie ;
Come pitie us, and bring your eares
And eyes to pitie widdowes teares.

Chor. And when you are come hither,
Then we will keep
A fast, and weep
Our eyes out all together.

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,
Clean washt and laid out for the beere,
O modest matrons, weep and waile !
For now the corne and wine must faile ;
The basket and the bynn of bread,
Wherewith so many soules were fed.

Chor. Stand empty here for ever;
 And ah! the poore
 At thy worne doore
 Shall be releev'd never.

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day,
 That reav'd us of thee, Tabitha!
 For we have lost with thee the meale,
 The bits, the morsells, and the deale
 Of gentle paste and yeelding dow
 That thou on widdowes didst bestow.

Chor. All's gone, and death hath taken
 Away from us
 Our maundie * thus:
 Thy widdowes stand forsaken.

Ah Dorcas, Dorcas! now adieu
 We bid the creuse and pannier too:
 I,† and the flesh, for and ‡ the fish,
 Dol'd to us in that lordly dish.
 We take our leaves now of the loome,
 From whence the house-wives cloth did come.

Chor. The web affords now nothing;
 Thou being dead,
 The woosted thred
 Is cut that made us clothing.

* Alms so called from the *maunds* (baskets) in which gifts were distributed.

† Ay.

‡ For *and*, and also.

Farewell the flax and reaming * wooll,
With which thy house was plentiful :
Farewell the coats, the garments, and
The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand :
Farewell thy fier and thy light,
That ne'er went out by day or night.

Chor. No, or thy zeale so speedy,
That found a way,
By peep of day,
To feed and cloth the needy.

But ah, alas ! the almond bough
And olive branch is wither'd now :
The wine presse now is ta'ne from us,
The saffron and the calamus :
The spice and spiknard hence is gone,
The storax and the cynamon.

Chor. The caroll of our gladnesse
Ha's taken wing,
And our late spring
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

How wise wast thou in all thy waies !
How worthy of respect and praise !
How matron-like didst thou go drest !
How soberly above the rest
Of those that prank it † with their plumes,
And jet it with their choice perfumes.

* Stretching.

† Dress gaily, make a show.

Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing,
Nor did the street
Accuse thy feet
Of mincing in their going.

And though thou here li'st dead, we see
A deale of beauty yet in thee.
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,
Thy lips with all diffused grace,
Thy hands, though cold, yet spotlesse white,
And comely as the chrysolite !

Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
Or as a neat
Cleane hemp of wheat,
All set about with lillies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
Will shew these garments made by thee.
These were the coats, in these are read
The monuments of Dorcas dead.
These were thy acts, and thou shalt have
These hung as honours o're thy grave.

Chor. And after us distressed,
Sho'd fame be dumb,
Thy very tomb
Would cry out, thou art blessed.

TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.

RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me ;
But if it please my God I be
Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,
God make me thankfull still for it.
I have been gratefull for my store :
Let me say grace when there's no more.

TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEERS GIFT.

THAT little prettie bleeding part
Of foreskin send to me,
And Ile returne a bleeding heart
For New-years gift to thee.

Rich is the jemme that thou didst send,
Mine's faulty too and small :
But yet this gift thou wilt commend.
Because I send thee all.

DOOMES-DAY.

LET not that day Gods friends and servants scare
The bench is then their place, and not the barre.

THE POORES PORTION.

THE sup'rabundance of my store,
That is the portion of the poore.
Wheat, barley, rie, or oats; what is't
But he takes tole of? all the griest.
Two raiments have I; Christ then makes
This law, that he and I part stakes :
Or have I two loaves; then I use
The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

THE WHITE ISLAND, OR PLACE OF THE BLEST

IN this world, the Isle of Dreames,
While we sit by sorrowes streames,
Teares and terrors are our theames,
Reciting :

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternitie,
Uniting,

In that Whiter Island where
Things are evermore sincere,
Candor here and lustre there
Delighting;

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horroure call,
To create or cause at all
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternall watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortaliz'd, and you,
And fresh joyes as never too
Have ending.

TO CHRIST.

I CRAWLE, I creep, my Christ, I come
To thee for curing balsamum :
Thou hast, nay more, thou art the Tree,
Affording salve of soveraigntie.
My mouth I'll lay unto thy wound
Bleeding, that no blood touch the ground ;
For rather then one drop shall fall
To wast, my JESU, I'll take all.

TO GOD.

GOD to my little meale and oyle
Add but a bit of flesh to boyle,

And thou my pipkinnet shalt see
Give a wave-offring unto thee.

FREE WELCOME.

GOD he refuseth no man, but makes way
For all that now come or hereafter may.

GODS GRACE.

GODS grace deserves here to be daily fed,
That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

COMING TO CHRIST.

To him who longs unto his CHRIST to go
Celerity even it self is slow.

CORRECTION.

GOD had but one Son free from sin, but none
Of all his sonnes free from correction.

GODS BOUNTY.

GOD, as he's potent, so he's likewise known
To give us more then hope can fix upon.

KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE in God is known to be
A substance, not a qualitie.

SALUTATION.

CHRIST, I have read, did to his chaplains say,
Sending them forth, Salute no man by' th way.
Not that he taught his ministers to be
Unsmooth, or sowre to all civilitie ;
But to instruct them to avoid all snares
Of tardidation in the Lords affaires.
Manners are good : but till his errand ends,
Salute we must nor strangers, kin, or friends.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be
The sister to saturitie.*

TEARES.

GOD from our eyes all teares hereafter wipees,
And gives his children kisses then, not stripes.

* Repletion.

GODS BLESSING.

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,
Unlesse God gives the benedicite.

GOD AND LORD.

GOD is his name of nature, but that word
Implies his power, when he's called the LORD.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

GOD hides from man the reck'ning day, that he
May feare it ever for uncertaintie ;
That being ignorant of that one, he may
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

ANGELLS.

ANGELLS are called Gods ; yet of them none
Are Gods but by participation ;
As just men are intitl'd Gods, yet none
Are Gods of them but by adoption.

LONG LIFE.

THE longer thread of life we spin,
The more occasion still to sin.

TEARES.

THE teares of saints more sweet by farre
Then all the songs of sinners are

MANNA.

THAT manna which God on his people cast
Fitted it self to ev'ry feeders tast

REVERENCE

TRUE rev'rence is, as Cassiodore doth prove,
The feare of God commixt with cleanly love.

MERCY.

MERCY the wise Athenians held to be
Not an affection, but a deitie.

WAGES.

AFTER this life the wages shall
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

TEMPTATION.

GOD tempteth no one, as S. Aug'stine saith,
For any ill, but for the proof of faith.
Unto temptation God exposeth some,
But none of purpose to be overcome.

GODS HANDS.

GODS hands are round and smooth, that gifts may
fall
Freely from them and hold none back at all.

LABOUR.

LABOUR we must, and labour hard,
I'th forum here or vineyard.

MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOME

THE time the Bridegroom stayes from hence
Is but the time of penitence.

ROARING.

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part
Fore'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

THE EUCHARIST.

HE that is hurt seeks help : sin is the wound :
The salve for this i'th Eucharist is found.

SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT.

GOD in his own day will be then severe
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here.

MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS OF THE
SCRIPTURES.

THE Mountains of the Scriptures are, some say,
Moses, and Jesus, called Joshua.
The Prophets Mountains of the Old are meant,
The Apostles Mounts of the New Testament.

PRAYER.

A PRAYER that is said alone
Starves, having no companion.
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,
And those great are which ne're decay.
Pray not for silver ; rust eats this ;
Ask not for gold, which metall is ;
Nor yet for houses, which are here
But earth : such vowes nere reach Gods eare.

CHRISTS SADNESSE.

CHRIST was not sad i'th garden for his own
Passion, but for his sheeps dispersion.

GOD HEARES US.

GOD, who's in heav'n, will hear from thence,
If not to'th sound, yet to the sense.

GOD.

GOD, as the learned Damascen doth write,
A sea of substance is indefinite.

CLOUDS.

HE that ascended in a cloud shall come
In clouds, descending to the publike doome

COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS.

THE same who crownes the Conqueror will be
A coadjutor in the agonie.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is most faire, but fairer he
That made that fairest canopie.

GOD.

IN God there's nothing but 'tis known to be
Ev'n God himself, in perfect entitie.

HIS POWER.

GOD can do all things save but what are known
For to imply a contradiction.

CHRISTS WORDS ON THE CROSSE, MY GOD, MY
GOD.

CHRIST, when he hung the dreadfull crosse upon,
Had, as it were, a dereliction :
In this regard ; in those great terrors he
Had no one beame from Gods sweet majestie.

JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as Boëtius saith,
No number of the plurall hath.

CONFUSION OF FACE.

GOD then confounds mans face when he not hears
The vovwes of those who are petitioners.

ANOTHER.

THE shame of mans face is no more
Then prayers repel'd, sayes Cassiodore

BEGGARS.

JACOB Gods beggar was; and so we wait,
Though ne're so rich, all beggars at his gate.

GOOD AND BAD.

THE bad among the good are here mixt ever:
The good without the bad are here plac'd never.

SIN.

SIN['s]no existence; nature none it hath,
Or good at all, as learn'd Aquinas saith.

MARTHA, MARTHA.

THE repetition of the name made known
No other then Christs full affection.

YOUTH AND AGE.

GOD on our youth bestowes but little ease,
But on our age most sweet indulgences.

GODS POWER.

GOD is so potent as his power can
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

PARADISE.

PARADISE is, as from the learn'd I gather,
A quire of blest soules circling in the Father.

OBSERVATION.

THE Jewes when they built houses, I have read,
One part thereof left still unfinished,
To make them thereby mindfull of their own
Cities most sad and dire destruction.

THE ASSE.

GOD did forbid the Israelites to bring
An asse unto him for an offering,
Onely by this dull creature to expresse
His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

OBSERVATION

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance there
From her Sonnes crosse, not shedding once a teare,
Because the law forbad to sit and crie
For those who did as malefactors die :
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,
'Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the law.
Observe we may how Mary Joses then,
And th' other Mary, Mary Magdalen,
Sate by the grave, and, sadly sitting there,
Shed for their master many a bitter teare :
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead,
And then to weep they both were licensed.

TAPERS.

THOSE tapers which we set upon the grave
In fun'rall pomp but this importance have ;
That soules departed are not put out quite,
But, as they walk't here in their vestures white,
So live in heaven, in everlasting light.

CHRISTS BIRTH.

ONE birth our saviour had ; the like none yet
Was, or will be a second like to it.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

To work a wonder, God would have her shown
At once a bud, and yet a rose full-blowne.

ANOTHER.

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and, streaming in,
No crack or schisme leave i'th subtile skin,
So the divine hand work't, and brake no thred,
But in a mother kept a maiden-head.

GOD.

GOD, in the holy tongue, they call
The place that filleth All in all.

ANOTHER OF GOD.

GOD's said to leave this place, and for to come
Nearer to that place then to other some,
Of locall motion in no least respect,
But only by impression of effect.

ANOTHER.

GOD is Jehovah cal'd ; which name of his
Implies or essence, or the He that Is.

GODS PRESENCE.

GOD's evident, and may be said to be
Present with just men, to the veritie:
But with the wicked if he doth comply,
Tis, as S. Bernard saith, but seemingly.

GODS DWELLING.

GOD's said to dwell there wheresoever he
Puts down some prints of his high majestie:
As when to man he comes, and there doth place
His holy Spirit or doth plant his grace.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE Virgin Marie was, as I have read,
The house of God by Christ inhabited;
Into the which he enter'd; but the doore,
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

TO GOD.

GOD's undivided, One in persons Three,
And Three in inconfused Unity.
Originall of essence there is none
'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne

And though the Father be the first of Three,
'Tis but by order, not by Entitie.

UPON WOMAN AND MARY.

So long, it seem'd, as Maries faith was small,
Christ did her woman, not her Mary call ;
But no more woman, being strong in faith,
But Mary cal'd then, as S. Ambrose saith.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE Jewes their beds and offices of ease
Plac't north and south for these cleane purposes :
That mans uncomely froth might not molest
Gods wayes and walkes, which lie still east and
west.

SABBATHS.

SABBATHS are threefold, as S. Austine sayes :
The first of time, or sabbath here of dayes ;
The second is a conscience trespassse-free ;
The last the sabbath of eternitie.

THE FAST OR LENT.

NOAH the first was, as tradition sayes,
That did ordaine the fast of forty dayes.

SIN.

THERE is no evill that we do commit
But hath th' extraction of some good from it :
As when we sin, God, the great Chymist, thence
Drawes out th' elixar of true penitence.

GOD.

GOD is more here then in another place,
Not by his essence, but commerce of grace.

THIS AND THE NEXT WORLD.

GOD hath this world for many made, 'tis true :
But he hath made the world to come for few.

EASE.

GOD gives to none so absolute an ease
As not to know or feel some grievances.

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well ;
Judas began well, but he foulely fell ;

In godlinesse, not the beginnings so
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

TEMPORALL GOODS.

THESE temp'rall goods God, the most wise, com-
mends

To th' good and bad in common for two ends:
First, that these goods none here may o're esteem,
Because the wicked do partake of them;
Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun,
Being oft here the just mans portion.

HELL FIRE.

THE fire of hell this strange condition hath,
To burn, not shine, as learned Basil saith.

ABELS BLOOD.

SPEAK, did the bloud of Abel cry
To God for vengeance? Yes, say I:
Ev'n as the sprinkled bloud cal'd on
God for an expiation.

ANOTHER.

THE bloud of Abel was a thing
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,

As that the old world thought it fit
Especially to sweare by it.

A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY.

ONE man repentant is of more esteem
With God then one that never sin'd 'gainst him.

PENITENCE.

THE doctors, in the Talmud, say
That in this world one onely day
In true repentance spent will be
More worth then heav'ns eternitie.

GODS PRESENCE.

GOD's present ev'ry where, but most of all
Present by union hypostaticall.
God, he is there where's nothing else, schooles say
And nothing else is there where he's away.

THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE

FOR each one body that i'th earth is sowne,
There's an up-rising but of one for one :

But for each graine that in the ground is thrown,
Threescore or fourscore spring up thence for one :
So that the wonder is not halfe so great
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

CHRISTS SUFFERING.

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhorre us,
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre then for us.

SINNERS.

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way :
Either as when (the learned schoolemen say)
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent,
Or when for sins men suffer punishment.

TEMPTATIONS.

No man is tempted so but may o'reccme,
If that he has a will to masterdome.

PITTIE AND PUNISHMENT.

God doth embrace the good with love, and gaines
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

GODS PRICE AND MANS PRICE.

God bought man here with his hearts blood ex
pence,
And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

CHRISTS ACTION.

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there
His humane nature did in part appeare ;
Or ne're so meane a peece, but men might see
Therein some beames of his divinitie :
So that, in all he did, there did combine
His humane nature and his part divine.

PREDESTINATION.

PREDESTINATION is the cause alone
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

ANOTHER.

ART thou not destin'd? Then with hast go on
To make thy faire predestination :
If thou canst change thy life, God then will please
To change or call back his past sentences.

SIN.

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

ANOTHER.

SIN is an act so free that if we shall
Say 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

ANOTHER.

SIN is the cause of death, and sin's alone
The cause of Gods predestination ;
And from Gods prescience of mans sin doth flow
Our destination to eternall woe.

PRESCIENCE.

Gods prescience makes none sinfull, but th' offence
Of man's the chief cause of Gods prescience.

CHRIST.

To all our wounds here, whatsoe're they be,
Christ is the one sufficient remedie.

CHRISTS INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our nature on him, not that he
'Bove all things lov'd it for the puritie;
No, but he drest him with our humane trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of him.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here:
Yet it is given to the labourer.

GODS KEYES.

GOD has foure keyes which he reserves alone:
The first of raine; the key of hell next known;
With the third key he opes and shuts the wombe;
And with the fourth key he unlocks the tombe.

SIN.

THERE's no constraint to do amisse
Whereas but one enforcement is.

ALMES.

GIVE unto all, lest he whom thou deni'st
May chance to be no other man but Christ.

HELL-FIRE.

ONE onely fire has hell, but yet it shall
Not after one sort there excruciate all:
But look, how each transgressor onward went
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep
 The larder leane,
 And cleane
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre,
 Or rag'd to go,
 Or show
A down-cast look and sowre?

No: 'tis a fast to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat
 And meat
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate
 And hate ;
 To circumcise thy life.

To shew a heart grief-rent ;
 To sterve * thy sin,
 Not bin :
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

NO TIME IN ETERNITIE.

By houres we all live here : in heaven is known
 No spring of time, or times succession.

HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.

BE those few hours which I have yet to spend
 Blest with the meditation of my end :
 Though they be few in number, I'm content ;
 If otherwise, I stand indifferent ;
 Nor makes it matter Nestors yeers to tell,
 If man lives long, and if he live not well.
 A multitude of dayes still heaped on
 Seldome brings order, but confusion.
 Might I make choice, long life sho'd be withstood
 Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good :

* Starve.

Which to effect, let ev'ry passing bell
Possesse my thoughts, next comes my dolefull
knell;

And when the night perswades me to my bed,
I'le thinke I'm going to be buried.

So shall the blankets which come over me
Present those turfs which once must cover me,
And with as firme behaviour I will meet
The sheet I sleep in, as my winding-sheet.
When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,
I will believe that then my body dies :
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,
I'le have in mind my resurrection,
Which must produce me to that gen'rall doome
To which the pesant, so the prince must come,
To heare the Judge give sentence on the throne,
Without the least hope of affection.

Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence,
When hell and horror fright the conscience.

Let me, though late, yet at the last begin

To shun the least temptation to a sin :

Though to be tempted be no sin, untill

Man to th' alluring object gives his will.

Such let my life assure me, when my breath

Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;

Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,

I rise triumphant in my funerall.

CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE.

THOSE garments lasting evermore
Are works of mercy to the poore,
Which neither tetter, time, or moth
Shall fray that silke or fret this cloth.

TO GOD.

COME to me, God ! but do not come
To me as to the gen'rall doome,
In power ; or come thou in that state
When t' ou thy lawes didst promulgate,
When as the mountains quak'd for dread,
And sullen clouds bound up his head.
No, lay thy stately terrours by,
To talke with me familiarly:
For if thy thunder-claps I heare,
I shall lesse swoone then die for feare.
Speake thou of love, and I'll reply
By way of epithalamie ;
Or sing of mercy, and I'll suit
To it my viol and my lute :
Thus let thy lips but love distill,
Then come my God, and hap what will.

THE SOULE.

WHEN once the soule has lost her way,
O then how restlesse do's she stray !
And having not her God for light,
How does she erre in endlesse night !

THE JUDGEMENT DAY.

IN doing justice God shall then be known,
Who, showing mercy here, few priz'd, or none

SUFFERINGS.

WE merit all we suffer, and by far
More stripes then God layes on the sufferer.

PAINE AND PLEASURE.

GOD suffers not his saints and servants deere
To have continuall paine or pleasure here :
But look how night succeeds the day, so he
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

GODS PRESENCE.

GOD is all-present to what e're we do ;
And as all-present, so all-filling too.

ANOTHER.

THAT there's a God, we all do know ;
But what God is, we cannot show.

THE POORE MANS PARK.

TELL me, rich man, for what intent
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment,
When as the poore crie out, to us
Belongs all gold superfluous ?

THE RIGHT HAND.

GOD has a right hand, but is quite bereft
Of that which we do nominate the left.

GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING.

GOD still rewards us more then our desert :
But when he strikes, he quarter-acts his part.

THE STAFFE AND ROD.

Two instruments belong unto our God ;
The one a Staffe is and the next a Rod:
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

CONFESSION.

CONFESSION twofold is, as Austine sayes ;
The first of sin is, and the next of praise.
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse :
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulness.

GODS DESCENT.

God is then said for to descend, when he
Doth here on earth some things of novitie :
As when in humane nature he works more
Then ever yet the like was done before.

NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.

Good and great God ! how sho'd I feare
To come to thee, if Christ not there !
Co'd I but think he would not be
Present to plead my cause for me,

To hell I'd rather run then I
Wo'd see thy face, and he not by.

ANOTHER TO GOD.

THOUGH thou beest all that active love
Which heats those ravisht soules above,
And though all joyes spring from the glance
Of thy most winning countenance,
Yet sowre and grim thou'dst seem to me,
If through my Christ I saw not thee.

THE RESURRECTION.

THAT Christ did die, the Pagan saith;
But that he rose, that's Christians faith.

COHEIRES.

WE are coheires with Christ; nor shall his own
Heire-ship be lesse by our adoption:
The number here of heires shall from the state
Of his great birth-right nothing derogate.

THE NUMBER OF TWO.

GOD hates the duall number, being known
The lucklesse number of division;

And when he blest each sev'rall day whereon
He did his curious operation,
'Tis never read there, as the fathers say,
God blest his work done on the second day.
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
Or by our selves, or from the pulpit read

HARDNING OF HEARTS.

GOD's said our hearts to harden then
When as his grace not supple men

THE ROSE.

BEFORE man's fall, the rose was born,
S. Ambrose says, without the thorn:
But for man's fault, then was the thorn
Without the fragrant rose-bud born,
But ne're the rose without the thorn.

GODS TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.

God doth not promise here to man that he
Will free him quickly from his miserie:
But in his own time, and when he thinks fit,
Then he will give a happy end to it.

BAPTISME.

THE strength of Baptisme, that's within.
It saves the soule by drowning sin.

GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE.

GOLD serves for tribute to the king ;
The frankincense for God's offering.

TO GOD.

GOD, who me gives a will for to repent,
Will add a power to keep me innocent,
That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,
When I have done true penance here for it.

THE CHEWING THE CUD.

WHEN well we speak, and nothing do that's good,
We not divide the hoof, but chew the cud :
But when good words by good works have their
proof,
We then both chew the cud and cleave the hoof.

CHRISTS TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure
 My soules most desp'rate calenture:
 Thy second Advent, that must be
 To heale my earths infirmitie.

TO GOD: HIS GIFT.

As my little pot doth boyle,
 We will keep this levell-coyle,*
That a wave, and *I* will bring
 To my God a heave-offering.

GODS ANGER.

GOD can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude
 Wrathfull he may be by similitude:
 God's wrathfull said to be, when he doth do
 That without wrath which wrath doth force us to.

GODS COMMANDS.

IN Gods commands ne're ask the reason why:
 Let thy obedience be the best reply.

* Alternation: we will take turns: the boiling **makes** a
wave offering, the port a heave-offering.

TO GOD.

IF I have plaid the truant, or have here
 Fail'd in my part, O! thou art my deare,
 My mild, my loving Tutor, Lord and God!
 Correct my errors gently with thy rod.
 I know that faults will many here be found,
 But where sin dwells there let thy grace abound

TO GOD.

THE work is done, now let my lawrell be
 Given by none but by thy selfe to me:
 That done, with honour thou dost me create
 Thy poet and thy prophet Lawreat.

GOOD FRIDAY. REX TRAGICUS, OR CHRIST
 GOING TO HIS CROSSE.

PUT off thy robe of purple, then go on
 To the sad place of execution:
 Thine houre is come, and the tormentor stands
 Ready to pierce thy tender feet and hands.
 Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,
 Th'inconstant and unpurged multitude
 Yawne for thy coming: some e're this time crie,
 How he deferres, how loath he is to die!
 Amongst this scumme, the souldier with his speare,

And that sowre fellow with his vineger,
His sponge and stick, do ask why thou dost stay.
So do the skurfe and bran too. Go thy way,
Thy way, thou guiltlesse Man, and satisfie
By thine approach each their beholding eye.
Not as a thief shalt thou ascend the mount,
But like a Person of some high account :
The crosse shall be thy stage, and thou shalt there
The spacious field have for thy theater.
Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man
That must this day act the tragedian,
To wonder and affrightment. Thou art he
Whom all the flux of nations come to see ;
Not those poor theeves that act their parts with thee :
Those act without regard, when once a King,
And God, as thou art, comes to suffering.
No, no, this scene from thee takes life and sense,
And soule and spirit, plot and excellence.
Why then begin, great King ! Ascend thy throne,
And thence proceed to act thy Passion,
To such an height, to such a period rais'd,
As hell, and earth, and heav'n may stand amaz'd.
God and good angells guide thee, and so blesse
Thee in thy severall parts of bitterness,
That those who see thee nail'd unto the tree
May, though they scorn thee, praise and pitie thee.
And we, thy lovers, while we see thee keep
The lawes of action, will both sigh and weep,
And bring our spices to enbalm thee dead ;
That done, wee'l see thee sweetly buried.

HIS WORDS TO CHRIST GOING TO THE CROSSE

WHEN thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read
All thy disciples thee forsook, and fled.
Let their example not a pattern be
For me to flie, but now to follow thee.

ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR.

IF thou beest taken, God forbid
I flie from thee, as others did :
But if thou wilt so honour me
As to accept my companie,
I'le follow thee, hap, hap what shall,
Both to the judge and judgment-hall.
And if I see thee posted there,
To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,
I'le take my share, or els, my God,
Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the rod.

HIS SAVIOURS WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSSE

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye
Who passe this way, to pitie me,
Who am a man of miserie !

A man both bruis'd and broke, and one
Who suffers not here for mine own,
But for my friends transgression !

Ah! Sions daughters, do not feare
The crosse, the cords, the nailes, the speare,
The myrrhe, the gall, the vineger ;

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath
Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath :
Onely there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew
What bitter cups had been your due,
Had he not drank them up for you.

HIS ANTHEM TO CHRIST ON THE CROSSE.

WHEN I behold thee, almost slain,
With one and all parts full of pain,
When I thy gentle heart do see
Pierc't through and dropping bloud
 for me,
I'll call, and cry out Thanks to thee.

Vers. But yet it wounds my soule to think
That for my sin thou, thou must drink,
Even thou alone, the bitter cup
Of furie and of vengeance up.

Chor. Lord, I'll not see thee to drink all
The vineger, the myrrhe, the gall :

Ver. Chor. But I will sip a little wine,
Which done, Lord say The rest is mine

This crosse-tree here
 Doth JESUS beare,
 Who sweet'ned first
 The death accurs't.

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;
 For long this work will be, and very short this day.
 Why then, go on to act: here's wonders to be done
 Before the last least sand of thy ninth houre be run,
 Or e're dark clouds do dull or dead the mid-dayes sun.

Act when thou wilt,
 Bloud will be spilt;
 Pure balm that shall
 Bring health to all.
 Why then, begin
 To powre first in
 Some drops of wine,
 In stead of brine,
 To search the wound
 So long unsound.
 And when that's done,
 Let oyle next run,
 To cure the sore
 Sinne made before.
 And O! Deare Christ,
 E'en as thou di'st,
 Look down and see
 Us weep for thee.
 And tho, love knows,
 Thy dreadfull woes
 We cannot ease,
 Yet doe thou please,
 Who mercie art,
 T'accept each heart,
 That gladiy would
 Helpe, if it could.
 Meane while, let mee,
 Beneath this tree,
 This honour have,
 To make my grave.

TO HIS SAVIOURS SEPULCHRE: HIS DEVOTION.

HAILE ! holy and all-honour'd tomb, .
By no ill haunted; here I come,
With shoes put off, to tread thy roome.
I'le not prophane, by soile of sin,
Thy doore, as I do enter in;
For I have washt both hand and heart,
This, that, and ev'ry other part:
So that I dare, with farre lesse feare
Then full affection enter here.
Thus, thus I come to kisse thy stone
With a warm lip and solemn one;
And as I kisse, I'le here and there
Dresse thee with flowrie diaper.
How sweet this place is ! as from hence
Flow'd all Panchaia's frankincense;
Or rich Arabia did commix,
Here all her aromaticks.
Let me live ever here, and stir
Not one step from this sepulcher.
Ravisht I am, and down I lie,
Confus'd in this brave extasie.
Here let me rest, and let me have
This for my heaven that was thy grave:
And, coveting no higher sphere,
I'le my eternitie spend here.

HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST AT THE
SEPULCHRE.

To joyn with them who here confer
Gifts to my Saviours sepulcher,
Devotion bids me hither bring
Somewhat for my thank-offering.
Loe! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,
To dresse my maiden-Saviour.

HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHER.

HENCE they have born my Lord. Behold! the stone
Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.
Tell me, white angell, what is now become
Of him we lately seal'd up in this tombe?
Is he from hence gone to the shades beneath,
To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death?
If so, I'll thither follow without feare,
And live in hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

OF all the good things whatsoe're we do,
God is the ΑΡΧΗ and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.

END.

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